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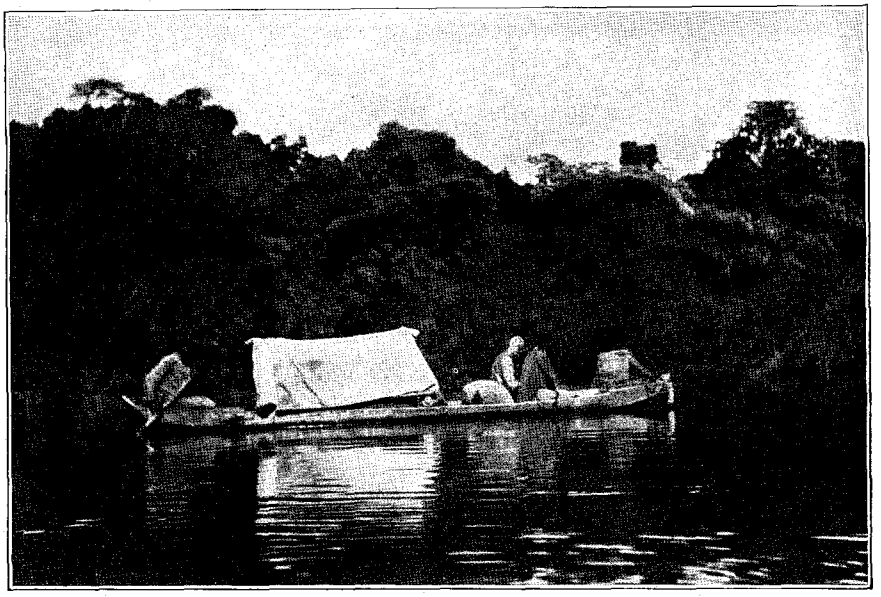

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The canoe rigged with a cover under which Colonel Roosevelt travelled when sick.

THE UNKNOWN RIVER*

A PRELIMINARY STATEMENT OF ITS DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WITH A MAP FROM COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S OWN SKETCH, AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

THE most important part of our trip turns out to be that down the Unknown River. In view of the discussion that has taken place about this river it is perhaps best to make this short statement in reference thereto. The full account—and the only account—of our trip down the river will be given in the October and November numbers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. In these chapters our adventures will be given in detail.

We put upon the map an unknown river, in length and volume roughly

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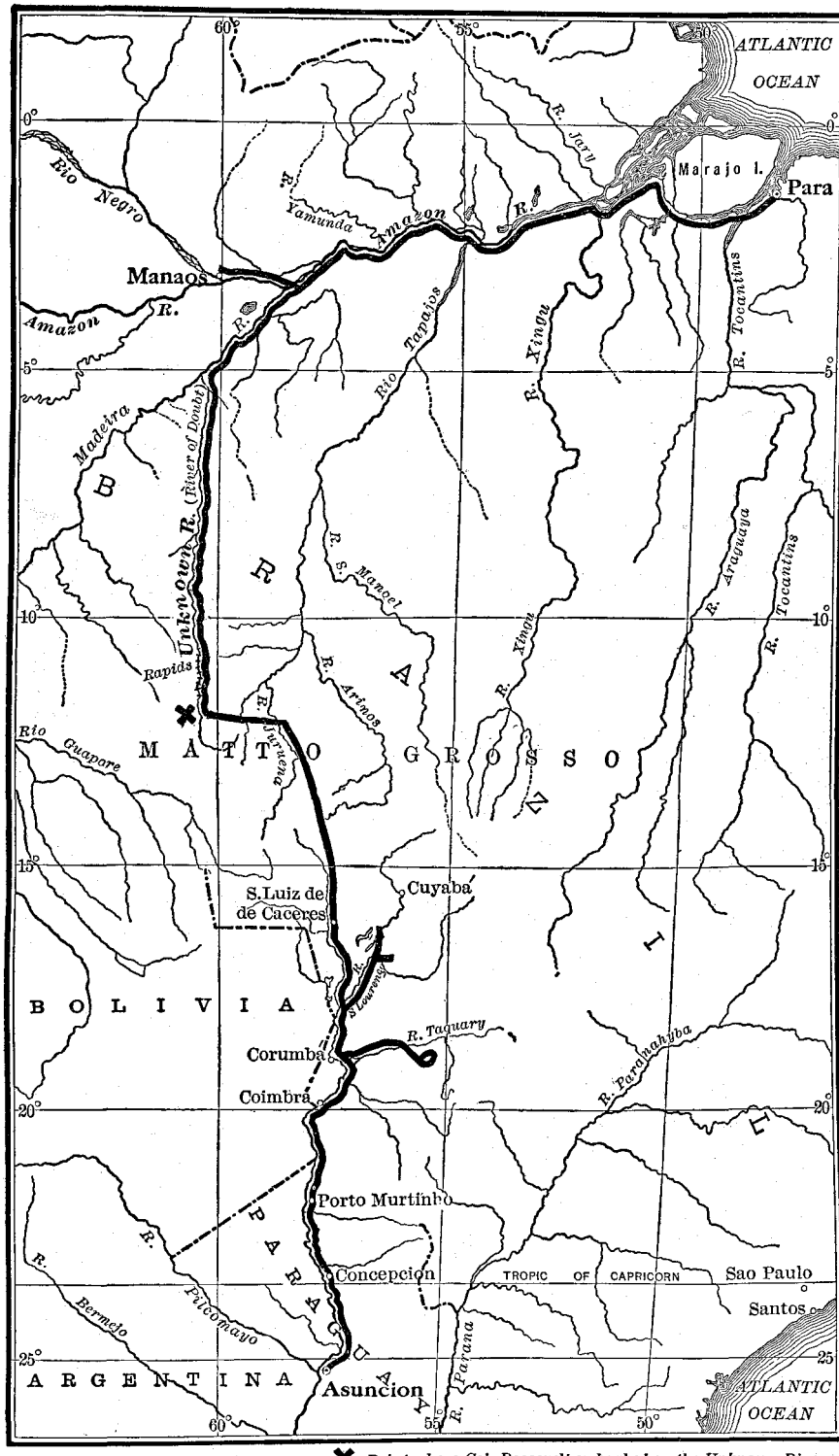

Map of the Unknown River sketched by Colonel Roosevelt on a standard map.

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corresponding to the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Rhone and Saône. The upper course of this river, where we went down it, had never hitherto been traversed nor the adjoining country visited by any civilized man. The lower course had for years been known to the rubber men, but the cartographers not only of Europe and the United States but of Brazil were so totally ignorant of it that not a hint of its existence is to be found on the map. For example, the map of South America furnished us by the American Museum of Natural History, an excellent publication by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and

From a photograph by Miller.

Where the expedition started to go down the River of Doubt (Duvida).

as good as any other map, contains not only no hint of the course of the river but not even a name for the dotted outline which I suppose probably was meant to indicate the mouth of the river where it entered the Madeira. On a Brazilian map I saw this dotted outline given the name by which it is known by the rubber men, Ariponan, but it was still left in as a creek, the map-maker having no idea whatever of its size or importance. The Boundary Commission of the state of Amazonas had been up the Ariponan before our trip, not going as far as the rubber men went. They did not go up the branch that we came down, which is called the Castanho by the rubber men, a name which has not appeared on any map so far as I know. This branch is seemingly the longest and main branch of the two which come together and debouch into the Madeira. At the point where we embarked on the river it had already run for a distance in the neighborhood of 150 miles through the highland region of western Matto Grosso, and because of the utter uncertainty as to where its outlet was it had appeared on the MS. maps of the Telegraphic Commission as the Duvida, which means the River of Doubt. Opinion in the commission was

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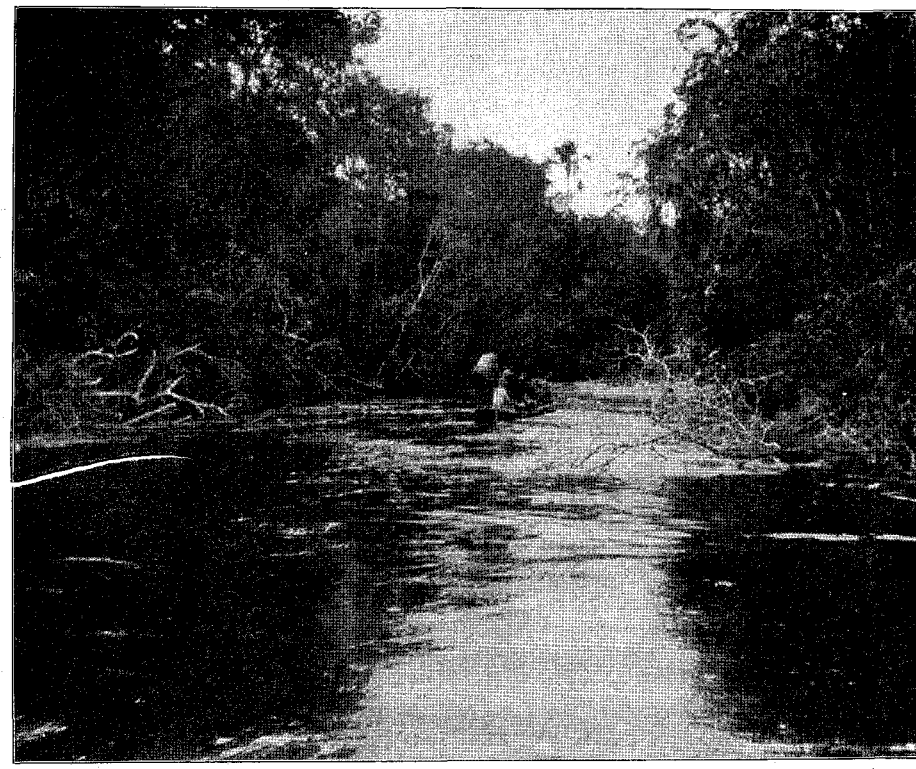
divided as to whether this river shortly entered the Gy-Paraná or turned into the Tapajos, or whether it went down into the Madeira near its mouth. In South America the mouths of the rivers have often been known for a century or two before the course of the river, its extent and the like, are definitely known. The total length of this river is about 1,500 kilometres, that is, about



From a photograph by Miller.

Colonel Roosevelt's canoe disappears down the River of Doubt.

950 miles. It is astonishing enough that all cartographers should have been ignorant of the upper portion of it, the entirely unknown portion which we traversed. It is still more astonishing that on none of their maps should a hint be given of the existence of the lower portion of the river, which has been known to the rubber men for a number of years. The river rises a few minutes south of the 13th degree, between the 59th and 60th meridians. Where we embarked on it it was about latitude 12° 1′ south, and about longitude 60° 15′ west from Greenwich. We took astronomical observations on an average about every half-degree or degree down to where the Castanho and upper Ariponan joined, shortly below which we met the steamer which, on the chance of its proving to be the mouth of the river we were descending, had been sent out to meet us. At about latitude 11° 45′ we struck the first of a series of rapids which, without in any case a break as long as a day's journey, stretched to about 10° 45′ south. It took us forty-two days of hard and dangerous work to get through these rapids. We lost five of our seven canoes in doing so, one man was drowned in the rapids, and under the strain one of the men went thoroughly bad and murdered another. After the rapids were

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From a photograph by Cherrie.

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon on a curious rock formation near one of the great rapids.

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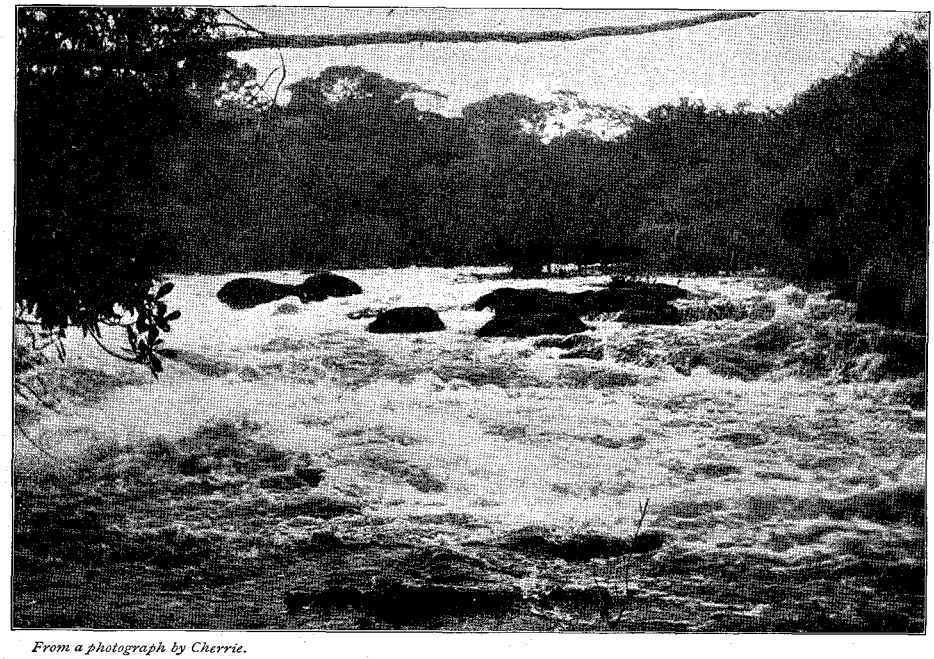

From a photograph by Cherrie.

One of the many rapids on the upper part of the Duvida.

through, by which time the river had received five considerable affluents, the stream, which was already of noble size, flowed more quietly, the stretches of broken water being usually two or three or four days apart. We encountered the highest rubber men at 10° 26′ south. The river's general course was very nearly due north. After we embarked on it we never got east of the 60th or west of the 61st degree of longitude. During much of its course, especially the upper course, it was extremely crooked, and in one afternoon we would literally find ourselves journeying toward every point of the compass. The junction of the two big rivers took place in about latitude 7° 15′; below this we shortly came on the small steamer. We had then been sixty days in the canoes. With steam, over water unbroken by rapids, we made Manaos in thirty-six hours.

The river varies greatly in volume at different seasons of the year. By measurement, after the final junction just above where we found the steamer, its volume was about 4,500 cubic metres a second.

The accompanying map shows our route and shows that on a standard map there is not a vestige, not an indication, of the river, and some of the mountain chains and rivers put down on this and other standard maps are absolutely imaginary, as our voyage showed. We cut through two low mountain ridges in what were practically canyons, the mountains being about 150 metres above the bed of the river. In each canyon we lost one canoe. At the uppermost rapids there are several curious rock formations, one of them looking somewhat like an inverted top hat. Lieutenant Lyra took the astronomical observations. Cherrie and Kermit took over one hundred photographs during the descent of the river. Cherrie, Kermit, Rondon, and Doctor Kajozeira kept diaries throughout the trip. Colonel Rondon's diary consisted practically of the orders of the day. My articles for SCRIBNER'S were written

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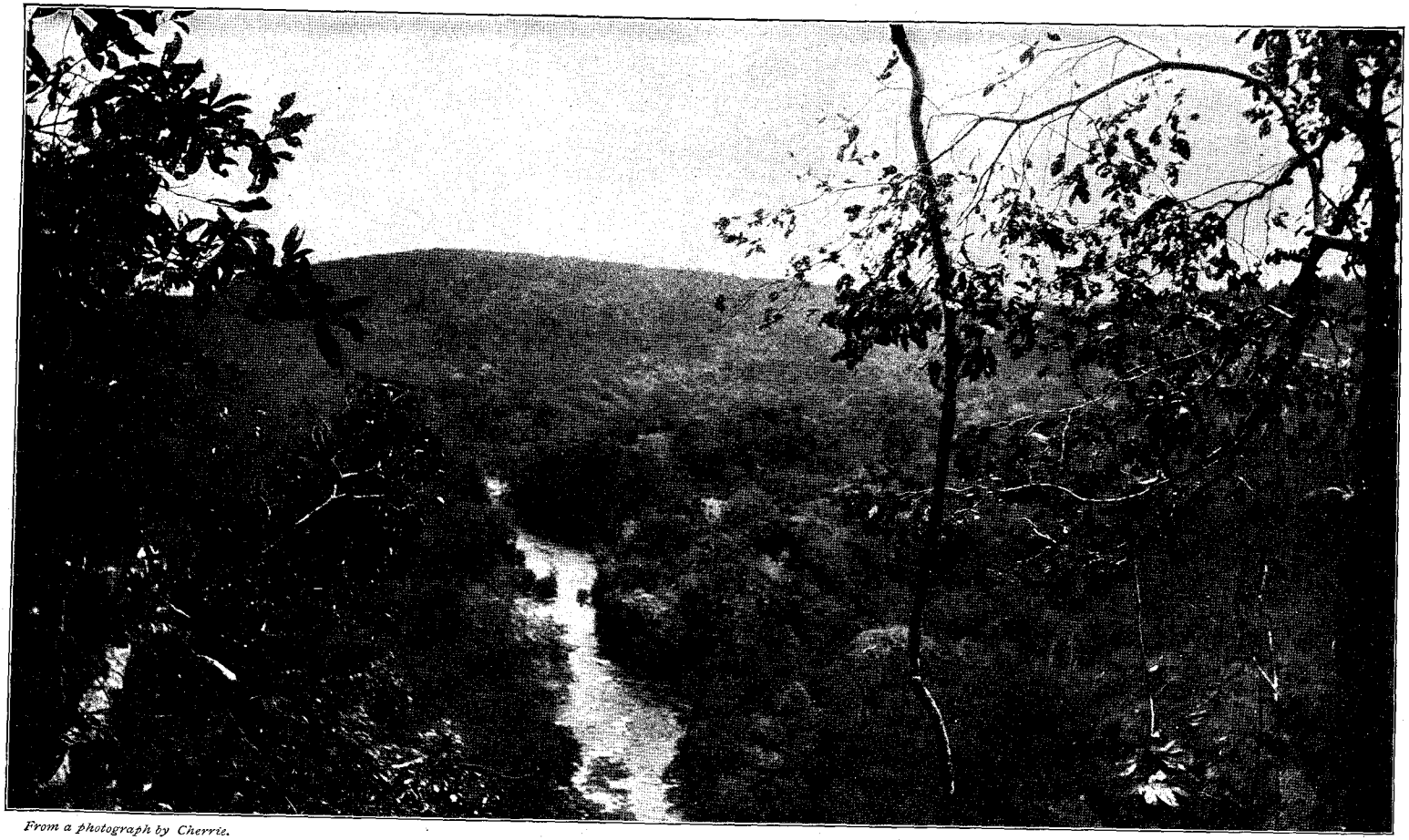

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The Duvida, taken from the top of the first mountain range which it cuts through, and looking toward the second which it cuts through.

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sometimes every day, sometimes every second or third day; never did four days pass without my writing. Of course I afterward had to go over them and reduce them all to a connected narrative.

One more thing—as to the objectors who have expressed doubt as to the existence of the river. If what we had done had been to ascend an unknown mountain or to visit either pole, there could have been no permanent record left on the land itself and all that we could have offered would have been the testimony of the six men who had taken part in the expedition. But the case is wholly different as regards a river. A river stays. Nobody can remove a river. Anybody who chooses can visit this river and see for himself what we did. The descent of the upper part, although much easier because we have performed it, will still be a matter of difficulty and danger. But there is not the slightest difficulty or danger in starting from Manaos and making the ascent of the river for the lower two-thirds of its course, up to the point where the rubber men have gone. To question the existence of the river and of the substantial accuracy of the course we have followed is just as foolish as to question the existence of the Rhone, Elbe, or Hudson as put down on the maps a century ago.

Sagamore Hill,
Oyster Bay, May 29th, 1914.

From a photograph by Cherrie.

Manner of dragging the canoes across a hilly portage.

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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[FOURTH ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

UP THE RIVER OF TAPIRS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHERS

AFTER leaving Cáceres we went up the Sepotuba, which in the local Indian dialect means River of Tapirs. This river is only navigable for boats of size when the water is high. It is a swift, fairly clear stream, rushing down from the Plan Alto, the high uplands, through the tropical lowland forest. On the right hand, or western bank, and here and there on the left bank, the forest is broken by natural pastures and meadows, and at one of these places, known as Porto Campo, sixty or seventy miles above the mouth, there is a good-sized cattle-ranch. Here we halted, because the launch, and the two pranchas—native trading-boats with houses on their decks—which it towed, could not carry our entire party and outfit. Accordingly most of the baggage and some of the party were sent ahead to where we were to meet our pack-train, at Tapirapoan. Meanwhile the rest of us made our first camp under tents at Porto Campo, to wait the return of the boats. The tents were placed in a line, with the tent of Colonel Rondon and the tent in which Kermit and I slept, in the middle, beside one another. In front of these two on tall poles stood the Brazilian and American flags; and at sunrise and sunset the flags were hoisted and hauled down while the trumpet sounded and all of us stood at attention. Camp was pitched beside the ranch buildings. In the trees near the tents grew wonderful violet orchids.

Many birds were around us; I saw some of them, and Cherrie and Miller many, many more. They ranged from party-colored macaws, green parrots, and big gregarious cuckoos, down to a brilliant green-and-chestnut kingfisher five and a quarter inches long, and a tiny orange-and-green manakin, smaller than any bird I have ever seen except a hummer. We also saw a bird that really was protectively colored; a kind of whippoorwill which even the sharp-eyed naturalists could only make out because it moved its head. We saw orange-bellied squirrels with showy orange tails. Lizards were common. We killed our first poisonous snake (the second we had seen), an evil lance-headed jararaca that was swimming the river. We also saw a black-and-orange harmless snake, nearly eight feet long, which we were told was akin to the mussurand and all other snakes. One day while paddling in a canoe on the river, hoping that the dogs might drive a tapir to us, they drove in a couple of small bush

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deer instead. There was no point in shooting them; we caught them with ropes thrown over their heads; for the naturalists needed them as specimens, and all of us needed the meat. One of the men was stung by a single big red maribundi wasp. For twenty-four hours he was in great pain and incapacitated for work. In a lagoon two of the dogs had the tips of their tails bitten off by piranhas as they swam; and the ranch hands told us that in this lagoon one of their hounds had been torn to pieces and completely devoured by the ravenous fish. It was a further illustration of the uncertainty of temper and behavior of these ferocious little monsters. In other lagoons they had again and again left us and our dogs unmolested. They vary locally in aggressiveness just as sharks and crocodiles in different seas and rivers vary.

On the morning of January 9th we started out for a tapir-hunt. Tapirs are hunted with canoes, as they dwell in thick jungle and take to the water when hounds follow them. In this region there were extensive papyrus swamps and big lagoons, back from the river, and often the tapirs fled to these for refuge, throwing off the hounds. In these places it was exceedingly difficult to get them; our best chance was to keep to the river in canoes, and paddle toward the spot in the direction of which the hounds, by the noise, seemed to be heading. We started in four canoes. Three of them were Indian dugouts, very low in the water. The fourth was our Canadian canoe, a beauty; light, safe, roomy, made of thin slats of wood and cement-covered canvas. Colonel Rondon, Fiala with his camera, and I went in this canoe, together with two paddlers. The paddlers were natives of the poorer class. They were good men. The bowsman was of nearly pure white blood; the steersman was of nearly pure negro blood, and was evidently the stronger character and better man of the two. The other canoes carried a couple of fazendeiros, ranchmen, who had come up from Cáceres with their dogs. These dugouts were manned by Indian and half-caste paddlers, and the fazendeiros, who were of nearly pure white blood, also at times paddled vigorously. All were dressed in substantially similar clothes, the difference being that those of the camaradas, the poorer men or laborers, were in tatters. In the canoes no man wore anything save a shirt, trousers, and hat, the feet being bare. On horseback they wore long leather leggings which were really simply high, rather flexible boots with the soles off; their spurs were on their tough bare feet. There was every gradation between and among the nearly pure whites, negroes, and Indians. On the whole, there was most white blood in the upper ranks, and most Indian and negro blood among the camaradas; but there were exceptions in both classes, and there was no discrimination on account of color. All alike were courteous and friendly.

The hounds were at first carried in two of the dugouts, and then let loose on the banks. We went up-stream for a couple of hours against the swift current, the paddlers making good headway with their pointed paddles—the broad blade of each paddle was tipped with a long point, so that it could be thrust into the mud to keep the low dugout against the bank. The tropical forest came down almost like a wall, the tall trees laced together with vines, and the spaces between their trunks filled with a low, dense jungle. In most places it could only be penetrated by a man with a machete. With few exceptions the trees were unknown to me, and their native names told me nothing. On most of them the foliage was thick; among the exceptions were the cecropias, growing by preference on new-formed alluvial soil bare of other trees, whose rather scanty leaf bunches were, as I was informed, the favorite food of sloths. We saw one or two squirrels among the trees, and a family of monkeys. There were few sand-banks in the river, and no water-fowl save an occasional cormorant. But as we pushed along near the shore, where the branches overhung and dipped in the swirling water, we continually roused little flocks of bats. They were hanging from the boughs right over the river, and when our approach roused them they zigzagged rapidly in front of us for a few rods, and then again dove in among the branches.

At last we landed at a point of ground where there was little jungle, and where

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the forest was composed of palms and was fairly open. It was a lovely bit of forest. The colonel strolled off in one direction, returning an hour later with a squirrel for the naturalists. Meanwhile Fiala and I went through the palm wood to a papyrus swamp. Many trails led through the woods, and especially along the borders of the swamp; and, although their principal makers had evidently been cattle, yet there were in them footprints of both tapir and deer. The tapir makes a footprint much like that of a small rhinoceros, being one of the odd-toed ungulates. We could hear the dogs now and then, evidently scattered and running on various trails. They were a worthless lot of curhounds. They would chase tapir or deer or anything else that ran away from them as long as the trail was easy to follow; but they were not staunch, even after animals that fled, and they would have nothing whatever to do with animals that were formidable.

While standing by the marsh we heard something coming along one of the game paths. In a moment a buck of the bigger species of bush-deer appeared, a very pretty and graceful creature. It stopped and darted back as soon as it saw us, giving us no chance for a shot; but in another moment we caught glimpses of it running by at full speed, back among the palms. I covered an opening between two tree-trunks. By good luck the buck appeared in the right place, giving me just time to hold well ahead of him and fire. At the report he went down in a heap, the "umbrella-pointed" bullet going in at one shoulder, and ranging forward, breaking the neck. The leaden portion of the bullet, in the proper mushroom or umbrella shape, stopped under the neck skin on the farther side. It is a very effective bullet.

Miller particularly wished specimens of these various species of bush-deer, because their mutual relationships have not yet been satisfactorily worked out. This was an old buck. The antlers were single spikes, five or six inches long; they were old and white and would soon have been shed. In the stomach were the remains of both leaves and grasses, but especially the former; the buck was both a browser and grazer. There were also seeds, but no berries or nuts such as I have sometimes found in deers' stomachs. This species, which is abundant in this neighborhood, is solitary in its habits, not going in herds. At this time the rut was past, the bucks no longer sought the does, the fawns had not been born, and the yearlings had left their mother; so that each animal usually went by itself. When chased they were very apt to take to the water. This instinct of taking to the water, by the way, is quite explicable as regards both deer and tapir, for it affords them refuge against their present-day natural foes, but it is a little puzzling to see the jaguar readily climbing trees to escape dogs; for ages have passed since there were in its habitat any natural foes from which it needed to seek safety in trees. But it is possible that the habit has been kept alive by its seeking refuge in them on occasion from the big peccaries, which are among the beasts on which it ordinarily preys.

We hung the buck in a tree. The colonel returned, and not long afterward one of the paddlers who had been watching the river called out to us that there was a tapir in the water, a good distance upstream, and that two of the other boats were after it. We jumped into the canoe and the two paddlers dug their blades in the water as they drove her against the strong current, edging over for the opposite bank. The tapir was coming down-stream at a great rate, only its queer head above water, while the dugouts were closing rapidly on it, the paddlers uttering loud cries. As the tapir turned slightly to one side or the other the long, slightly upturned snout and the strongly pronounced arch of the crest along the head and upper neck gave it a marked and unusual aspect. I could not shoot, for it was directly in line with one of the pursuing dugouts. Suddenly it dived, the snout being slightly curved downward as it did so. There was no trace of it; we gazed eagerly in all directions; the dugout in front came alongside our canoe and the paddlers rested, their paddles ready. Then we made out the tapir clambering up the bank. It had dived at right angles to the course it was following and swum under water to the very edge of the shore, rising under the overhanging tree-branches

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at a point where a drinking-trail for game led down a break in the bank. The branches partially hid it, and it was in deep shadow, so that it did not offer a very good shot. My bullet went too far back, and the tapir disappeared in the forest at a gallop as if unhurt, although the bullet really secured it, by making it unwilling to trust to its speed and leave the neighborhood of the water. Three or four of the hounds were by this time swimming the river, leaving the others yelling on the opposite side; and as soon as the swimmers reached the shore they were put on the tapir's trail and galloped after it, giving tongue. In a couple of minutes we saw the tapir take to the waters far up-stream, and after it we went as fast as the paddle could urge us through the water. We were not in time to head it, but fortunately some of the dogs had come down to the river's edge at the very point where the tapir was about to land. Two or three of the dogs were swimming. We were more than half the breadth of the river away from the tapir, and somewhat down-stream, when it dived. It made an astonishingly long swim beneath the water this time, almost as if it had been a hippopotamus, for it passed completely under our canoe and rose between us and the hither bank. I shot it, the bullet going into its brain, while it was thirty or forty yards from shore. It sank at once.

There was now nothing to do but wait until the body floated. I feared that the strong current would roll it down-stream over the river bed, but my companions assured me that this was not so, and that the body would remain where it was until it rose, which would be in an hour or two. They were right, except as to the time. For over a couple of hours we paddled, or anchored ourselves by clutching branches close to the spot, or else drifted down a mile and paddled up again near the shore, to see if the body had caught anywhere. Then we crossed the river and I had lunch at the lovely natural picnic-ground where the buck was hung up. We had very nearly given up the tapir when it suddenly floated only a few rods from where it had sunk. With no little difficulty the big, round black body was hoisted into the canoe, and we all turned our prows down-stream. The skies had been lowering for some time, and now—too late to interfere with the hunt or cause us any annoyance—a heavy downpour of rain came on and beat upon us. Little we cared, as the canoe raced forward, with the tapir and the buck lying in the bottom, and a dry, comfortable camp ahead of us.

When we reached camp, and Father Zahm saw the tapir, he reminded me of something I had completely forgotten. When, some six years previously, he had spoken to me in the White House about taking this South American trip, I had answered that I could not, as I intended to go to Africa, but added that I hoped some day to go to South America and that if I did so I should try to shoot both a jaguar and a tapir, as they were the characteristic big-game animals of the country. "Well," said Father Zahm, "now you've shot them both!" The storm continued heavy until after sunset. Then the rain stopped and the full moon broke through the cloud-rack. Father Zahm and I walked up and down in the moonlight, talking of many things, from Dante, and our own plans for the future, to the deeds and the wanderings of the old-time Spanish conquistadores in their search for the Gilded King, and of the Portuguese adventurers who then divided with them the mastery of the oceans and of the unknown continents beyond.

This was an attractive and interesting camp in more ways than one. The vaqueiros with their wives and families were housed on the two sides of the field in which our tents were pitched. On one side was a big, whitewashed, tile-roofed house in which the foreman dwelt—an olive-skinned, slightly built, wiry man, with an olive-skinned wife, and eight as pretty, fair-haired children as one could wish to see. He usually went barefoot, and his manners were not merely good but distinguished. Corrals and outbuildings were near this big house. On the opposite side of the field stood the row of steep-roofed, palm-thatched huts in which the ordinary cowhands lived with their dusky helpmeets and children. Each night from these palm-thatched quarters we heard the faint sounds of a music that went far back of civilization to a savage ancestry near by in point of time

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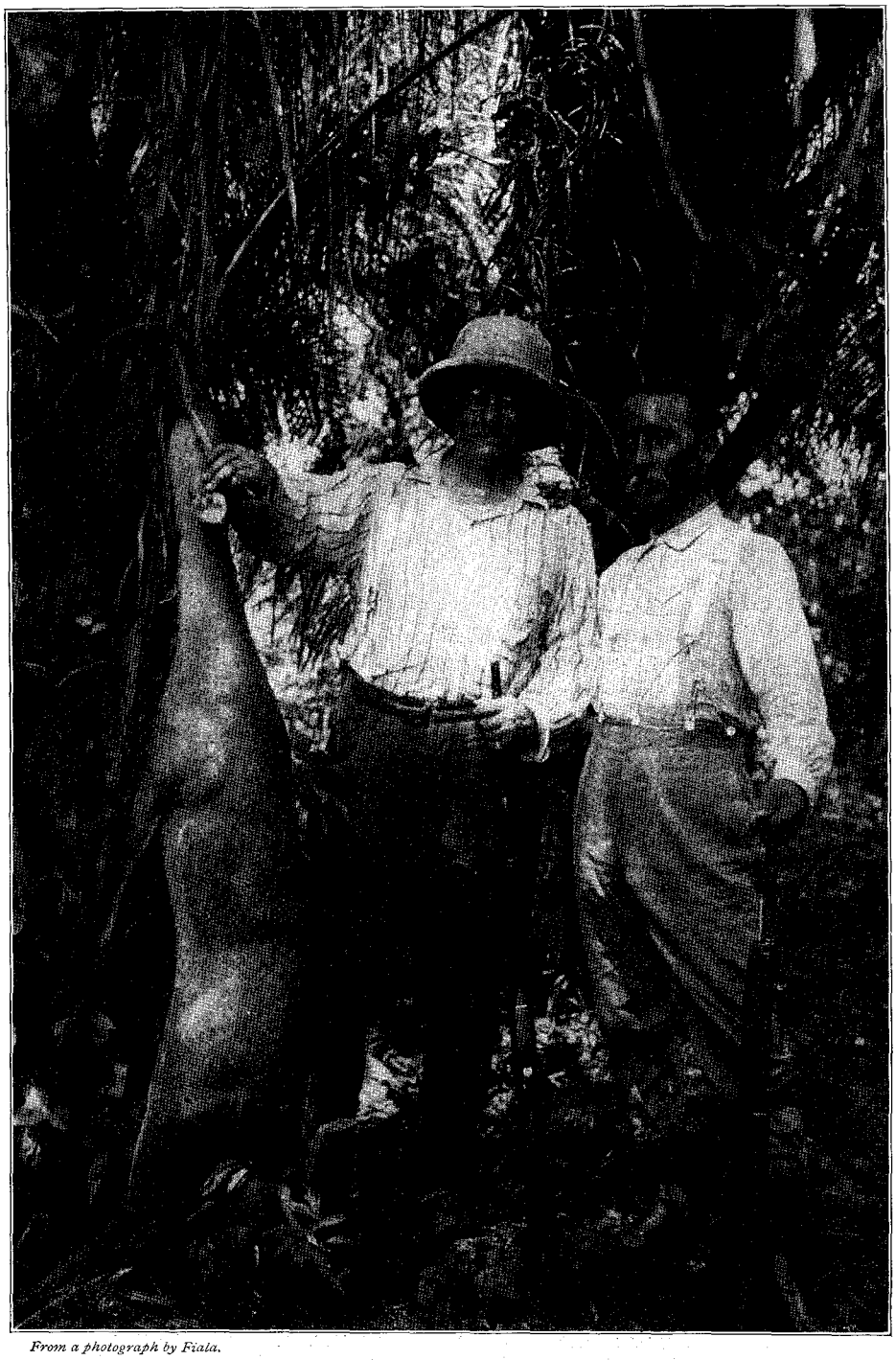

From a photograph by Fiala.

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon with bush deer.

We hung the buck in a tree.—Page 11.

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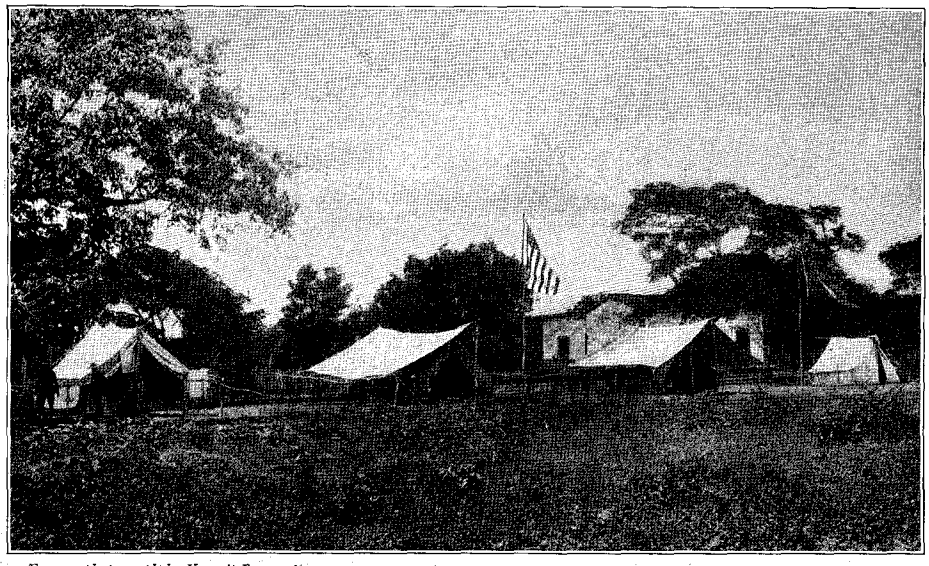

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Camp at Porto Campo.

In front on tall poles stood the Brazilian and American flags.—Page 9.

and otherwise immeasurably remote; for through the still, hot air, under the brilliant moonlight, we heard the monotonous throbbing of a tom-tom drum, and the twanging of some odd stringed instrument. The small black turkey-buzzards, here always called crows, were as tame as chickens near the big house, walking on the ground or perched in the trees beside the corral, waiting for the offal of the slaughtered cattle. Two palm-trees near our tent were crowded with the long, hanging nests of one of the cacique orioles. We lived well, with plenty of tapir beef, which was good, and of the venison of the bush deer, which was excellent; and as much ordinary beef as we wished, and fresh milk, too—a rarity in this country. There were very few mosquitoes, and everything was as comfortable as possible.

The tapir I killed was a big one. I did not wish to kill another, unless, of course, it became advisable to do so for food; whereas I did wish to get some specimens of the big, white-lipped peccary, the "cachádа" (pronounced "cashádа") of the Brazilians, which would make our collection of the big mammals of the Brazilian forests almost complete. The remaining members of the party killed two or three more tapirs. One was a bull, full grown but very much smaller than the animal I had killed. The hunters said that this was a distinct kind. The skull and skin were sent back with the other specimens to the American Museum, where after due examination and comparison its specific identity will be established. Tapirs are solitary beasts. Two are rarely found together, except in the case of a cow and its spotted and streaked calf. They live in dense cover, usually lying down in the daytime and at night coming out to feed, and going to the river or to some lagoon to bathe and swim. From this camp Sigg took Lieutenant Lyra back to Cáceres to get something that had been overlooked. They went in a row-boat to which the motor had been attached, and at night on the way back almost ran over a tapir that was swimming. But in unfrequented places tapirs both feed and bathe during the day. The stomach of the one I shot contained big palm-nuts; they had been swallowed without enough mastication to break the kernel, the outer pulp being what the tapir prized. Tapirs gallop well, and their tough hide and wedge shape enable them to go at speed through very dense cover. They try to stamp on, and even to bite, a foe, but are only clumsy fighters.

The tapir is a very archaic type of ungulate, not unlike the non-specialized

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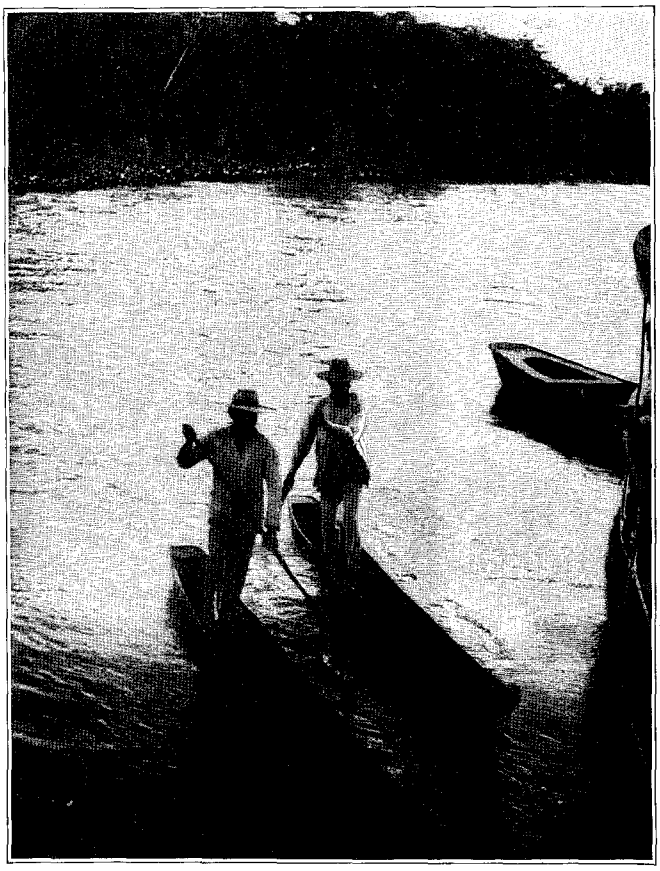
beasts of the oligocene. From some such ancestral type the highly specialized one-toed modern horse has evolved, while during the uncounted ages that saw the horse thus develop the tapir has continued substantially unchanged. Originally the tapirs dwelt in the northern hemisphere, but there they gradually died out, the more specialized horse, and even for long ages the rhinoceros, persisting after they had vanished; and nowadays the surviving tapirs are found in Malaysia and South America, far from their original home. The relations of the horse and tapir in the paleontological history of South America are very curious. Both were, geologically speaking, comparatively recent immigrants, and if they came at different dates it is almost certain that the horse came later. The horse for an age or two, certainly for many hundreds of thousands of years, throve greatly and developed not only several different species but several different genera. It was much the most highly specialized of the two, and in the other continental regions where both were found the horse outlasted the tapir. But in South America the tapir outlasted the horse. From unknown causes the various genera and species of horses died out, while the tapir has persisted. The highly specialized, highly developed beasts, which represented such a full evolutionary development, died out, while their less specialized remote kinsfolk, which had not developed, clung to life and throve; and this although the direct reverse was occurring in North America and in the Old World. It is one of the innumerable and at present



From a photograph by Harper.

The dugouts were manned by Indian and half-caste paddlers.—Page 10.

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insoluble problems in the history of life on our planet.

I spent a couple of days of hard work in getting the big white-lipped peccaries —white-lipped being rather a misnomer, as the entire under jaw and lower cheek are white. They were said to be found on the other side of, and some distance back from, the river. Colonel Rondon had sent out one of our attendants, an old follower of his, a full-blood Parecís Indian, to look for tracks. This was an excellent man, who dressed and behaved just like the other good men we had, and was called Antonio Páresí. He found the tracks of a herd of thirty or forty cachadas, and the following morning we started after them.

On the first day we killed nothing. We were rather too large a party, for one or two of the visiting fazendeiros came along with their dogs. I doubt whether these men very much wished to overtake our game, for the big peccary is a murderous foe of dogs (and is sometimes dangerous to men). One of their number frankly refused to come or to let his dogs come, explaining that the fierce wild swine were "very badly brought up" (a literal translation of his words) and that respectable dogs and men ought not to go near them. The other fazendeiros merely feared for their dogs; a groundless fear, I believe, as I do not think that the dogs could by any exertion have been dragged into dangerous proximity with such foes. The ranch foreman, Benedetto, went, and two or three other camaradas, including Antonio the Parecís Indian. The horses were swum across the river, each being led beside a dugout. Then we crossed with the dogs; our horses were saddled, and we started.

It was a picturesque cavalcade. The native hunters, of every shade from white to dark copper, all wore leather leggings that left the soles of their feet bare, and on their bare heels wore spurs with wheels four inches across. They went in single file, for no other mode of travel was possible; and the two or three leading men kept their machetes out, and had to cut every yard of our way while we were in the forest. The hunters rode little stallions, and their hounds were gelded.

Most of the time we were in forest or swampy jungle. Part of the time we crossed or skirted marshy plains. In one of them a herd of half-wild cattle was feeding. Herons, storks, ducks, and ibises were in these marshes, and we saw one flock of lovely roseate spoonbills.

In one grove the fig-trees were killing the palms, just as in Africa they kill the sandalwood-trees. In the gloom of this grove there were no flowers, no bushes; the air was heavy; the ground was brown with mouldering leaves. Almost every palm was serving as a prop for a fig-tree. The fig-trees were in every stage of growth. The youngest ones merely ran up the palms as vines. In the next stage the vine had thickened and was sending out shoots, wrapping the palm stem in a deadly hold. Some of the shoots were thrown round the stem like the tentacles of an immense cuttlefish. Others looked like claws, that were hooked into every crevice, and round every projection. In the stage beyond this the palm had been killed, and its dead carcass appeared between the big, winding vine-trunks; and later the palm had disappeared and the vines had united into a great fig-tree. Water stood in black pools at the foot of the murdered trees, and of the trees that had murdered them. There was something sinister and evil in the dark stillness of the grove; it seemed as if sentient beings had writhed themselves round and were strangling other sentient beings.

We passed through wonderfully beautiful woods of tall palms, the ouaouaça palm —wawasa palm, as it should be spelled in English. The trunks rose tall and strong and slender, and the fronds were branches twenty or thirty feet long, with the many long, narrow green blades starting from the midrib at right angles in pairs. Round the ponds stood stately boriti palms, rising like huge columns, with great branches that looked like fans, as the long, stiff blades radiated from the end of the midrib. One tree was gorgeous with the brilliant hues of a flock of party-colored macaws. Green parrots flew shrieking overhead.

Now and then we were bitten and stung by the venomous fire-ants, and ticks crawled upon us. Once we were assailed by more serious foes, in the shape of a nest of maribundi wasps, not the biggest

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kind, but about the size of our hornets. We were at the time passing through dense jungle, under tall trees, in a spot where the down timber, holes, tangled creepers, and thorns made the going difficult. The leading men were not assailed, although they were now and then cutting the trail. Colonel Rondon and I were in the middle of the column, and the swarm attacked us; both of us were badly stung on the face, neck, and hands, the colonel even more severely than I was. He wheeled and rode to the rear and I to the front; our horses were stung too; and we went at a rate that a moment previously I would have deemed impossible over such ground.

In these forests the multitude of insects that bite, sting, devour, and prey upon other creatures, often with accompaniments of atrocious suffering, pass belief. The very pathetic myth of "beneficent nature" could not deceive even the least wise being if he once saw for himself the iron cruelty of life in the tropics. Of course "Nature"—in common parlance a wholly inaccurate term, by the way, especially when used as if to express a single entity—is entirely ruthless, no less so as regards types than as regards individuals, and entirely indifferent to good or evil, and works out her ends or no ends with utter disregard of pain and woe.

From a photograph by Miller.

The return from a day's hunt.

Tapir, white-lipped peccary, and bush-deer.

The following morning at sunrise we started again. This time only Colonel Rondon and I went with Benedetto and Antonio the Indian. We brought along four dogs which it was fondly hoped might chase the cachádas. Two of them disappeared on the track of a tapir and we saw them no more; one of the others promptly fled when we came across the tracks of our game, and would not even venture after them in our company; the remaining one did not actually run away and occasionally gave tongue, but could not be

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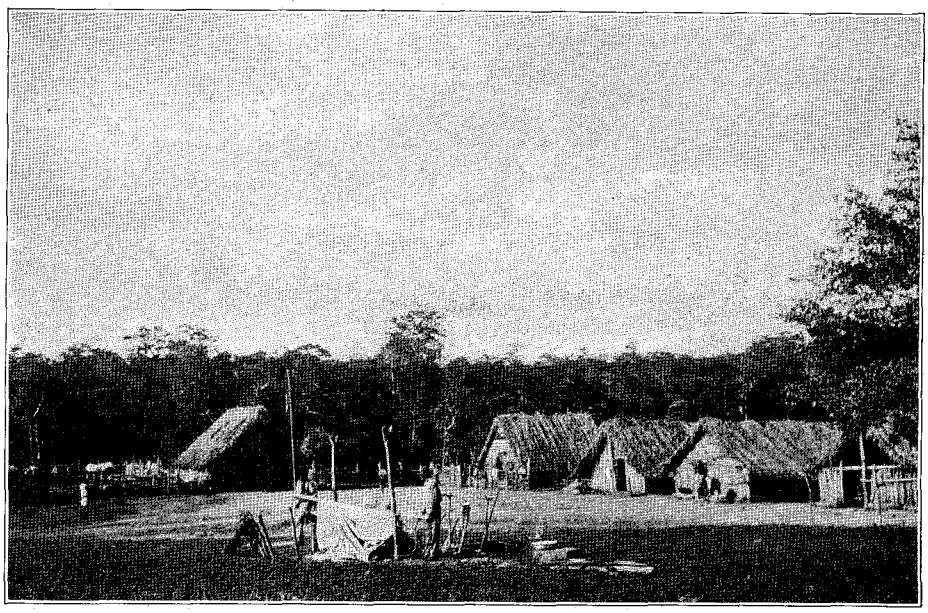

From a photograph by Miller.

A camp on the Sepotuba River.

persuaded to advance unless there was a man ahead of him. However, Colonel Rondon, Benedetto, and Antonio formed a trio of hunters who could do fairly well without dogs.

After four hours of riding, Benedetto, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and pointed downward. We were riding along a grassy intervale between masses of forest, and we had found the fresh track of a herd of big peccaries crossing from left to right. There were apparently thirty or forty in the herd. The small peccaries go singly or in small parties, and when chased take refuge in holes or hollow logs, where they show valiant fight; but the big peccaries go in herds of considerable size, and are so truculent that they are reluctant to run, and prefer either to move slowly off chattering their tusks and grunting, or else actually to charge. Where much persecuted the survivors gradually grow more willing to run, but their instinct is not to run but to trust to their truculence and their mass-action for safety. They inflict a fearful bite and frequently kill dogs. They often charge the hunters and I have heard of men being badly wounded by them, while almost every man who hunts them often is occasionally forced to scramble up a tree to avoid a charge. But I have never heard of a man being killed by them. They sometimes surround the tree in which the man has taken refuge and keep him up it. Cherrie, on one occasion in Costa Rica, was thus kept up a tree for several hours by a great herd of three or four hundred of these peccaries; and this although he killed several of them. Ordinarily, however, after making their charge they do not turn, but pass on out of sight. Their great foe is the jaguar, but unless he exercises much caution they will turn the tables on him. Cherrie, also in Costa Rica, came on the body of a jaguar which had evidently been killed by a herd of peccaries some twenty-four hours previously. The ground was trampled up by their hoofs, and the carcass was rent and slit into pieces.

Benedetto, as soon as we discovered the tracks, slipped off his horse, changed his leggings for sandals, threw his rifle over his arm, and took the trail of the herd, followed by the only dog which would accompany him. The peccaries had gone into a broad belt of forest, with a marsh on the farther side. At first Antonio led the colonel and me, all of us on horseback, at a canter round this belt to the marsh side, thinking the peccaries had gone almost through it. But we could hear noth-

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ing. The dog only occasionally barked, and then not loudly. Finally, we heard a shot. Benedetto had found the herd, which showed no fear of him; he had backed out and fired a signal shot. We all three went into the forest on foot toward where the shot had been fired. It was dense jungle and stiflingly hot. We could not see clearly for more than a few feet, or move easily without free use of the machetes. Soon we heard the ominous groaning of the herd, in front of us, and almost on each side. Then Benedetto joined us, and the dog appeared in the rear. We moved slowly forward, toward the sound of the fierce moaning grunts which were varied at times by a castanet chattering of the tusks. Then we dimly made out the dark forms of the peccaries moving very slowly to the left. My companions each chose a tree to climb at need and pointed out one for me. I fired at the half-seen form of a hog, through the vines, leaves, and branches; the colonel fired; I fired three more shots at other hogs; and the Indian also fired. The peccaries did not charge; walking and trotting, with bristles erect, groaning and clacking their tusks, they disappeared into the jungle. We could not see one of them clearly; and not one was left dead. But a few paces on we came across one of my wounded ones, standing at bay by a palm trunk; and I killed it forthwith. The dog would not even trail the wounded ones; but here Antonio came to the front. With eyes almost as quick and sure as those of a wild beast he had watched after every shot, and was able to tell the results in each case. He said that in addition to the one I had just killed I had wounded two others so seriously that he did not think they would go far, and that Colonel Rondon and he himself had each badly wounded one; and, moreover, he showed the trails each wounded animal had taken. The event justified him. In a few minutes we found my second one dead. Then we found Antonio's. Then we found my third one alive and at bay, and I killed it

From a photograph by Fiala.

Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Rondon.

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with another bullet. Finally we found the colonel's. I told him I should ask the authorities of the American museum to mount his and one or two of mine in a group, to commemorate our hunting together.

If we had not used crippling rifles the peccaries might have gotten away, for in the dark jungle, with the masses of intervening leaves and branches, it was impossible to be sure of placing each bullet properly in the half-seen moving beast. We found where the herd had wallowed in the mud. The stomachs of the peccaries we killed contained wild figs, palm nuts, and bundles of root fibres. The dead beasts were covered with ticks. They were two or three times the weight of the smaller peccaries; perhaps the difference was even greater.

On the ride home we saw a buck of the small species of bush deer, not half the size of the kind I had already shot. It was only a patch of red in the bush, a good distance off, but I was lucky enough to hit it. In spite of its small size it was a full-grown male, of a species we had not yet obtained. The antlers had recently been shed, and the new antler growth had just begun. A great jabiru stork let us ride by him a hundred and fifty yards off without thinking it worth while to take flight. This day we saw many of the beautiful violet orchids; and in the swamps were multitudes of flowers, red, yellow, lilac, of which I did not know the names.

The country along this river is a fine natural cattle country, and some day it will surely see a great development. It was opened to development by Colonel Rondon only five or six years ago. Already an occasional cattle-ranch is to be found along the banks. When railroads are built into these interior portions of Matto Grosso the whole region will grow and thrive amazingly—and so will the railroads. The growth will not be merely material. An immense amount will be done in education; using the word *education* in its broadest and most accurate sense, as applying to both mind and spirit, to both the child and the man. Colonel Rondon is not merely an explorer. He has been and is now a leader in the movement for the vital betterment of his people, the people of Matto Grosso. The poorer people of the back country everywhere suffer because of the harsh and improper laws of debt. In practice these laws have resulted in establishing a system of peonage, such as has grown up here and there in our own nation. A radical change is needed in this matter; and the colonel is fighting for the change. In school matters the colonel has precisely the ideas of our wisest and most advanced men and women in the United States. Cherrie—who is not only an exceedingly efficient naturalist and explorer in the tropics, but is also a thoroughly good citizen at home—is the chairman of the school board of the town of Newfane, in Vermont. He and the colonel, and Kermit and I, talked over school matters at length, and were in hearty accord as to the vital educational needs of both Brazil and the United States: the need of combining industrial with purely mental training, and the need of having the wide-spread popular education, which is and must be supported and paid for by the government, made a purely governmental and absolutely non-sectarian function, administered by the state alone, without interference with, nor furtherance of, the beliefs of any reputable church. The colonel is also head of the Indian service of Brazil, being what corresponds roughly with our commissioner of Indian affairs. Here also he is taking the exact view that is taken in the United States by the stanchest and wisest friends of the Indians. The Indians must be treated with intelligent and sympathetic understanding, no less than with justice and firmness; and until they become citizens, absorbed into the general body politic, they must be the wards of the nation, and not of any private association, lay or clerical, no matter how well-meaning.

The Sepotuba River was scientifically explored and mapped for the first time by Colonel Rondon in 1908, as head of the Brazilian Telegraphic Commission. This was during the second year of his exploration and opening of the unknown northwestern wilderness of Matto Grosso. Most of this wilderness has never previously been trodden by the foot of a civilized man. Not only were careful maps made and much other scientific work accomplished, but posts were established

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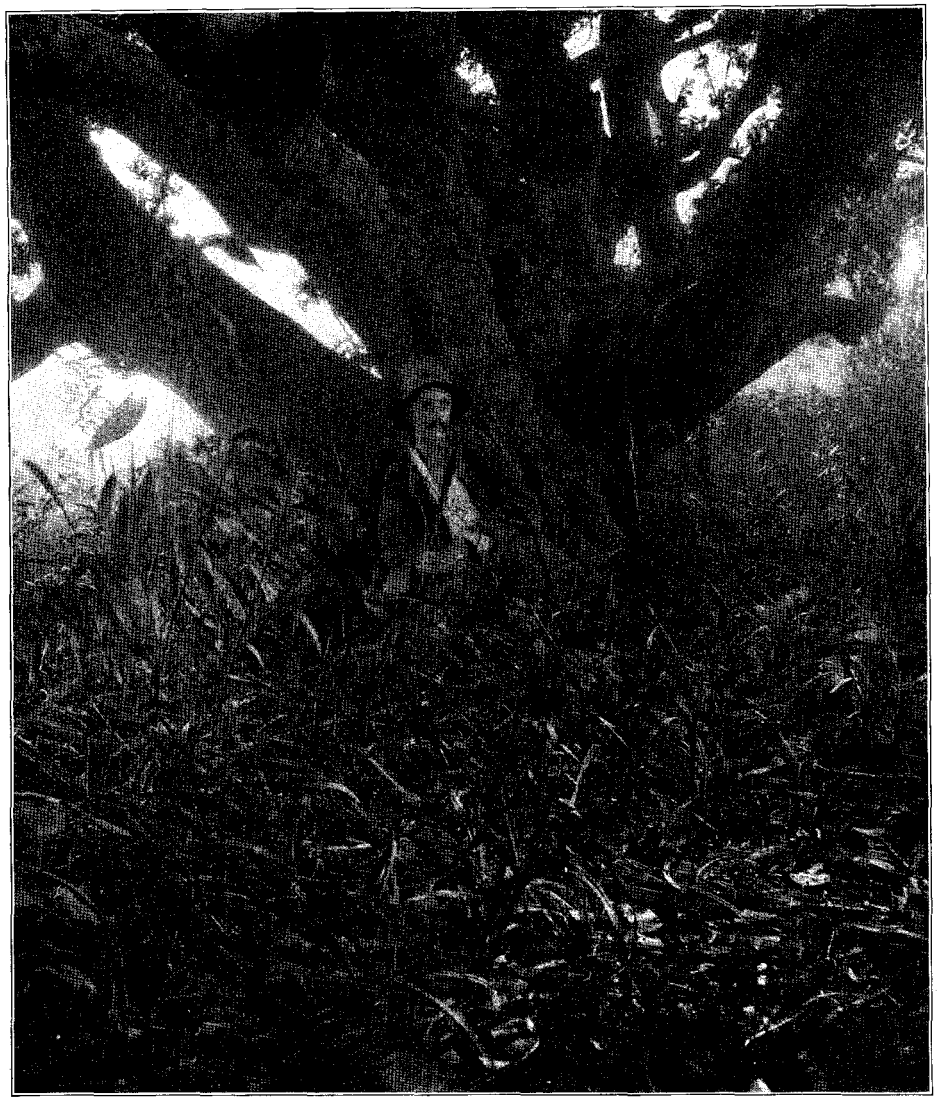
and telegraph lines constructed. When Colonel Rondon began the work he was a major. He was given two promotions, to lieutenant-colonel and colonel, while absent in the wilderness. His longest and most important exploring trip, and the one fraught with most danger and hardship, was begun by him in 1909, on May 3d, the anniversary of the discovery of Brazil. He left Tapirapoan on that day, and he reached the Madeira River on Christmas, December 25, of the same year, having descended the Gy-Paraná. The mouth of this river had long been known, but its upper course for two-thirds of its length was absolutely unknown when Rondon descended it. Among those who took part under him in this piece of exploration were the present Captain Amilcar and Lieutenant Lyra; and two better or more efficient men for such wilderness work it would be impossible to find. They acted as his two chief assistants on our trip. In 1909 the party exhausted all



From a photograph by Fiala.

Kermit Roosevelt.

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From a photograph by Fiala.

Peons with tortoise.

The tortoise was brought to America by Frank Harper and presented to the New York Zoological Park.—Page 24.

their food, including even the salt, by August. For the last four months they lived exclusively on the game they killed, on fruits, and on wild honey. Their equipage was what the men could carry on their backs. By the time the party reached the Madeira they were worn out by fatigue, exposure, and semi-starvation, and their enfeebled bodies were racked by fever.

The work of exploration accomplished by Colonel Rondon and his associates during these years was as remarkable as, and in its results even more important than, any similar work undertaken elsewhere on the globe at or about the same time. Its value was recognized in Brazil. It received no recognition by the geographical societies of Europe or the United States.

The work done by the original explorers of such a wilderness necessitates the undergoing of untold hardship and danger. Their successors, even their immediate successors, have a relatively easy time. Soon the road becomes so well beaten that it can be traversed without hardship by any man who does not venture from it—although if he goes off into the wilderness for even a day, hunting or collecting, he will have a slight taste of what his predecessors endured. The wilderness explored by Colonel Rondon is not yet wholly subdued, and still holds menace to human life. At Cáceres he received notice of the death of one of his gallant subordinates, Captain Cardozo. He died from beriberi, far out in the wilderness along our proposed line of march. Colonel Rondon also received news that a boat ascending the Gy-Paraná, to carry provisions to meet those of our party who were to descend that stream, had been upset, the provisions lost, and three men drowned. The risk and hardship are such that the ordinary men, the camaradas, do not like to go into the wilderness. The men who go with the Telegraphic Commission on the rougher and wilder work, are paid seven times as much as they earn in civilization. On this trip of ours Colo-

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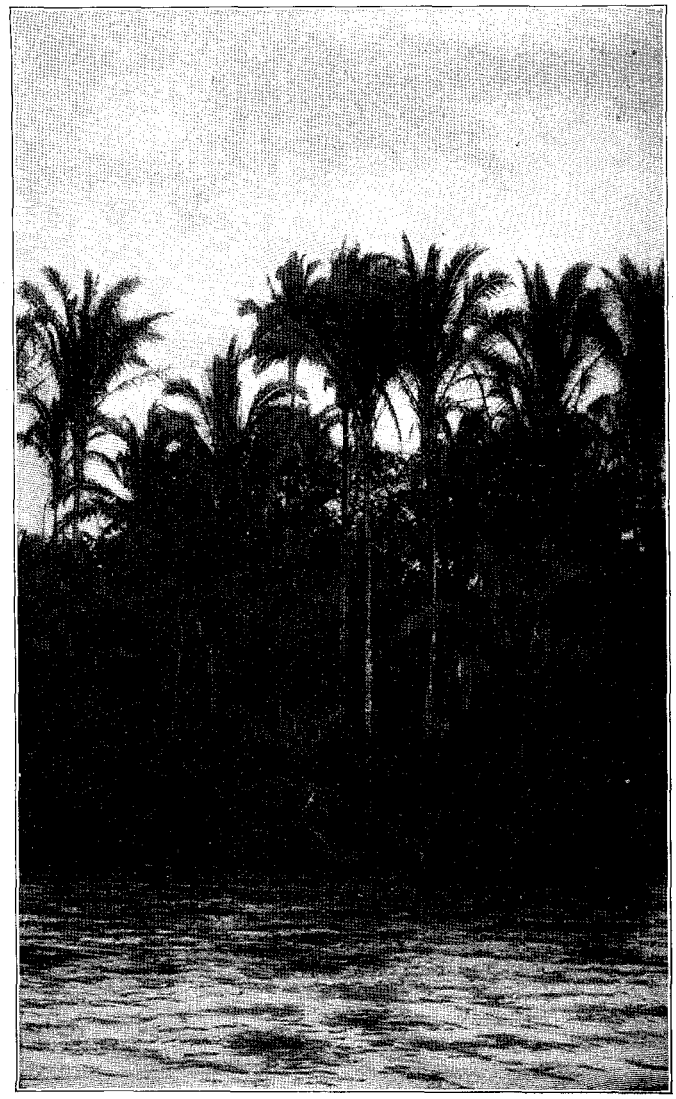
nel Rondon met with much difficulty in securing some one who could cook. He asked the cook on the little steamer *Nyoac* to go with us; but the cook with unaffected horror responded: "Senhor, *I* have never done anything to deserve punishment!"

Five days after leaving us, the launch, with one of the native trading-boats lashed alongside, returned. On the 13th we broke camp, loaded ourselves and all our belongings on the launch and the house-boat, and started up-stream for Tapirapoan. All told there were about thirty men, with five dogs and tents, bedding and provisions; fresh beef, growing rapidly less fresh; skins—all and everything jammed together.



From a photograph by Miller.

Wawasa palm forest on the Sepotuba.

It was like passing through a gigantic greenhouse.—Page 24.

It rained most of the first day and part of the first night. After that the weather was generally overcast and pleasant for travelling; but sometimes rain and torrid

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sunshine alternated. The cooking—and it was good cooking—was done at a funny little open-air fireplace, with two or three cooking-pots placed at the stern of the houseboat. The fireplace was a platform of earth, taken from ant-hills, and heaped and spread on the boards of the boat. Around it the dusky cook worked with philosophic solemnity in rain and shine. Our attendants, friendly souls with skins of every shade and hue, slept most of the time, curled up among boxes, bundles, and slabs of beef. An enormous land turtle was tethered toward the bow of the houseboat. When the men slept too near it, it made futile efforts to scramble over them; and in return now and then one of them gravely used it for a seat.

Slowly the throbbing engine drove the launch and its unwieldy side-partner against the swift current. The river had risen. We made about a mile and a half an hour. Ahead of us the brown water street stretched in curves between endless walls of dense tropical forest. It was like passing through a gigantic greenhouse. Wawasa and boriti palms, cecropias, huge figs, feathery bamboos, strange yellow-stemmed trees, low trees with enormous leaves, tall trees with foliage as delicate as lace, trees with buttressed trunks, trees with boles rising smooth and straight to lofty heights, all woven together by a tangle of vines, crowded down to the edge of the river. Their drooping branches hung down to the water, forming a screen through which it was impossible to see the bank, and exceedingly difficult to penetrate to the bank. Rarely one of them showed flowers—large white blossoms, or small red or yellow blossoms. More often the lilac flowers of the begonia-vine made large patches of color. Innumerable epiphytes covered the limbs, and even grew on the roughened trunks. We saw little bird life—a darter now and then, and kingfishers flitting from perch to perch. At long intervals we passed a ranch. At one

From a photograph by Fiala.

Nearing Tapirapoan.

It was too crowded to move around save with a definite purpose.—Page 25.

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From a photograph by Miller.

A fazenda on the Sepotuba.

At long intervals we passed a ranch.—Page 24.

the large, red-tiled, whitewashed house stood on a grassy slope behind mango-trees. The wooden shutters were thrown back from the big windows, and the big rooms were utterly bare—not a book, not an ornament. A palm, loaded with scores of the pendulous nests of the troupials, stood near the door. Behind were orange-trees and coffee-plants, and near by fields of bananas, rice, and tobacco. The sallow foreman was courteous and hospitable. His dark-skinned women-folk kept in the furtive background. Like most of the ranches, it was owned by a company with headquarters at Cáceres.

The trip was pleasant and interesting, although there was not much to do on the boat. It was too crowded to move around save with a definite purpose. We enjoyed the scenery; we talked—in English, Portuguese, bad French, and broken German. Some of us wrote. Fiala made sketches of improved tents, hammocks, and other field equipment, suggested by what he had already seen. Some of us read books. Colonel Rondon, neat, trim, alert, and soldierly, studied a standard work on applied geographical astronomy. Father Zahm read a novel by Fogazzaro, and a couple of Brazilian novels, "O Guarani" and "Innocencia." My own reading varied from "Quentin Durward" and Gibbon to the "Chanson de Roland." Miller took out his little pet owl Moses, from the basket in which Moses dwelt, and gave him food and water. Moses crooned and chuckled gratefully when he was stroked and tickled.

Late the first evening we moored to the bank by a little fazenda of the poorer type. The houses were of palm-leaves. Even the walls were made of the huge fronds or leafy branches of the wawasa palm, stuck upright in the ground and the blades plaited together. Some of us went ashore. Some stayed on the boats. There were no mosquitoes, the weather was not oppressively hot, and we slept well. By five o'clock next morning we had each drunk a cup of delicious Brazilian coffee, and the boats were under way.

All day we steamed slowly up-stream. We passed two or three fazendas. At one, where we halted to get milk, the trees

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were overgrown with pretty little yellow orchids. At dark we moored at a spot where there were no branches to prevent our placing the boats directly alongside the bank. There were hardly any mosquitoes. Most of the party took their hammocks ashore, and the camp was pitched amid singularly beautiful surroundings. The trees were wawasa palms, some with the fronds cresting very tall trunks, some with the fronds—seemingly longer—rising almost from the ground. The fronds were of great length; some could not have been less than fifty feet long. Bushes and tall grass, dew-drenched and glittering with the green of emeralds, grew in the open spaces between. We left at sunrise the following morning. One of the sailors had strayed inland. He got turned round and could not find the river; and we started before discovering his absence. We stopped at once, and with much difficulty he forced his way through the vine-laced and thorn-guarded jungle toward the sound of the launch's engines and of the bugle which was blown. In this dense jungle, when the sun is behind clouds, a man without a compass who strays a hundred yards from the river may readily become hopelessly lost.

As we ascended the river the wawasa palms became constantly more numerous. At this point, for many miles, they gave their own character to the forest on the river banks. Everywhere their long, curving fronds rose among the other trees, and in places their lofty trunks made them hold their heads higher than the other trees. But they were never as tall as the giants among the ordinary trees. On one towering palm we noticed a mass of beautiful violet orchids growing from the side of the trunk, half-way to the top. On another big tree, not a palm, which stood in a little opening, there hung well over a hundred troupials' nests. Besides two or three small ranches we this day passed a large ranch. The various houses and sheds, all palm-thatched, stood by the river in a big space of cleared ground, dotted with wawasa palms. A native houseboat was moored by the bank. Women and children looked from the unglazed windows of the houses; men stood in front of them. The biggest house was enclosed by a stockade of palm logs, thrust end-on into the ground. Cows and oxen grazed round about; and carts with solid wheels, each wheel made of a single disk of wood, were tilted on their poles.

We made our noonday halt on an island where very tall trees grew, bearing fruits that were pleasant to the taste. Other trees on the island were covered with rich red and yellow blossoms; and masses of delicate blue flowers and of star-shaped white flowers grew underfoot. Hither and thither across the surface of the river flew swallows, with so much white in their plumage that as they flashed in the sun they seemed to have snow-white bodies, borne by dark wings. The current of the river grew swifter; there were stretches of broken water that were almost rapids; the laboring engine strained and sobbed as with increasing difficulty it urged forward the launch and her clumsy consort. At nightfall we moored beside the bank, where the forest was open enough to permit a comfortable camp. That night the ants ate large holes in Miller's mosquito-netting, and almost devoured his socks and shoe-laces.

At sunrise we again started. There were occasional stretches of swift, broken water, almost rapids, in the river; everywhere the current was swift, and our progress was slow. The prancha was towed at the end of a hawser, and her crew poled. Even thus we only just made the riffle in more than one case. Two or three times cormorants and snake-birds, perched on snags in the river or on trees alongside it, permitted the boat to come within a few yards. In one piece of high forest we saw a party of toucans, conspicuous even among the tree-tops because of their huge bills and the leisurely expertness with which they crawled, climbed, and hopped among the branches. We went by several fazendas.

Shortly before noon—January 16—we reached Tapirapoan, the headquarters of the Telegraphic Commission. It was an attractive place, on the river-front, and it was gayly bedecked with flags, not only those of Brazil and the United States, but of all the other American republics, in our honor. There was a large, green square, with trees standing in the middle of it. On one side of this square were the build-

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ings of the Telegraphic Commission, on the other those of a big ranch, of which this is the headquarters. In addition, there were stables, sheds, outhouses, and corrals; and there were cultivated fields near by. Milch cows, beef-cattle, oxen, and mules wandered almost at will. There were two or three wagons and carts, and a traction automobile, used in the construction of the telegraph line, but not available in the rainy season, at the time of our trip.

Here we were to begin our trip overland, on pack-mules and pack-oxen, scores of which had been gathered to meet us. Several days were needed to apportion the loads and arrange for the several divisions in which it was necessary that so large a party should attempt the long wilderness march, through a country where there was not much food for man or beast, and where it was always possible to run into a district in which fatal cattle or horse diseases were prevalent. Fiala, with

From a photograph by Fiala.

We made our noon-day halt on an island where very tall trees grew.—Page 26.

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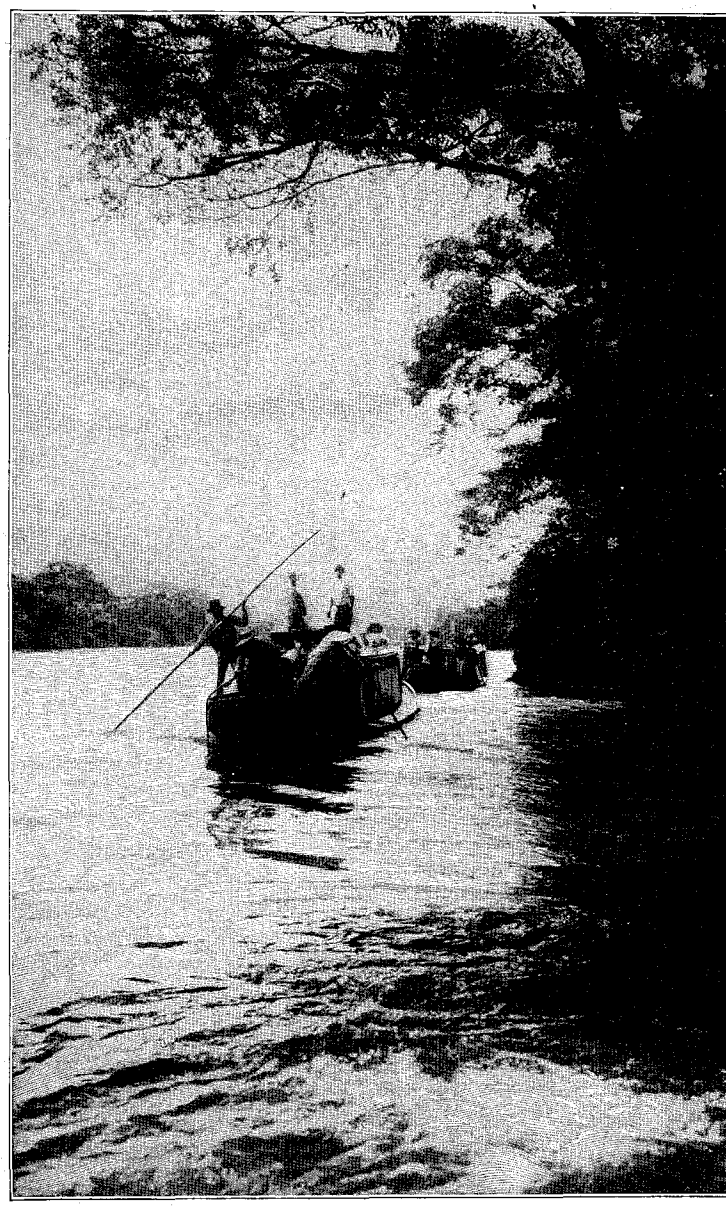
his usual efficiency, took charge of handling the outfit of the American portion of the expedition, with Sigg as an active and useful assistant. Harper, who like the others worked with whole-hearted zeal and cheerfulness, also helped him, except when he was engaged in helping the naturalists. The two latter, Cherrie and Miller, had so far done the hardest and the best work of the expedition. They had collected about a thousand birds, and two hundred and fifty mammals. It was not probable that they would do as well during the remainder of our trip, for we



From a photograph by Harper.

Two pranchas being pulled by launch with our baggage and provisions.
The prancha was towed at the end of a hawser and her crew poled.—Page 26.

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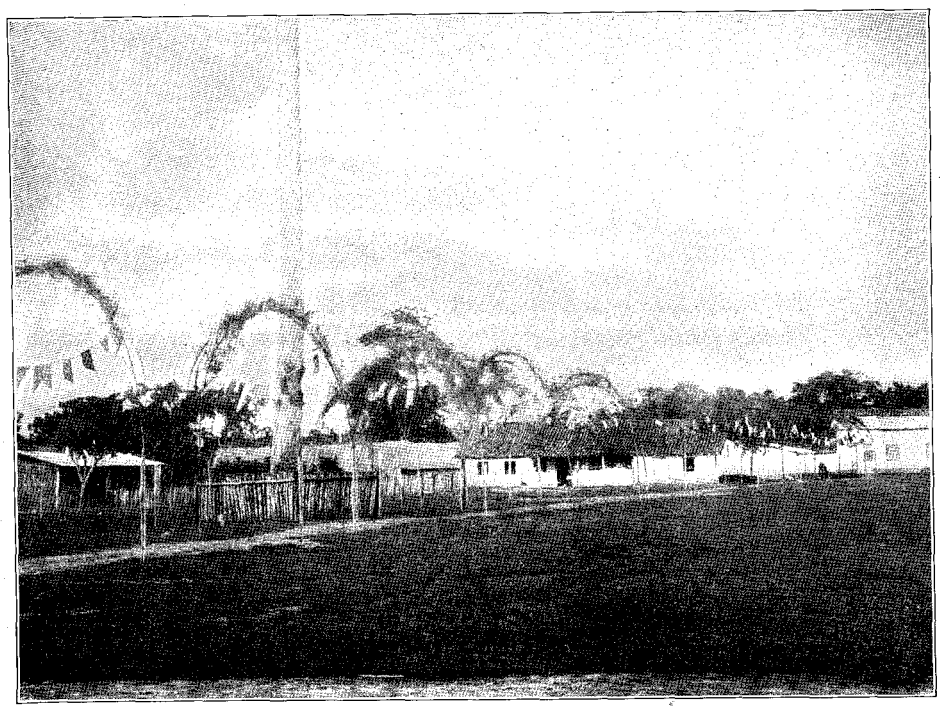

From a photograph by Harper.

Tapirapoan decorated in Colonel Roosevelt's honor.

intended thenceforth to halt as little, and march as steadily, as the country, the weather, and the condition of our means of transportation permitted. I kept continually wishing that they had more time in which to study the absorbingly interesting life histories of the beautiful and wonderful beasts and birds we were all the time seeing. Every first-rate museum must still employ competent collectors; but I think that a museum could now confer most lasting benefit, and could do work of most permanent good, by sending out into the immense wildernesses, where wild nature is at her best, trained observers with the gift of recording what they have observed. Such men should be collectors, for collecting is still necessary; but they should also, and indeed primarily, be able themselves to see, and to set vividly before the eyes of others, the full life histories of the creatures that dwell in the waste spaces of the world.

At this point both Cherrie and Miller collected a number of mammals and birds which they had not previously obtained; whether any were new to science could only be determined after the specimens reached the American museum. While making the round of his small mammal traps one morning, Miller encountered an army of the formidable foraging ants. The species was a large black one, moving with a well-extended front. These ants, sometimes called army ants, like the driver ants of Africa, move in big bodies and destroy or make prey of every living thing that is unable or unwilling to get out of their path in time. They run fast, and everything runs away from their advance. Insects form their chief prey; and the most dangerous and aggressive lower-life creatures make astonishingly little resistance to them. Miller's attention was first attracted to this army of ants by noticing a big centiped, nine or ten inches long, trying to flee before them. A number of ants were biting it, and it writhed at each bite, but did not try to use its long curved jaws against its assailants. On other occasions he saw big scorpions and big hairy spiders trying to escape in the same way, and showing the same helpless inability to injure their ravenous foes,

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or to defend themselves. The ants climb trees to a great height, much higher than most birds' nests, and at once kill and tear to pieces any fledglings in the nests they reach. But they are not as common as some writers seem to imagine; days may elapse before their armies are encountered, and doubtless most nests are never visited or threatened by them. In some instances it seems likely that the birds save themselves and their young in other ways. Some nests are inaccessible. From others it is probable that the parents remove the young. Miller once, in Guiana, had been watching for some days a nest of ant-wrens which contained young. Going thither one morning, he found the tree, and the nest itself, swarming with foraging ants. He at first thought that the fledglings had been devoured, but he soon saw the parents, only about thirty yards off, with food in their beaks. They were engaged in entering a dense part of the jungle, coming out again without food in their beaks, and soon reappearing once more with food. Miller never found their new nests, but their actions left him certain that they were feeding their young, which they must have themselves removed from the old nest. These ant-wrens hover in front of and over the columns of foraging ants, feeding not only on the other insects aroused by the ants, but on the ants themselves. This fact has been doubted; but Miller has shot them with the ants in their bills and in their stomachs. Dragon-flies, in numbers, often hover over the columns, darting down at them; Miller could not be certain he had seen them actually seizing the ants, but this was his belief. I have myself seen these ants plunder a nest of the dangerous and highly aggressive wasps, while the wasps buzzed about in great excitement, but seemed unable effectively to retaliate. I have also seen them clear a sapling tenanted by their kinsmen, the poisonous red ants, or fire-ants; the

From a photograph by Miller.

Palm-tree at Tapirapoan showing the parasitic growth which will soon kill the palm.

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fire-ants fought and I have no doubt injured or killed some of their swarming and active black foes; but the latter quickly did away with them. I have only come across black foraging ants; but there are red species. They attack human beings precisely as they attack all animals, and precipitate flight is the only resort.

From a photograph by Miller.

The telegrapher at Tapirapoan, his wife (the schoolmistress), and the schoolchildren.

Around our camp here butterflies of gorgeous coloring swarmed, and there were many fungi as delicately shaped and tinted as flowers. The scents in the woods were wonderful. There were many whippoorwills, or rather Brazilian birds related to them; they uttered at intervals through the night a succession of notes suggesting both those of our whippoorwill and those of our big chuck-will's-widow of the Gulf States, but not identical with either. There were other birds which were nearly akin to familiar birds of the United States: a dull-colored catbird, a dull-colored robin, and a sparrow belonging to the same genus as our common song-sparrow and sweetheart sparrow; Miller had heard this sparrow singing by day and night, fourteen thousand feet up on the Andes, and its song suggested the songs of both of our sparrows. There were doves and woodpeckers of various species. Other birds bore no resemblance to any of ours. One honey-creeper was a perfect little gem, with plumage that was black, purple, and turquoise, and brilliant scarlet feet. Two of the birds which Cherrie and Miller procured were of extraordinary nesting habits. One, a nunlet, in shape resembles a short-tailed bluebird. It is plumbeous, with a fulvous belly and white tail coverts. It is a stupid little bird, and does not like to fly away even when shot at. It catches its prey and ordinarily acts like a rather dull flycatcher, perching on some dead tree, swooping on insects and then returning to its perch, and never going on the ground to feed or run about. But it nests in burrows which it digs itself, one bird usually digging, while the other bird perches in a bush near by. Sometimes these burrows are in the side of a sand-bank, the sand being so loose that it is a marvel that it does not cave in. Sometimes the burrows are in the level plain, running down about three feet, and then rising at an angle. The nest consists of a few leaves and grasses, and the eggs are white. The other bird, called a nun or

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waxbill, is about the size of a thrush, grayish in color, with a waxy red bill. It also burrows in the level soil, the burrow being five feet long; and over the mouth of the burrow it heaps a pile of sticks and leaves.

At this camp the heat was great—from 91° to 104° Fahrenheit—and the air very heavy, being saturated with moisture; and there were many rain-storms. But there were no mosquitoes, and we were very comfortable. Thanks to the neighborhood of the ranch, we fared sumptuously, with plenty of beef, chickens, and fresh milk. Two of the Brazilian dishes were delicious: canza, a thick soup of chicken and rice, the best soup a hungry man ever tasted; and beef chopped in rather small pieces and served with a well-flavored but simple gravy. The mule allotted me as a riding-beast was a powerful animal, with easy gaits. The Brazilian Government had waiting for me a very handsome silver-mounted saddle and bridle; I was very much pleased with both. However, my exceedingly rough and shabby clothing made an incongruous contrast.

At Tapirapoan we broke up our baggage—as well as our party. We sent forward, to the divide between the Gy-Paraná and the River of Doubt, the Canadian canoe—which, with the motor-engine and some kerosene, went in a cart drawn by six oxen—and a hundred sealed tin cases of provisions, each containing rations for a day for six men. They had been put up in New York under the special direction of Fiala, for use when we got where we wished to take good and varied food in small compass. All the skins, skulls, and alcoholic specimens, and all the baggage not absolutely necessary, were sent back down the Paraguay and to New York, in charge of Harper. Most of the Brazilian members of the expedition, under the charge of Captain Amilcar, were organized to go in one detachment. The main body of the expedition, consisting of the remaining American members, and of Colonel Rondon, Lieutenant Lyra, and Doctor Cajazeiras, with their baggage and provisions, formed another detachment.

From a photograph by Harper.

The Canadian canoe, which, with the motor-engine and some kerosene, was sent in a cart drawn by six oxen.

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A TOAST TO DEWEY

By Mary Synon

HUGH SPENCE and New Orleans welcomed the junior officers of the *Quincy* with a dinner at Frangani's. The officers, three of them, "Rags" White and "Gunner" Griscom of the engineers, and "Fanny" Adams of the line, came ashore with a little trepidation and a memory of their parting from Hugh Spence on the day when the final board had detached him from service a week before diploma day at Annapolis. For four years White and Griscom and Adams and Spence had made life at the United States Naval Academy spectacularly pleasant for themselves and certain of their fellows. Through four years no thought of separation from each other or from the service had ever come close to any one of them. Then one June morning when the Maryland roses were blooming, Hugh Spence packed his civilian's clothes, flung his uniform cap into a corner of the room in the upper quarters, where he had bunked since he came into First Division, waved a blithe good-by to his fellows, and whistled a gay defiance of farewell as he went down the halls and out of their lives. For two years he worked for his father in the pit of the Chicago Board of Trade, while Griscom and Adams and White led the life he should have led on battle-ships and despatch-boats and destroyers, cruising in the Caribbean and working in the navy-yards. For two years he followed their movements through scraps of news in the daily papers. Then a chance of peace sent him to New Orleans to trade on the Cotton Exchange just before a chance of war sent the *Quincy* into the harbor there for supplies. Hugh Spence saw it from the window of his office in a tall building that commanded a sweeping view of the water-front. He gave a whoop that startled the stenographer into an answering scream, then bounded toward the elevators.

Adams, landing from the launch at the water-front, found him, big, blond, careless of tie, reckless of eye, smiling as of old, dancing a hornpipe to show his delight at the coming of his classmates. The hug that he bestowed upon the sedate little lieutenant aroused the negro roustabouts to mirth and forced the sailors to turn hastily toward the solemn coxswain. The joy in his eyes nearly reduced little Adams to tears. The memory of Hugh's gladness through the hour while the rumpled-haired giant kept at his side took the lieutenant to Captain Graham when Hugh's invitation for the dinner at Frangani's came out to the three men on the *Quincy*. Captain Graham, old in the navy, pulled his white mustache. "Shore leave?" he grumbled. "Going out with Spence? Hugh Spence? Detached from service two years ago for——"

"Yes, sir."

"Sheer off!" growled Graham.

"Yes, sir," said little Adams. "Back for dog-watch, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

That afternoon, as the three men of the class of '12 looked out over the waters of the bay toward the city, "Gunner" Griscom voiced the question that they had been thinking whenever they thought of Hugh Spence. "How does he take it, Fanny?" he asked.

"Why," said little Adams, "he doesn't seem to take it at all."

"Bluff," said Griscom. "Grit."

"I'm not so sure," said White, who had been Hugh Spence's roommate. "Has he grown up?" he asked little Adams.

"Not a bit," the lieutenant chuckled. "He wanted to buy me ice-cream sodas, and he showed me a bunch of picture post-cards he was carrying. He's just boy yet."

"Don't you think he feels the trouble at all?" Griscom persisted.

"Oh, he must," said little Adams, "but he hides it well. Hugh won't blubber over it."

"I'm not sure," "Rags" White said, "that Hugh ever cared." The others

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frowned at him. "It is not human for a man to be detached from the service without caring," Adams said from the height of four generations of naval service.

"It is—for Hugh," said White.

Quite possible did carelessness seem for Hugh when he met them at the dock. He was driving a high-powered motor-car that glistened under the lights of the levee. He embraced them all bearishly, and piled them in the tonneau with the rollicking pleasure in their company that they cherished as one of the bright memories of their cadet days. "Heave-ho!" he shouted. "We're off to Frangani's where they cook oysters and revolutions in one pan, and uncork wars with every bottle of Burgundy!" He spun them through narrow streets along the water-front with a velocity that took away their breaths. He veered around corners on one wheel. He tumbled them from the car with boyish offhandedness. He tried to embrace them as he led them into the little restaurant. He shoved them down the aisle between tables where dark men were gathered and slammed them into chairs with bearish exuberance of spirit. He beamed upon them joyously, without bitterness, without rancor, without anything but gladness in the meeting, as he ordered a dinner that each man knew would cost more than the month's pay of a lieutenant under orders. "Oh, but it's bully to see you again!" he told them thrice.

For an hour the three men of the service, tanned from the winds off Hatteras and the suns of the Gulf of Mexico, talked of weather and Mardi Gras and clambakes in New England, and of New York theatres, as they went through the courses of Hugh's elaborate dinner and puffed hard upon their host's smuggled Havanas. Then they began to talk of war. War talk was as common at Frangani's in February as oyster stew was in the French market. Swarthy men from Honduras and Guatemala and Colombia and Venezuela planned wars in the little restaurant with serene candor. Sometimes these wars came to fruition, and new presidents rode through old plazas. Sometimes they didn't. If the wars failed, the men came back to meet again other men, oilier, sleeker, colder-eyed men who had engineered all the opera-bouffe revolutions of the last decade in the Latin states of America. They were all in Frangani's that night, watching the men from the *Quincy* and Hugh Spence with something of contempt for the laughing youth of the four. Agents of German gun factories, agents of Jewish syndicates, agents of British mining properties, elbowed each other and scores of little Mexicans as they talked of siege and battle. The electric arcs, gleaming on the bristling speech of the diners, gave to the scene the effect of a rehearsal on an unset stage. Rags White, glancing over the room from the platform where Frangani, a little old man, kept watch, to the door where a deposed president of a republic was going out, caught the theatricalism of the place. "Keep in character, don't they?" he laughed, overhearing the conversation in Spanish that three men at the table behind him held, a sharp dialogue of routes from the Texas border to the City of Mexico. Hugh Spence lifted his head to look over Adams to their neighbors. "They're serious," he said without laughter. "One of them is Francesco Madero's nephew. He's going back some day."

"What's the chance of a big row?" White's chin jerked in the direction of Mexico. "Are we likely to get in it, Hugh?"

"You fellows ought to know more about that than I do," Spence laughed. "I'm just a cotton-broker."

"Fat chance we have for information on Granny Graham's boat," complained Adams.

"Is he as grumpy as ever?" Hugh demanded. "Do you remember when I exploded a Leyden jar in the laboratory, and he gave you ten demerits for giggling, Fanny? Said the breaking of the jar was an accident, but that your giggle was a crime?"

There fell a pause between the men at Hugh's story. The thought of the final demerits flashed beneath the lights at Frangani's. In an instant Griscom had tried to cover the unvoiced rift; but Hugh Spence had been one of them and the silent moment smote him. He flung back his blond head, shaking his hair from his blue eyes. "Look here, you fellows," he demanded, "you aren't sensitive, are you, about old times just because they de-

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tached me?" He scanned their eyes curiously. "I thought you all knew I didn't care," he said.

"That's just what I said," declared White. "I always said you didn't."

"Well, I didn't, and I haven't," said Hugh. "My father was awf'lly cut up over it. Said I'd disgraced the family. But my mother understood. Said she'd have been ashamed of me if I hadn't done just what I did. She knew, she said, that the girl was cold."

"Well, perhaps she was cold," said Griscom, "but there wasn't another fellow at the Academy, Hugh, who'd have risked detachment to give a girl his coat. Didn't you know it was against orders?"

"I knew every order they ever wrote," said Hugh easily, "but it was a chilly night, you remember, and she had on an awfully thin dress. She asked me for my coat, and I gave it to her. What could I do?"

"Was she really cold?" asked little Adams.

"Well," Hugh grinned, "she was about sixty degrees colder when I proposed to her at Lenox that summer. Said she wouldn't marry out of the navy, and that I'd dished the whole show."

"Why did you ask her to marry you?" Adams desired knowledge.

"Well, my mother thought I should, because, you see, her name got in the newspaper accounts of the row, and mother thought that people outside wouldn't understand how strict the navy is on those things, and they might think it a scrape."

"Oh!" said Griscom and White and Adams, all together.

"Weren't you afraid she'd marry you, Hugh?" Griscom asked.

"Afraid?" Hugh tossed back the word. "Was I ever afraid of anything, Gunner—God, man, woman, or devil?"

"Weren't you ever afraid of *anything*, Hugh?" little Adams asked in the tone that begs continued illusions.

"Smallpox," said Hugh promptly. "Do you remember how we ran away from the Second Division once when we were plebes, and we got in an ambulance and found there'd been a smallpox case? Didn't I run, Rags?"

"You did," White said. "Seems to me, Hugh," he mused, "that you did everything on the high speed."

"Smoke up," Hugh ordered them. "One thing I've always been glad to remember," he said, so seriously that they leaned forward, "is that I'd had a hundred and ninety-five demerits before the crash came. Loaning my coat to a girl was a major offence, anyhow, and I'd had the fun of the rest. Say, Rags, do you remember the time when I brought up a grind-organ and played 'After the Ball' under LeConti's window during French? He'd flirted with the Jasmine Flower at the hop the night before and he didn't want to be reminded of it, did he? And do you remember how we sneaked into the plebes' quarters and shaved off Langham's eyebrow? Wasn't he a sight at chapel? And the night we spiked the guns?" His joyous reminiscence carried them back on its tide until they forgot the war talk of Frangani's, forgot the years between, forgot that Hugh Spence was not one of them any more, forgot the passing hours, until the lights blinked on their eager talk of boyish times on Severn's shore. Only when Frangani nodded to the big clock and smiled over the empty tables around them from which the swarthy men had long since gone did they remember the *Quincy* and Granny Graham. As they whirled to the wharf along the water-front the spell of Annapolis lingered with them. They began to sing old songs of the Academy, letting them drift into thin strains of melody. Before dog-watch they came alongside the launch to see the lights of the *Quincy* blinking over the waters. "Give a cheer!" Griscom cried, and the three men from the boat cleaved the stillness with the old Annapolis shout, ending on the high-stressed, long-held cry of "Na-ve-e-E!"

Hat in hand, Hugh stood while they cheered. "Bully old boys," he said. "It's been ten years of life to see you fellows." He shook their outstretched hands fervently. "Remember," he said, "while I'm in it, this town is yours." He stood at the wharf while they went out into the night. Griscom and Adams and White could see his big bulk dark against the glittering lights of the levee. "You were right, Rags," said Gunner Griscom. "Hugh's just as happy as if he were admiral of the North Atlantic fleet."

"Happier," said Rags White.

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"But did you notice," said little Adams, "that he didn't sing any of the songs with us?"

Griscom and Adams and White were with Mayo in front of Tampico when Hugh Spence touched shoulders with the navy again. In the time between, dark men had come to and gone from Frangani's, while Hugh entertained gay parties of new acquaintances in the queer little restaurant. If he found these affairs lacking in the fine zest that had marked his meeting with his classmates, he himself would have been the last to voice his deeper regrets. Four years at Annapolis had taught him the fortunes of the navy. Two years out of it had taught him the fortunes of life. Then, too, his blithe spirits rose like mercury in the theatrical atmosphere of New Orleans. He drank deep of the cloying wine of the Creole city, and, had it not been for his volatility, he might have drifted into the lotus-eater's lethargy; but the speed mania that had kept him ahead of his class at the Academy kept him now above the level of pleasures of the town. That was why he was one of the first to see that the going of the dark men from Frangani's presaged a crisis in the history of more than one country.

Frangani knew nothing, or pretended to know nothing, of his departed guests. He himself brought the newspapers every night to Hugh, who had drifted into the habit of coming. Hugh studied them intently. Every night he watched the southward creeping of the war-cloud. Through March and the earlier weeks of April he puzzled over the possible outcome. It was one night near to the middle of April when he read of how the paymaster of the *Dolphin* had been arrested in Tampico. His blue eyes glittered as Frangani passed the table. "Frangani," he called to the old man, "are you a Mexican?"

"I thank God," said Frangani, "that I am not."

"You've reason for gratitude," said Hugh. He reread the story, clipped it from the newspaper, and put it in his pocket. He referred to it next night when he read Mayo's demand upon Zaragoza. He whistled two nights later when he saw that the North Atlantic squadron had been ordered to Mexico. "Good old Charlie Badger," he muttered. "He'll talk Spanish. Now those greasers'll get what's coming to them." On the Sunday when Huerta procrastinated, holding off answer, Hugh Spence stood in front of the bulletin window of a newspaper office. That night at Frangani's he traced Badger's course on a map of the Gulf of Mexico. Frangani looked twice at his guest's set jaw and paused beside the table. The boy looked up at the old Latin. "Frangani," he said, "do you remember the fellows who came with me one night in uniform? Well, they're in front of Tampico now, and they're going to blow off the roofs of that town."

"Unquestionably," said Frangani politely.

He went past, and Hugh sat for a long time in the nearly deserted restaurant, looking out upon the narrow street which the spring twilight was painting dim violet, but seeing neither color nor people who passed, so far did his vision go beyond the vine-covered walls, flying southward to the harbor where the *Quincy* rode at anchor. Then, whistling softly, he arose and went back to the newspaper bulletins. Two hours later he was standing on Canal Street in a drizzling rain when he heard the tramp of feet. Something of shuffle in the sound beat upon his eardrums. Before he turned he knew that the marching men were marines. From over his shoulder he gave one look at the advancing column. The rain gleamed on the rifles of the men, shone on their faces. Hugh Spence turned his back and went to his hotel.

He did not need to read the newspapers the next day to know how near was war. All through the day came occasional tramping of feet and glitter of guns. New Orleans was bristling with sailors, who waited for the transports to take them out to where Badger's ships would pass in their course to Mexico. Flaring head-lines told him that Vera Cruz had been blockaded before the President had finished his message to Congress. A sharp pang of memory flashed on his sensitized brain-plate the names of all the ships from Newport to Vera Cruz, and the faces of all the men who commanded them. He tried to work

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and failed. He took his car to the shell road, tearing madly countryward, only to return before dark and go to Frangani's.

Frangani's was crowded, not with the dark men, but with boys. There were nearly two hundred of them in the little restaurant. Hugh Spence's mouth twitched as he looked upon them from the doorway. "Baby sailors" they were, boys from the training station at Great Lakes, come to join Badger's fleet, lusty boys on their first active service, shouting at Frangani's waiters, gulping down Frangani's highly spiced foods, rollicking snatches of song, of yells, of rhythmic cries. Spence hesitated, then walked to his own table.

A boy alone held the place where Adams had been on the night when the *Quincy* rode in the bay. Hugh Spence had a momentary impression that the boy resembled the little lieutenant, but as he sat across from him he saw that youth was the only quality that the faces of the man from Rhode Island and the sailor had in common. The boy was eating without interest in either the place or his food. Spence watched him with a little curiosity, tempered with amusement. He framed the question, "How old are you?" almost subconsciously. "Eighteen, sir," the boy answered, raising eyes of extraordinary brightness from the table-cloth.

"What's your name?"

"Joe, sir."

"From Great Lakes Station?"

"Yes, sir."

"Going to Badger?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Transport calls to-morrow, sir."

"How many of you go?"

"Five hundred, sir."

"Who's your line commander?"

"Lieutenant Carter, sir."

"Oh!" Carter had been in First Division when Hugh Spence was a plebe. Until Hugh Spence's career Carter had held the Academy record for daredevil carelessness. And Carter was taking these boys to Badger. "When do you cast off?"

"Dawn, sir."

The boy's fingers fumbled with his plate. His breath came hotly. His face purpled into splotches. Hugh Spence stared at him quizzically, not seeing him at first for his thought of Carter. Then suddenly the boy came into the centre of the picture. "What's the matter with you, youngster?" he asked sharply.

"I don't know," the boy gasped. "I really don't know. I guess I'm sick. I guess I'm awful sick." He stared at Hugh Spence with glazed intentness. "I guess you are," said Hugh. He reached in his pocket for a thermometer, a gift from Griscom, and Spence's only sentimental relic of old days at the Academy, took it from the case on which were engraved the initials "H. S." and the year "1912," dipped it in a glass of water, and handed it to the sailor. The boy thrust it in his mouth, removing it at Spence's command. "Let's see your tongue?" he ordered. The boy obeyed. "Hold out your hands." The sailor pushed them toward the centre of the table. Spence studied them carefully, then raised his eyes to the lad's bloated face. "Are you game, Joe?" he asked.

Up near the door some one started to sing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." Young voices took up the refrain. The boy wet his lips, keeping his glassy eyes on Spence. "Fire!" he said. Around them surged the singing. "If you knew something that could keep the boys back from going to Badger, would you tell it?" Hugh asked him.

"What could? What do you mean?"

"Contagion. If you knew you had some contagious disease, Joe, and no one else knew it, what would you do?"

"What've I got?"

Spence studied the swollen face. "Smallpox," he said briefly. He had judged the boy rightly. The purple splotches darkened, the hands gripped each other, the glistening eyes blurred for a moment, but the baby sailor's voice was nearly even when he spoke. "Don't—don't I have to report?" he asked.

"Have you been much with the others?"

"Not very much."

"Think you've exposed them to it?"

"No, sir."

"Will you trust me?"

The boy looked at him. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Then I'll take care of you to-night," Spence promised. "When they're gone

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to-morrow, I'll see that you're taken to the hospital where you'll be fixed up like new. Will you take the chance—for them?" The song rose louder around them. "Sure," said the baby sailor. Hugh Spence looked at him tensely, then drew in his breath sharply. "You're a game seaman, sir," he said, but his brain kept registering, "Smallpox, smallpox, the one thing on God's earth I'm afraid of." The song swung into climax so loud that it drove out other thought. Then, "There are all kinds of service for your country," Hugh Spence said.

He summoned Frangani from his desk on the platform. "I want a room off from the rest of the house," he told the Latin. Frangani spread out deprecatory palms. "I don't care how bad it is," Spence said. "This boy's sick, and I'm going to take care of him till to-morrow."

All through the night, after the sounds of shuffling sailor steps had gone from Frangani's restaurant, Hugh Spence sat by the bed on which Joe lay in the stuffy little room to which Frangani had led them. By the dim light of the low-powered bulb Spence had undressed the sailor, corroborating his diagnosis even while he shrank in fear from the touch of the swollen skin. Once he chilled in horror of contact with the disease he feared so painfully, but he drove himself back to the task he had chosen. "Perhaps old Badger'll need them," was his thought, "and, anyhow, they'd take it mighty hard if they had to stay here, poor little kids!" Twice he found himself looking at his hands as if for trace of contagion. Then, by a driving power of will, he set himself to bandaging Joe's forehead in an effort to keep down the rising fever. Frangani came to the door once with tablets Hugh had ordered and an offer of help, but Spence did not let him within the room.

Some time after midnight he heard newsboys in the street below calling extras, but he could not know their import. Had Congress declared war on Mexico? Had Vera Cruz been taken? Had the fleet held off the ammunition from Huerta? What was Rags doing? And Adams? And Gunner Griscom? Looking out on the lights of Tampico, wondering, wondering? What was Carter hoping, as he waited for dawn? What was old Badger planning, as he came down the Gulf? What were those boys on the water-front dreaming?

About two o'clock the boy on the bed began to rave. He talked in disjointed sentences at first, calling on some one named Lillie, and begging his father not to believe Maud. Who was Maud? Spence wondered. As the boy's voice rose and his words came thicker, the name assumed identity. She was Joe's stepmother, the cause of his leaving home. Home was in an Illinois town, far inland from the lakes. Fragments from "Casabianca" and of prose tales of "The Battle of Lake Erie" fell into the delirium. "Don't give up the ship!" he kept shouting until Spence quieted him with new bandages. Then he fell into phrases. "Anchor up and down, sir!" "Clear away the downhaul!" "Hoist away!" "Avast heaving!" "Hook the cat!" and a score more. "Keep fast the royals!" he conned over and over.

He began to babble of the training station, of the blue of the lake, of the green of the ravine, of his comrades in the red brick quarters, of the training-ship, of the commandant, of the signals, of the hundred and one regulations of daily life. Once he looked at Hugh so steadfastly that the watcher thought he had come out of the delirium. But the boy saluted him solemnly, and fell to mumbling something that sounded like a chanty. Spence bent nearer to catch the words. Confused at first, they twisted into form. He shivered at their import:

> "Wrap me up in a tarpaulin jacket
> To speed a poor duffer below——"

It was Gunner Griscom's song, the one he hummed whenever he rejoiced.

> "Bid six jolly sailormen bear me,
> With a step sober, measured, and slow."

"Oh, damn it, can't you shut up?" Hugh moaned. Some echo of his cry may have pierced the curtain over the mind of the boy, for Joe lay quiet until the first lights of dawn fell on the windows across the street. Hugh raised the shade and put out the light. From the casement he could look down toward the point on the water-front where the baby sailors were camped. Signs of activity showed. Boats

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moved on the water. Soon they'd be gone to Mexico, steaming after the admiral of the North Atlantic squadron. And Joe'd be in hospital, getting better, so that he'd join them before the fighting was over. And he, Hugh Spence, of the class of '12, U. S. N. A., would be buying cotton on the New Orleans Exchange. "Oh, damn that girl!" After two years the oath came out.

Joe moved.

"John Paul Jones," he began in sing-song tones, "John Barry, Oliver Perry, Stephen Decatur, Stringham, Foote, Du Pont, Farragut, Goldsborough, Porter, Dahlgren, Rodgers, Rowan—" Hugh Spence could go on with the roster of heroes of the American navy, but the boy had outdistanced him in the memory of the older men of the service—"Winslow, Sampson, Schley, Hobson, Gridley—Gridley—and—and——"

"Dewey," said Spence.

The boy moaned a little, holding the sound until it grew into volume, becoming not a cry, but the note of a song. Feebly it quavered, then rose to words and tune of a song that Hugh Spence had not heard since the night when he had given his coat to a vain girl at the last Annapolis dance and suffered the punishment of outer darkness. The First Division had been singing in the upper quarters while they dressed for the dance that same song, "A Toast to Dewey," that the boy from the Great Lakes Station sang now:

"Fill all your glasses full to-night,
The wind is off the shore,
And be it feast, or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore,
We pledge the Commodore."

"The wind, the wind offshore," the boy repeated. "Say, mate, is Mexico the shore? Palms and dates, palms and sand, and the engines throbbing out on the sea? What's the sea like, Jimmie? Like the lake? Oh, go on, it's bigger, hundreds of miles bigger! Sure, it looks it. When'll we get to it, mate, when'll we get to the sea?"

It was the old cry of the Anabasis. To Hugh Spence it brought back not the thought of a surging ocean but the memory of a class-room dusty with Maryland sunshine where uniformed boys pored over strangely lettered pages. They, too, had thrilled to the cry of Thalassa! but they had known the sea that this boy from the Illinois prairies had not yet gazed upon. Some of them were out on that sea to-night with Badger, who was steaming down the Gulf. And one of them who had worn a uniform then was——

Motionless, looking out toward the bay where daylight drifted aslant still waters, Hugh Spence listened while the boy resumed the song:

"We know our honor'll be unstained
Where'er his pennant flies——"

"Sure, we do, don't we, mate? Why, we beat them greasers before, and we'll beat 'em to pulp now. Look what he did to Spain. Where'er his pennant—" he repeated. "Away off in Manila he was, too, the old son of a gun, and what did he say to them? Did he back down? Not on your life, the navy don't!" He sat up in bed, pointing seaward, bringing up his hand as if to hold an imaginary marine-glass. His eyes blazed more brightly than had all the arcs in the restaurant below. His voice rose to the height of delirious shrieking. "When you are ready, Gridley, fire!" he shouted.

The hand of the man at the window tightened over the sill. From down the street came sounds of movement. The bay grew red with sunrise. Joe fell back, tossing from side to side, crooning:

"Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulldogs roar,
To back a friend, or breast a foe,
We pledge——"

His voice weakened. Hugh Spence turned. The boy on the bed gave a weary sigh, relaxed, and was still. The older man felt his pulse and bathed his head. A little later the boy opened his eyes. "Morning?" he asked feebly. Hugh nodded. "Are they—gone?" "Going." "Without me?" "They'll have to." The boy closed his eyes again.

Down in the street reveille sounded.

An hour afterward the baby sailors—all but the boy in Frangani's tiny room—were on their way to Badger's ships.

Vera Cruz had been taken when the physician from the New Orleans health department, who had promised a speedy cure to the boy from the Great Lakes Station,

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gave Hugh Spence a clean bill of health and a discharge from quarantine. An hour later the recruiting officer of the navy in the station on the water-front noticed the precision of salute with which the blond giant who gave his name as John Schultz met him. He sniffed the odor of iodoform and asked, "Quarantine?"

"For a day," said the recruit.

"Any trade?"

"I know machinery."

"Uh-huh," said the recruiting officer.

He noticed again as the recruit went down in the line of men toward the launches that he walked with the bearing of an officer of the line. But recruiting officers on the New Orleans water-front ask few questions in time of war. The blond giant was oiling in the engine-room as the transport steamed southward.

IN THE "ZOO"

By George T. Marsh

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars.
Where'er they turn the hand of man
Their straining vision mars,
Save only when at night they gaze
Upon the friendly stars.

See! there a golden eagle broods
With glazed, unseeing eyes
That never more will sweep the snows
Where blue Sierras rise;
And there, sick for his native hills,
A sullen panther lies.

What dreams of silent polar nights
Disturb the white bear's sleep?
Roams he once more unfettered where
Eternal ice-floes sweep?
What memories of the jungle's ways
Does that gaunt tiger keep?

Such wistful eyes the hartbeest turn
Beyond their cramped domain.
They seem to see the yellowing leagues
Of wind-swept veldt again.
And look! a springbok lifts his head
As though he smelled the plain.

Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds
Behind the iron bars,
For thus the ruthless hand of man
Each God-made creature mars.
But oh, what hungry eyes they raise
Up to the friendly stars!

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Bluejackets signalling from Los Cocos.

WHEN A WAR IS NOT A WAR

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I started south, the porter at the New York Central terminal who helped to carry the campaign things called to the other porters, "We is goin' to wah!"

Whether *he* was going or not I was not certain; I was sure *I* was not.

For one thing there was no war. Congress had not declared war; and though, without announcing her amiable intention, Japan by night sank ships at anchor, other nations are loath to strike below the belt. For another thing the army had not been called out. And while diplomacy may have her victories, even though ambassadors are not "plied with wine," without the army wars are not won. It was true, men of the navy were giving an

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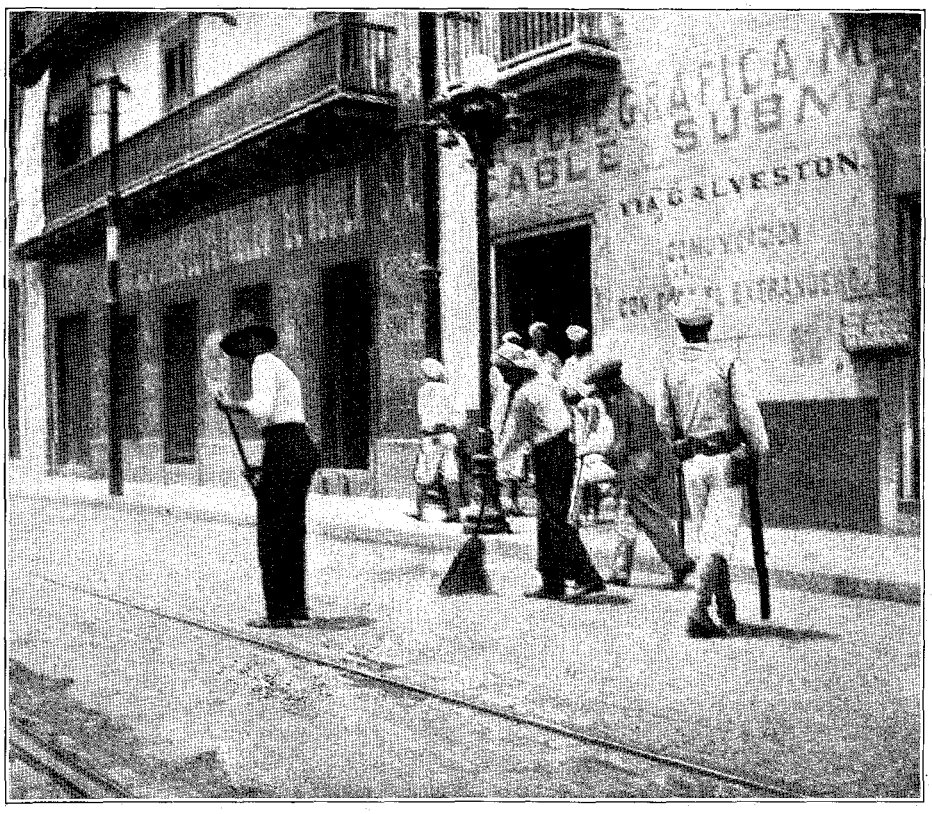

Sailors guarding prisoners at work cleaning streets.

excellent imitation of what once were considered war-time incidents. Already they had killed several hundred Mexican Federals, were hurling shells at snipers in belfries, setting up the flag of our admiral over the best hotel in Vera Cruz, and driving from the windows of the naval academy the released jailbirds who fired upon them. This they did by the simple and direct method of throwing into each window in succession, counting from right to left, a six-inch shell, and as easily as at Luna Park they destroy a row of clay pipes.

But we were told that was not war, and very few believed war was coming; and nobody wanted it. In 1898 it was different. Then for a long time we were expecting war. For two years the Hearst papers were shouting "Cuba Libre," and at last, after the *Maine* was destroyed, war came; and came because the people wanted it.

In sixteen years one forgets that before we attacked Spain, while there had been no *policy* of watchful waiting, there had been watchful waiting. Like Mr. Taft, Mr. Cleveland was unwilling to burden an incoming administration with a war. As a result of this presidential courtesy, in Cuba as in Mexico American lives were lost, American property destroyed. A year before we fought Spain, from a hill at Matanzas, I counted forty sugar plantations from which the *centrals* and crops sent up forty columns of black smoke. In most of these mills the machinery was owned by Americans, and in many cases had cost a quarter of a million dollars. By noon of that day they were fit for the scrap-heap. In Cuba the number of Americans killed was far less than those who have been killed in Mexico. But the death-roll of the native children and women, left to fend for themselves while the men were "in the mountains," and especially after Weyler herded the women into concentration camps, was a gigantic massacre.

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Sailors in charge of cable station.

In January of 1897, from Cuba, I wrote that, if we did not intervene, of disease, fever, and starvation 20,000 women and children would die. Three months later, to the Senate, Senator Proctor made an announcement almost identical. In the two statements the only discrepancy was that I said they would die, and the senator said they were dead.

In the Cuban situation this butchery of the innocents was one of the factors that led us to expect war. Another was that, with a people long and cruelly misgoverned, fighting for independence, our sympathies were strongly engaged. And we respected their leaders. Such men as Maximo Gomez, Calixto Garcia, Estrada Palma, Menocal, the present President of Cuba, were unselfish patriots, men of education, of private and public honor. In Mexico none of these appeals for our sympathy obtained. As Sir Lionel Carden so truly and so indiscreetly said, in Mexico there was no revolution; what existed was anarchy. It was a falling out among cattle-thieves. Between Huerta and Villa there was the choice between Lefty Louie and Gyp the Blood. And as to which one was successful in killing the other, so long as he was quick about it, no one cared. That for such savages we should sacrifice our own people, was abhorrent; and because the idea of such a war was abhorrent, ostrich-like we would not see it was inevitable.

So, when my colored brother announced we were "goin' to wah!" I doubted.

Three days later at Galveston I still doubted. At Fort Crockett, on the waterfront, two miles from the city, was the Fifth Brigade of the Second Division of the army, which in case war came was the brigade listed "first to move." Fifteen miles away, in camp at Texas City, was the medical corps and Brigadier-General Funston, who was to command the advance. And at the wharves in Galveston

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harbor were the white transports that were to carry the brigades south, and the destroyers that from hypothetical Mexican gunboats were to protect us. When the order to move came, it arrived with a full sense of drama. The Galvez Hotel is the Ritz-Carlton of Texas, and the guests, almost exclusively army officers and their families, had that night planned to give a tango party. But, like Hans Breitmann's, "Where is that party now?" For at dinner came the command to sail at sunrise. The hotel still owes the officers of the Fifth Brigade an entrée, a roast, and the choice of three kinds of pie. That night at Galveston no one slept; and while at Fort Crockett the husbands broke camp, at the hotel the wives, for mutual support, gathered in a great semicircle of rocking-chairs. They looked like a jury that had just brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, and the ball-dresses they had assumed for the tango party only emphasized the gloom. After a long silence one of them voiced what was apparently the sentiment of all.

"Well, all I have to say is this," she declared; "the next man I marry will be a grocer." The following morning the families of the army men, grateful for each minute of delay, camped out on the decks of the transports; their friends covered the wharves, the bands played "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and a brilliant sun blazed on men in yellow khaki swarming the rails, on the white hulls and fluttering flags.

On the accommodation ladder, under the prying eyes of some five thousand soldiers and civilians, a handsome officer in service uniform halted to bid farewell to an attractive-looking girl. With emotion she clung to him, but gently he released her arms, and brushing his eyes stepped to the deck. Discreetly we looked the other way. Then, from the wharf, a voice shouted.

"Come back!" it commanded, "and *this* time give us your profile—and *kiss* her!"

So he kissed her. To the hero of the movies it is all in the day's work.

That night, as the transports dropped south, on either side of us the torpedo-boats winked with eyes of red and yellow. It brought back the days when off Havana the war-ships talked the same deaf-and-dumb language, and for the first time it seemed as though war had come. But when we reached Vera Cruz we found a surprised and indignant navy, a city calm and undisturbed—and mediation. For the officers and men of the Fifth Brigade mediation was a body blow. Already the navy had had "a look-in," but the army apparently had been called out only on a false alarm. It was trained to the minute, had come prepared only for field-service. Each man had brought with him only what he could pack on his back, and he found himself facing weeks of street-cleaning, and, as he called it, "meditation." The men of the Nineteenth, who came prepared to rush trenches with the bayonet, were turned into policemen and to the carcel escorted intoxicated squaws, and the men of the Seventh, who at Galveston had spent months in perfecting themselves as sharpshooters, sold postage-stamps for picture post-cards. To make it harder, the post-cards invariably showed a bluejacket entirely surrounded by dead Federals. But the army is nothing if not obedient, and at once it discarded thoughts of war and turned in to make Vera Cruz a spotless town.

Before our forces "occupied" it, Vera Cruz was the gateway to Mexico, and the place from which you took the first train that was leaving in any direction. It is a strange combination of the new and the old. Along the water-front it is absolutely modern. There are wharves, customs, a lighthouse, and a railroad terminal of which any seaport might be proud. Back of the wharves, until it meets the sand-hills, on ground as level as our prairie, lies the city, as old as Cortez and typically Spanish-American. Different men it reminds of Manila, of Caracas, of Bilbao. It has its houses of yellow, green, and blue, churches of pink and gray, its glimpses through iron-barred windows of patios filled with palms, its cool cave-like warehouses from which issue delightful and mysterious odors of rum, of coffee and oil, and many jails, and a bull-ring. Apparently it is composed equally of shops and cantinas, and the inhabitants are either Indians from the sand-hills, who have brought in chickens and vegetables from their *fincas*, or shopkeepers who remind

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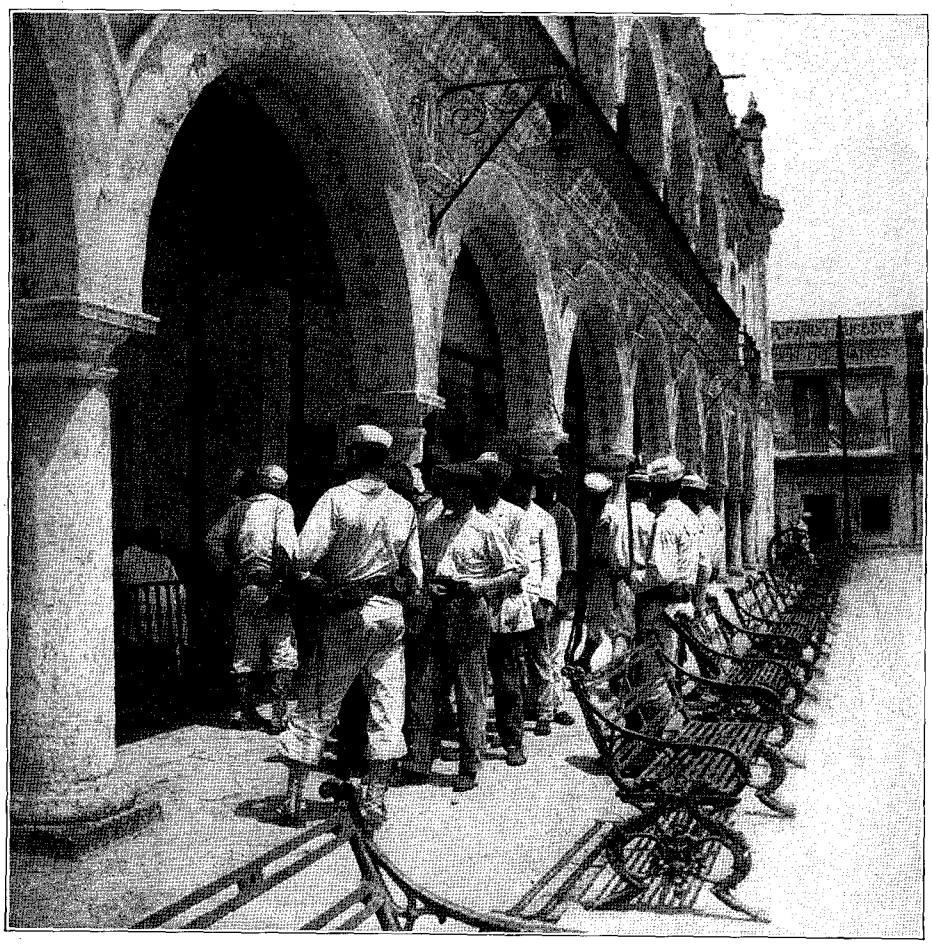
you of the middle-class French. When the Americans arrived, if the citizens of Vera Cruz resented it they gave no sign. Neither did they exhibit in the stranger in khaki or white duck the slightest curiosity. They left him alone, and apparently, accustomed of late to sudden changes of government, accepted even the government of the Yanquis. This government is now very American. The military governor is General Funston, from Kansas, the postage-stamps are issued from Washington, the police are infantrymen, the judges of the provost courts are officers of the United States Army. The railroads, the water supply, even the ice-plant, all are run by Americans; the hour when you must stop drinking rum is set by Americans; the hour in the morning when, in spite of the heat, you must stop trying to sleep, is determined by fiends in khaki with bugles upon which they sound reveille. I regret to admit that they also are Americans. When the navy was in charge, there was only one thing lacking to make Vera Cruz a perfectly good American city. We missed it most at sunset. It was then the buglers faced the Municipal Building in the plaza and sounded retreat. Surrounding two sides of the plaza in unbroken rows are cafés. And, as the call sounded, officers in white of the American navy, officers in khaki of the American army, rose from the tables and stood rigid facing a flag-pole upon the Municipal Building. In their mind's eye, creeping



Sailors acting as policemen bringing in prisoners.

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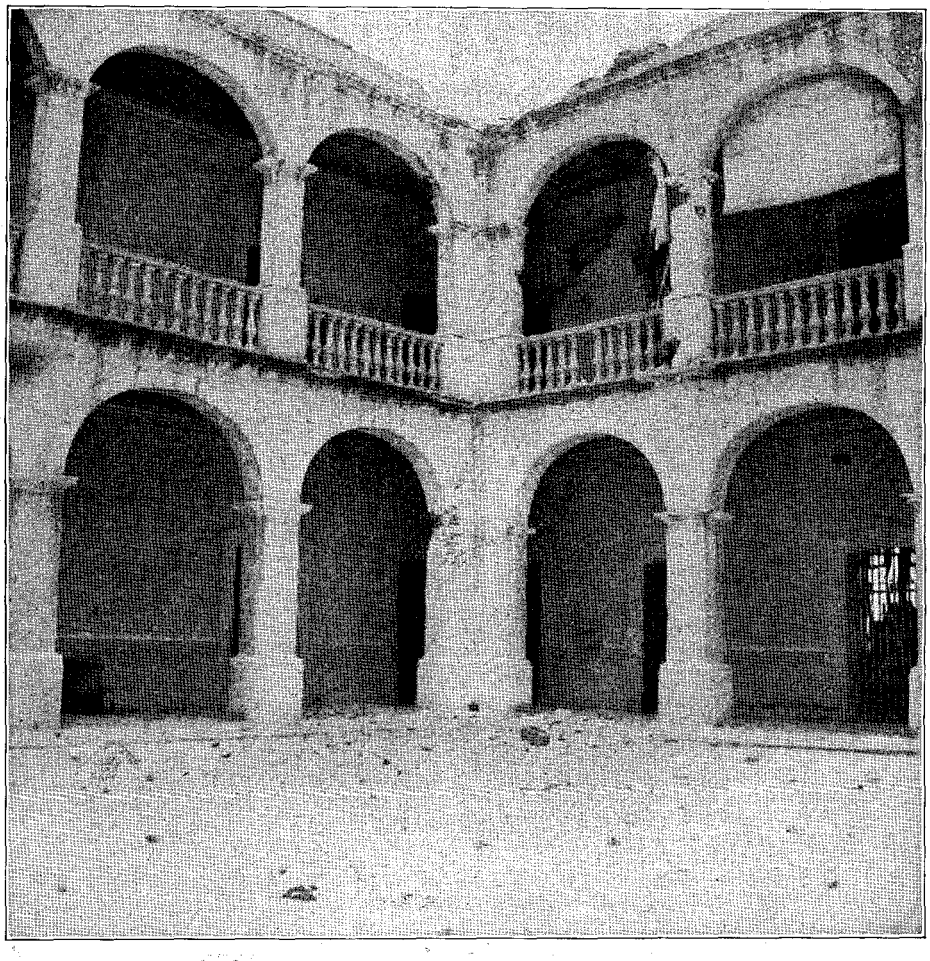

Effect of fire from the *Chester* on the Naval Academy.

slowly down the pole, they saw an American flag. But nobody else saw it. At other tables were officers and men of British, French, and Spanish war-ships. They noted the attitude of the American officers, they also tried to see an American flag creeping down the pole, but they had not been trained in the diplomatic ethics of Washington. So they apologetically shrugged their shoulders and remained seated. So also did every Mexican. You might feel inclined to tell him to rise and salute your flag or have his sombrero knocked off. But, you asked yourself, is it fair to knock a man's hat into the street because he does not raise it to a flag he cannot see, and which is not there? Later in the evening the band played every tune from "Good-by, Summer, So long, Fall, Hello, Winter-Time" to "Dixie." When it played "Dixie," the refugees, most of whom for years have been willing expatriates in Mexico, rose and gave rebel yells; especially those who had never heard the tune played at any point farther south than the roof-gardens of New York.

But there was one tune the band did not play. Because it was taboo. The order forbidding it came from Washington. The tune happened to be the American national anthem. When the army took over the command of the city it changed that. It said "the flag follows the army."

As a matter of fact and of importance

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Sailors quartered in the patio of the Orphan Asylum teaching the children to play baseball.

to historians, the first thing that follows our national emblem is the national game. In the Orphan Asylum, where were stationed the men of the *Utah*, I found the bluejackets in the patio coaching the orphans, while from the balconies the sisters looked down in wonder, and on the sand-hills Smedley Butler's marines and the small boys of the neighborhood wage daily battles. The morning after the two days of fighting a bluejacket pasted on the wall of the cable-office a typewritten notice. From their headquarters in the German Hotel opposite the correspondents hastened across the street.

They read:

Washington *vs.* New York, 3–1.
Detroit *vs.* St. Louis—Rain.

When we thought we were at once to push on toward Mexico City we liked Vera Cruz. We found it picturesque, gayly painted, the birthplace of modern Mexico. When the Spaniard went north to conquer the Aztec, Vera Cruz was his base. In ballast with Aztec silver he sent his galleons to Spain; buccaneers have sacked Vera Cruz, pirates have terrorized her, and French, Spanish, Americans have bombarded her. On the island "de los sacrificos" the Aztecs sacrificed human lives. On the island of San Juan de Ulloa the Spaniards half-buried, half-drowned their fellow countrymen.

It all sounded most interesting. But when we learned that through mediation we were condemned to remain in Vera Cruz

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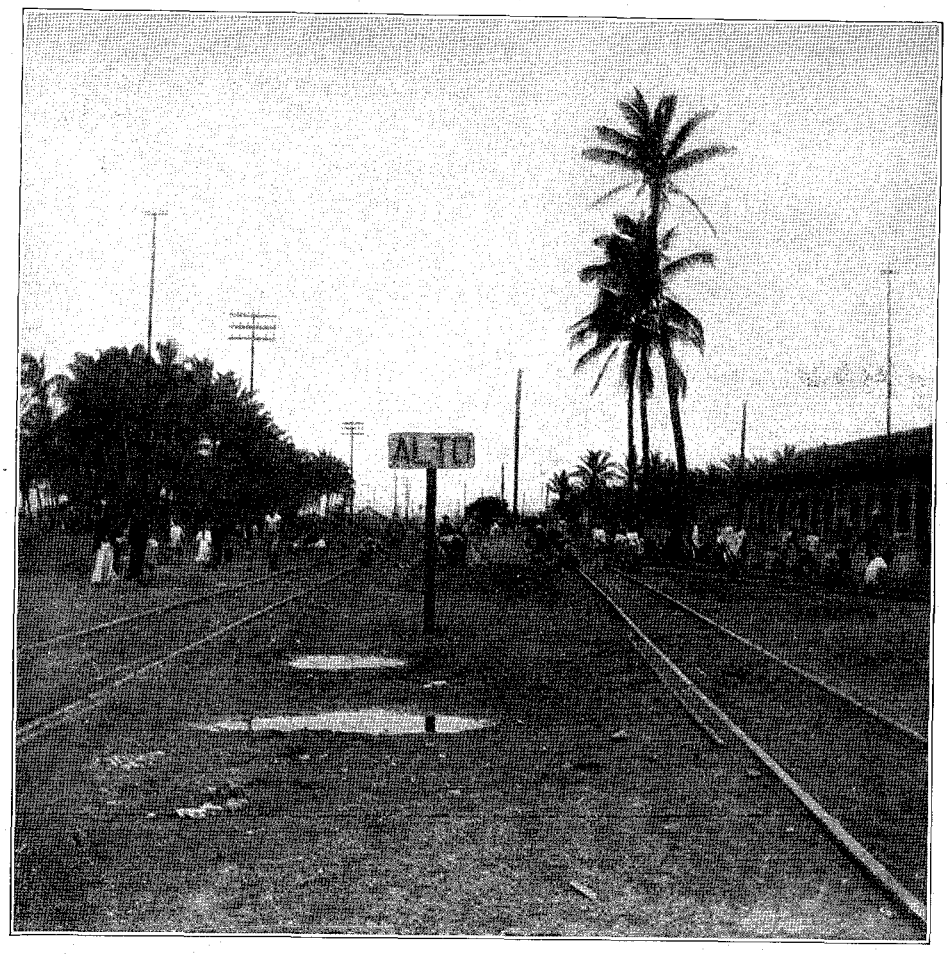

Men of the navy at Los Cocos, first station outside of Vera Cruz on line of Mexican National Railroad, now occupied by the army.

her charm departed. We found her hot as Aden, moist as a wet bathing-suit, with the humidity of New York in August. We found her overcrowded; the best tables always reserved by flies and refugees; the latter coatless, chewing toothpicks, shouting for war, abusing the army because it did not at once hurl itself upon Mexico City and rescue their office-furniture, their dentists' outfit, their new cash-register. We found Vera Cruz lacked food, ice, air, sleeping-quarters. Of your room you could not say it was cool, clean, or the bed comfortable; you could boast only of how greatly during the fight it had been damaged. There were different kinds of rooms. They ran from cheap rooms, with one bullet-hole in the wall, all the way up to those with six. Mine was a room de luxe. It had four bullet-holes. The window had been removed by a shell, and, with his gun-butt, a bluejacket had smashed the lock. It was one of the show places. Officers came miles to see it—always when I was asleep, and clad simply in a mosquito-net.

How long mediation might thrive none of us could tell. Our only hope of action lay in the fact that the Mexicans, in their quaint ignorance, fancied we were at war, that they were our enemies, and at any moment might act as such.

When one of their majors demanded that the pumping-station upon which Vera Cruz depends for water, and the marines guarding it, should in ten minutes be

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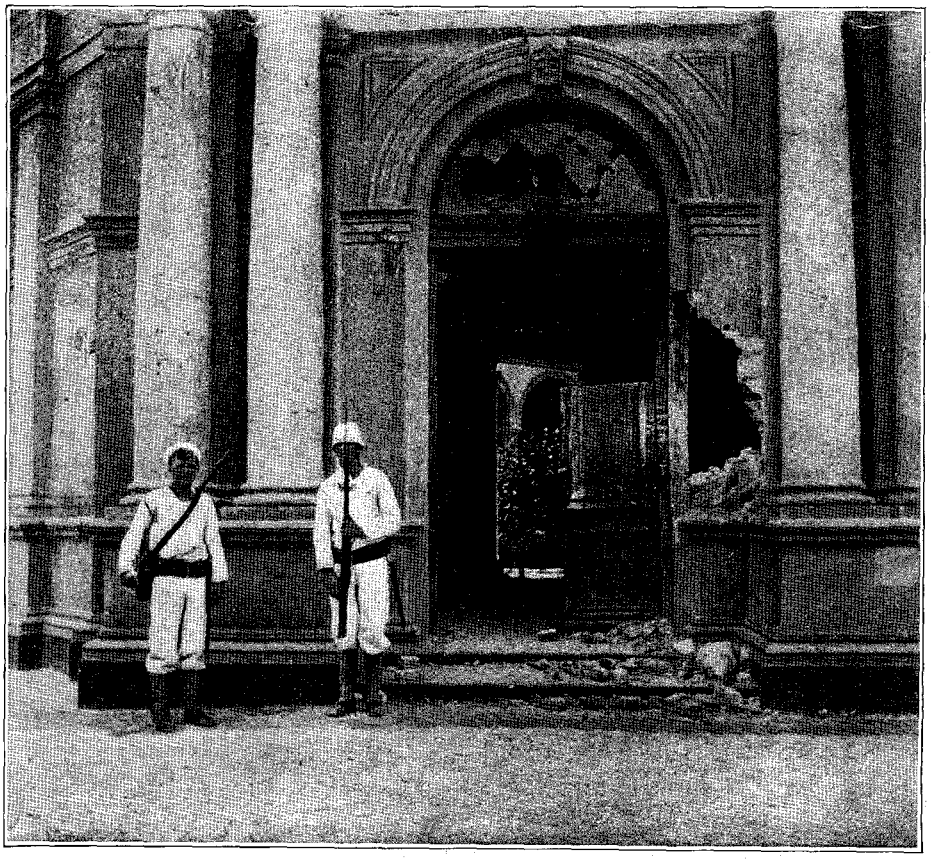
surrendered to him; when Private Parks was murdered; when it was discovered that for twenty-two days Consul Silliman had been in jail *incomunicado* and the consular code-book taken from his safe, we thought something would happen. That on the person of Uncle Sam there was still a soft spot unkicked by Mexico did not seem possible. But the patience of Washington appeared infinite and through our city passed the mediators on their way to Niagara Falls. To us Niagara Falls sounded good. We assured each other that had Vera Cruz been the place selected for the deliberations of the A. B. C. delegates the deliberations would have been concluded in the first round.

So, growling, complaining, sweating, we, the "war" correspondents, marked time.

Then a happy thought came to the newspapers we so inadequately represent. As a nerve-centre Vera Cruz was a "dead horse." But Mexico City still possessed the news interest. Therefore, on to Mexico! From the cables ordering us to the capital we could see that the "office" looked upon the trip as a reward for the tedious monotony of Vera Cruz. Our employers felt they were offering us something between an excursion to the Atlantic City board walk and a week at Palm Beach.

We had agreed to visit the capital of Mexico. It was in our contract, but we had expected to go accompanied by 10,000 other Americans, all dressed alike, and encumbered by rifles, mountain guns, and airships. We had counted on there being quite a party. But—ours not to make difficulties. Of the first batch that went north to tell the tale, one victim returned. Of the second batch were Frederick Palmer, myself, and Medill McCormick of Chicago, the Bull Moose leader



Shells that after passing through the Naval Academy entered the hospital.

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and war correspondent of the *Evening News*. Also, when he was trying to keep out of jail, of the *Times*, London.

"Wait until Sir Lionel hears of this, that's all."

I had credentials from the Brazilian ambassador at Washington. I do not look like a Brazilian, so it was urged upon me to disguise myself as one. But every Brazilian I ever have seen wore a black mustache and diamonds, and I would just as soon be shot as wear either. So I went, as McCormick bitterly put it, disguised as an American gentleman.

McCormick and I had a letter also to General Maas, who once went to jail for shooting a friend in the back, from the French consul-general. He said—while officially he knew us not, unofficially he commended us to the general's "courtesy."

We left Vera Cruz at eight, and at noon General Maas, courteously, had us all in a cell and entirely surrounded by Aztecs with modern high-power rifles and bayonets. I was reminded of the novelist hero in "The Seven Keys to Baldpate." Everything they did to us I had written and copyrighted. The serial, dramatic, and "movie" rights were all in my name. But, unlike the novelist in Baldpate, I found acting it much more difficult than writing it.

For instance, in the same situation my hero always says to the spiggotty general: "Release me, or I'll bring a war-ship here and blow your dinky republic off the map."

I recalled the line perfectly, but, somehow, could not hear myself saying it. The moment seemed inopportune. Or it may have been I could not think of the Spanish equivalent for "dinky," or because, to get a war-ship to Paso del Macho, you must take it to pieces and bring it there on mules.

But, except the hero, all the parts were well played, the scenery and local color correct, the wigs by Clarkson. There was the cruel officer, the malignant spy, the sympathetic sentry, usually a low-comedy part; and up-stage the one window with iron bars through which, looking up from the stone floor, I could see against a calcium-lit blue sky a friendly palm that courtesied and beckoned. In every particular it was a first-class New York production; but with New York very far away.

In our cell was a box containing tan dressing and brushes. As all the Aztec sentries wore bull-hide sandals, why it was there I cannot imagine. Possibly it was an oversight on the part of the property man. But, after our boots were returned to us (in searching for the "papers" our jailer had borrowed them), to give our shoes an extra polish we made use of the brushes. We wanted to persuade our guards that we believed in the next few minutes we should be free. We learned later that, as they expected in the next few minutes we should be dead, our boot-polishing struck them only as a typical but wasteful expenditure of Yanqui energy.

But no longer must the reader be harrowed with suspense. We did not die. General Maas made other arrangements. Palmer he ordered back to Vera Cruz; to McCormick and myself he gave a safe-conduct to Mexico City, and then, as we proceeded rejoicing on our way, telegraphed ahead to have us taken as we stepped from the train. The second arrest was like the third act of "The Yellow Ticket," the fourth act of "Within the Law," and the last act of "Diplomacy." Instead of hot sunshine, bayonets, and barefooted boy scouts, armor-plated with cartridges, all was dark, devious, and diplomatic. Everybody, as though he had a cold, whispered. If you kept straight on and took the second turn to the left you were in Siberia. It was late at night and raining; police headquarters was chilled, gloomy, ill-smelling; it echoed with clanging iron doors and the tramp of police coming off post. When they drove us to the Brazilian Legation we felt as good as free—because that legation is the one that in Mexico City cares for Americans in trouble. Which is tautology, because, if they are Americans and in Mexico, it goes without saying they are in trouble. We were given twenty-four hours to get out of town, and meanwhile the inspector of the Policia Secreta wanted us to return to jail. As he put it, it would relieve the police of much embarrassment, and to this the Brazilian minister agreed! After having asked the Mexican Government if I

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might come to the city and after the Mexican Government had given consent!

"Will you walk into my city?" said the government.

As it is generally written, the diplomat goes to the jail and takes the prisoner out; for the police to go to the legation and take the prisoner is all new.

That I was putting the police of Mexico City to embarrassment was not what distressed me. I was cold, wet, hungry. In ten hours I had been without food, riding on the steps of a railroad-car. I did not want to go to jail. From the windows of the cab I had seen the white lights of San Francisco Street shining on the wet asphalt. I wanted the Café Sylvain, and a bath, and a bed. That at police headquarters any of these things would be attainable I doubted. So, not to keep out of jail, but to go to the Café Sylvain, I kicked rudely. I knew the inspector would not take me out of the legation by force, and, though the minister did not want me there, until the train left, of the two, the legation seemed more homelike than the jail. So my ultimatum was that I would stay in the legation or go to the Café Sylvain, but to jail—no! The inspector had spent seventeen years in America, and was amused. The cuisine of the Café Sylvain proved excellent.

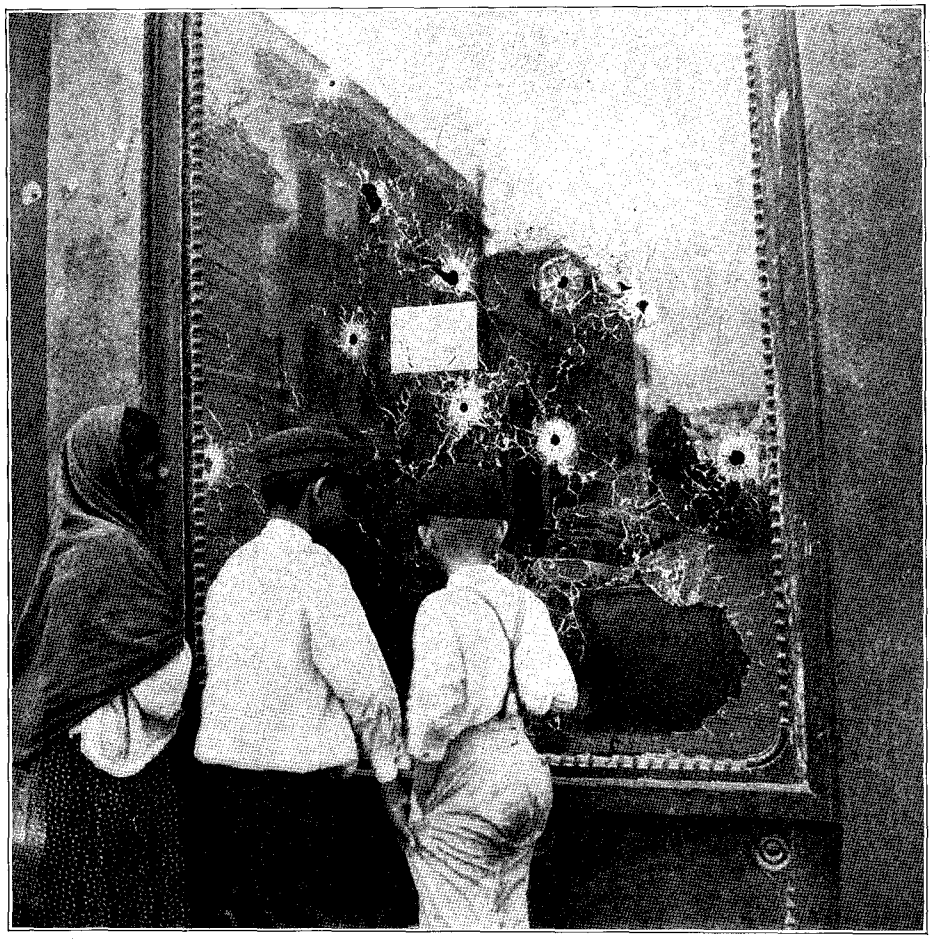

Plate-glass window in which are nine bullet-holes made by our bluejackets. Federals were firing from the corner where the woman stands.

At Johns Hopkins they used to tell us:

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Seventh Infantry entering Vera Cruz on the morning of April 30.

we don't boast that we impart knowledge; we try to show you where knowledge can be found. All I learned of Mexico in coming and going and of Mexico City in my one day of residence, taught me only how much there was to learn. In twenty-five years I have travelled in many places, but never before, in forty-eight hours, have I seen so much of interest—scenery so beautiful, social conditions as varied, as in the journey from Vera Cruz to the capital. We passed from jungles, palm-trees, and orchards to stout pines and snow-capped mountains; from a city four feet above sea-level to a city eight thousand feet above sea-level. We saw farms that were "self-contained" principalities, each with its own church, village, shops even—for these are war-times—with armed sentries patrolling the walls. In the fields we saw the peons who are slaves to these princes, in the city we saw the prince himself, in gold sombrero and gold-laced jacket, riding in the most modern of French automobiles, blind to the contrast he presented of the old and the new, supremely unconscious that he is of the past, and that to his country the future will be more kind. He does not know it now, but he will learn that the world is too crowded, too intelligent, to permit his country, so fabulously rich, so wondrously beautiful, to be pecked to death by buzzard politicians, by bandits, turned into a bull-ring.

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WHO IS SILVIA?

AN ASPECT OF FEMINISM

By Alice Duer Miller

I

IN the triangular debate this year between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, one of the speakers said that he believed in the development of woman, but opposed her development in opposition to her nature. And it probably never crossed his mind that a sophomore, in a segregated college, was not entirely competent to pass on what was and what was not a woman's nature.

In fact, strangely enough, women have been the last people in the world consulted on the point. Scientists may know what is scientific, Christians what is Christian, men what is manly, but, until very recently, no one has suggested that women may, after all, know better than any one else what is really feminine.

Our undergraduate had plenty of precedent back of him. For years the church and the university have been telling us—not what they would like women to be (for any one is at liberty to express an opinion on that subject), but what woman essentially is. This knowledge has been derived, so far as one can judge, like so much mediæval science, rather from the contemplation of the speaker's inner vision of perfection than from the observation of phenomena. Perhaps the only valid argument against the emancipation of women is the docility with which they have accepted these axioms as the foundations of their conduct.

To be just to the sex, however, the conditions of their life made such acceptance very easy. Women were not only kept busy, but kept busy each one apart from the other, within her own home. If she found herself, at times, not as obedient, not as unselfish, not as emotional and unintellectual, as she was taught a true woman ought to be, she had not enough knowledge of her own sex to show her she was no exception.

Many of the world's revolutions have amounted to this—the waking up of a new group to the fact that they are just like everybody else. The eighteenth-century discovery of the brotherhood of man was nothing more profound. In the nineteenth century women began to find out something that no one has had the courage to call "the sisterhood of women."

As a matter of fact, the idea of such a solidarity was a much more revolutionary one than that of the brotherhood of man. Men, within fixed groups, had always had this sense of brotherhood, had always co-operated and enjoyed a certain impersonal comradeship. They had not learnt this in their homes, nor even in their personal friendships, but in such common activities as guilds, crusades, wars, colleges, clubs, and labor unions. The brotherhood of man—democracy—meant only the breaking down of barriers between classes of men and classes of men, the extension of an idea already long in operation.

But with women the case had been very different. Life, at one time, kept them strictly apart, except for a slight social contact. Not only did they not do their work co-operatively, but much of their training taught them to see rivals rather than comrades in members of their own sex. Any of the books on education of one hundred or one hundred and fifty years ago (except, perhaps, Sidney Smith's very advanced essay) show that a girl was taught not to have any interest in life outside the walls of her father's or husband's house.

"It is true," writes a clergyman of the Church of England, "that we send our boys to boarding-schools that they may learn self-reliance, and make friendships that may lead the way to worldly honors"; but he did not apply this to young females, as "the only promotion of which they are capable is a dignified marriage, which they will always have the greatest chance of forming to advantage if they

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court the shade of a meritorious retirement rather than the intoxicating notice of the public eye."

The theory of the eighteenth century was that women should, and did, love seclusion; but, early in the nineteenth, conditions came into existence which began to draw women together in somewhat the same sort of impersonal co-operation that had long been known and valued by men. In the factory, in the school, in the college, in the women's club, and finally, in the labor union, women began to discover the possibility of working together; and, instead of finding co-operation at variance with the female nature, as they had been trained to believe, they took to it with extraordinary enthusiasm. Indeed, there are some indications that they are going to carry it a good deal further than it has ever been carried before.

One is rather chary of talking about fundamental sex differences while we all remain so ignorant of the subject, but it does seem as if the female were naturally less combative than the male; or, perhaps it is merely that women have become active as a body at a moment in the world's history when the idea of competition is not so dominant as it was. It appears, in any case, that organizations of women do not tend as inevitably to hostility with other organizations as men's have done. It was significant, the other day, to see the two lower classes of Barnard College sending the proceeds of an entertainment to Wellesley—a rival institution. Not just the interchange most characteristic between our men's universities.

It is this growing co-operation and confidence between women that is giving feminism its strength.

Feminism—for some of us like to rush upon a definition—is the effort to test sex limitations. There was a time when to know how to swim was unfeminine, and to carry an umbrella beneath the dignity of man. The object of the test is, of course, to determine which are true and which are false limitations, and to do away with the false. Both the friends and foes of the movement should be satisfied with this definition, for there is nothing in it that prohibits the possibility of attacking limitations which survive the test and turn out to be natural restrictions; though, as a matter of fact, it would be difficult to point out any case where the test has so resulted.

The world, curiously enough, seems always to have had a sentiment for these limitations—even the false ones. It does seem odd, considering how troublesome the sex problem has always been to the civilized human being, that at the smallest suggestion of a change, every one is at once thrown into a panic lest men should cease to be men, and women women. A few years ago an edict from the Manchu throne for the unbinding of the Chinese women's feet called out a storm of protest, even from the women themselves, for fear that, with female feet uncrippled, femininity would perish from the land of China. And, doubtless, the proposal that certain courses in domestic science be opened to women, in the University of Constantinople, is causing grave concern to Turkish conservatives.

II

THERE are, roughly speaking, four fields in which feminism is supposed to exert itself—industrial, social, educational, and political. But with the first of these, as a matter of fact, feminism has had little to do. It did not put women in industry—though a surprising number of people seem to think it did. Women, in one sense, have always been in industry, have always been producers, but under very different conditions from those which confront them to-day. "This revolution in the industrial status of women," says Mrs. Sidney Webb, "has come about within the last one hundred and fifty years. It is not the result of any deliberate policy of emancipating the woman from domestic ties, nor of any agitation on the part of women themselves, or by any school of social or political reformers. It has been produced by the slow grinding of an all-pervading capitalism, which has attracted or compelled her to enter the profit-making machine." The same forces have changed profoundly—though not as profoundly—the industrial status of men.

The interest of feminism is not to drive woman into industry, nor even, necessarily, to keep her there, but rather first to open all possible fields so that she her-

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self may choose what is best for her, and then to give her such control of her position that she may suit it to her needs and capacities.

The social field, too, is difficult to discuss, for the reason that no two people agree as to what is the present condition of social conventions, and even when we do agree as to what they are, little can consciously be done to change them. Sixty years ago Horace Greeley said that: "as long as a lady shall deem herself in need of some gentleman's arm to conduct her out of a ballroom, so long as she shall consider it dangerous or unbecoming to walk half a mile alone at night, I cannot see how the Woman's Rights theory is ever to be more than a logically defensible abstraction."

The truth of this statement is not in the least shaken because the particular conventions mentioned have, perhaps, been slightly mitigated. There are plenty more to take their place, and the trouble with these social habits—these *mores*, as Professor Sumner calls them—is that they are at once so powerful and so uncontrollable. Laws can be changed and institutions captured, but who can fight against a myriad unexplained predilections for doing things a certain way? To get them out in the open often gives them new life, and nothing could be more dangerous to the cause of reform than to push any given reform an inch farther than the community approves. A reaction will at once set in and carry it farther back than ever.

The early Woman's Rights movement suffered long from Mrs. Bloomer's perfectly sensible rebellion against the crinoline; and the short hair of the pioneers in college education is still making life difficult for some of their followers.

It really seems a great piece of luck for the feminists that the tendencies of the time are in their favor. The girl who rides and swims and bicycles, though she never thought about the emancipation of her sex, is contributing to it as much as any one by the demands she makes for physical fitness, and (to a certain degree) for a rational dress for women.

The struggle of women for an education seems worth while to discuss in greater detail, not only because it is more important, probably, than any of the other struggles, but because we can look at it historically—the clouds of faction no longer obscure it. Mad as such an assertion would have seemed a hundred years ago, most of us believe now—at least in theory—that women can be and ought to be as well educated as men.

"All this," Sheridan says somewhere, "is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read." But to get girls taught to read was not at all easy. Nowadays, many people have forgotten the bitterness of the more recent struggle to open the colleges to them. The opening of elementary schools was quite as difficult. An old French writer on education says that as chastity is the only virtue required of woman, and as it is a great question whether education contributes to this result, education is unnecessary for a woman. And the abbot, in Erasmus's famous dialogue, insists that women could never be kept in subjection if they were learned. Even in this country, the idea that public money would be as well invested in teaching girls as boys, was far from the belief of most of our Puritan ancestors. Various sops were offered the girls. Sometimes they were allowed in school during the summer months when the boys were away; sometimes the master was permitted to choose two hours in the day for their instruction, provided it did not interfere with the boys, and in more than one case, from five to seven on a New England winter morning were the hours chosen.

In Plymouth, in 1790, the demand for teaching the girls became acute, and in the discussion by the city fathers on the subject, one of them said: "I am opposed to instructing girls. A woman might come into the room when I was writing a letter and look over my shoulder and say: 'That word is spelt wrong.' I should not like that." But the board, more liberal, decided that one hour a day would not render the little girls of Plymouth too critical.

The first high school for girls was opened in Boston, in 1826, and soon closed, partly on account of public clamor, partly for the somewhat confusing reason that too many girls applied. But with the opening of high schools the demand for college education was inevitable.

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There was, however, to be an intermediate step—the old female seminary to which so many timid hearts are true today. There was a general feeling that a girl's education was not thoroughly satisfactory—particularly among the leisure classes. "The mind sickens," writes one gentleman (who seems to feel himself a dangerous radical), "as it contemplates the frivolous acquirements which constitute a female's education in the majority of our schools. To daub a flower, and draw a map, to thrum the pianoforte, and scream an air in senseless song, are the accomplishments with which most of our young ladies are dismissed from the discipline of preceptors." And he goes on to outline a programme of study which, to modern eyes, does not look very much more thorough or practical. We find the same tone in all the pamphlets and commencement addresses of the time. "I urge not on women," says one, "those masculine pursuits to which our minds are better fitted." "If they were constituted to have our firmness and our depth they would want their strongest attraction." "It is very certain that they cannot, like men," says a clergyman, addressing the Newark Female Institute, "combine, abstract, pursue, and diversify a long strain of ideas, and in everything that requires the more substantial talents must submit to a strong and marked inferiority." Such sentiments, on the part of the founders, may explain why the female academy was not destined thoroughly to succeed. Young women,talked to like this, demanded the opening of the colleges—and got it.

To-day the great majority of our colleges admit women—Harvard, Yale, and Princeton being the conspicuous exceptions. Over forty per cent of the bachelor of arts degrees awarded yearly go to women. And even on those women who do not themselves go to college, the effect has been important. With the opening of the colleges, the standard in every girls' school in the country rose automatically.

The person who has been least allowed to profit by this condition is the sheltered daughter of the Atlantic coast. For some reason, difficult to explain, her parents remain in the female-seminary stage, and she is educated under the slogan: "culture without mental effort," as far at least as her parents can manage it. But it is amusing to notice that the very parent who is horrified at the idea of his daughter's going to college will add, nine times out of ten, "Of course I send her to a school where all the teachers are college women," as if the child might thus get the essence of learning while the poison could be filtered off in the person of the unprotected schoolmistress.

It ought to be added, perhaps, that not all those who advocate the opening of universities to women are, necessarily, believers in coeducation—an entirely different subject. Indeed, many of us hope that woman's education may, some day, be made more suitable and serviceable to her than man's education at present is to him. But we do advocate equal opportunity, and as long as prestige and endowment keep on attracting the best scholars to certain schools, women will keep on asking admittance there.

This opening of the colleges was the most far-reaching victory feminism has yet won—or, perhaps, will ever win. For by it many of the obstacles to advance in other fields were quietly laid away. The mid-Victorian contention that not only were women mentally incapable of intellectual training, but that the smallest mental exertion would wreck them physically, is now pretty generally regarded as one of those false sex-limitations to which women would have been wrong longer to agree.

III

Are woman's political limitations as mistaken? The last generation has seen her legal standing almost completely revolutionized—from a state of non-existence under the common law to her present position, where many people tell us she has every privilege that men have—except the ballot.

It must be admitted, the assertion that women are equal to men, under the law, is fairly near the truth so far as their property is concerned.

Oddly enough, however, property has not always been a woman's most serious interest—a difficult thing to make most legislatures understand. None of the great

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struggles that women have undertaken have been for property rights as such. It is true that Ernestine Rose and Pauline Davis did attempt, in 1836, to circulate a petition in favor of married women's property rights, but they could get only five names—women asserting, it is said, that they had all the rights they wanted; and men going so far as to say they had too many. When, some years later, the law went into effect, it did so very largely as a result of the initiative of men. Any one who reads the story of its passage is struck by the fact that it was more the men's distrust of their sons-in-law than any other one motive that started it.

Not until the early suffragists realized that their movement could never be financed until women had control of their own money, did they take up the fight, and then it was more particularly for a woman's right to own her wages—a suggestion deeply shocking to the conservatives of the day.

In 1854, when Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony asked that married women might control their own earnings, and a petition to that effect was presented to the New York Legislature, Assemblyman Burnett, of Onondaga, said: "They do not appear to be satisfied with having unsexed themselves, but they desire to unsex every female in the land, and to set the whole community ablaze with unhallowed fire. . . . The object of these unsexed women is to overthrow the most sacred of our institutions, to set at defiance the divine law which declares man and wife to be one, and to establish, on its ruins, what will be, in fact and in principle, but a species of legalized adultery."

Hardly, however, had an equalization of property laws been accomplished, when a change began to come over the world's conception of government. The State began to concern itself with questions which, in former times, it had left entirely to the individual—such questions as education, health, purity of food, and so on. Many of these were subjects which had been considered entirely the business of woman. She had scarcely gained protection under the law for herself when she found that the protection of her special responsibilities had passed from her. In very much the same way that she had been forced by a great industrial change to follow her own industries into the factory, she now found that in order to protect her traditional interests, she must follow them into the legislature.

Fifty years ago the assertion that "political questions have nothing to do with women" could be maintained with a good deal of dignity; but to-day it seems rather a dangerous premise to a syllogism. Mr. John Burns may be heard discussing the feeding of babies in the English House; Missouri recently referred to the vote of her men the question of free kindergartens —and lost it. Every State legislature is wrestling—usually unaided—with schools, diseases, child labor, and all sorts of matters that used to be left to the decision of the individual parent.

Nor is it only our State legislatures that have to deal with these domestic problems. Two years ago we had an excellent example. In the debate on the Child Welfare Bill we saw the United States Senate legislating on a subject which, in old times, our grandmothers would have thought peculiarly a mother's business.

The bill proposed—and it seemed mild enough—to establish, under the Department of Commerce and Labor, a bureau to be known as the Children's Bureau, the object of which was to investigate such subjects as infant mortality, birth-rate, juvenile courts, dangerous occupations, etc. It was to publish, from time to time, reports on these subjects, similar, presumably, to those the government already issues on crops, soils, or lobsters. The appropriation was estimated at $25,000.

In the course of the debate the facts were brought out, and have never been disputed, that the conditions of child labor in this country are very unsatisfactory, and that almost 400,000 babies under one year old die annually—half of them from wholly preventable causes.

The opposition to the bill—and the bill was most bitterly opposed—was not based, therefore, on the ground that there was no need for reform. It was based on a series of reasons that are extraordinarily alien to the average feminine point of view.

It was said that there were too many bills before Congress already.

It was said that such a bill was an extravagance. This same Congress had

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spent one and a half hundred million on pensions; two million and a half on plant industry; one million and a half on animal industry; almost a million on the Bureau of Chemistry; and six hundred thousand on the Bureau of Entomology; but many senators seemed to feel, quite honestly, that to spend twenty-five thousand on Child Welfare was to overload the budget.

It was opposed by one senator on the ground that some years before Congress had appropriated three hundred thousand dollars to investigate child labor, that the resulting report had been "so obscene and scandalous" that it could not be printed, and that to send it through the mails would have been an indictable offence. And it was, finally, a senator from a suffrage State who insisted that the point was not so much whether the report were indecent as reading matter, but whether children were actually at work under these conditions.

But the most serious opposition, of course, came on the question of States' rights. And here there were no lack of tender and beautiful expressions in regard to the child.

"I would," said one senator, "if I could, take every child in the country from a workshop and give it only play, sunshine, healthy surroundings, and a good education. . . . But I am forced to vote against my feelings and support my idea of the pledges made by my party."

It is probable that the debate represented two different ideals, and that these gentlemen, who opposed, were also doing their duty. Economic considerations and party loyalty should be represented, but should they be exclusively represented? If, carrying out the specialization indicated by nature, men must concern themselves with the constitutional and business aspects of any bill, many women feel that the feminine voice, representing the family and the child, should also be heard. And, indeed, an extraordinary enlightenment on just this latter point of view has taken place among the men who reckon women among their constituents. Their language, as any one who has the courage to read the *Congressional Record* will find, is not always so flowery in regard to the fair sex, but their ideas of the requirements of women are increasingly clear.

It may be flattering to hear the Honorable Mr. Hefflin, of Alabama, say that: "Southern womanhood is the priceless jewel of the Southern household, and we will protect it with the last drop of our blood," but a certain chill comes over our enthusiasm when we find that the latest available statistics show that thirty-one per cent of the girls between ten and fifteen are bread-winners in Alabama, and that the age of consent is fourteen.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, says that the chivalry of Southern men will always protect Southern women, without the ballot. But we find that in South Carolina thirty-five per cent of girls under fifteen (the highest percentage in any State) are at work; that only fifty-one per cent of the children are in schools; that children of twelve may work eleven hours, and that the age of consent is fourteen.

One wonders if even Southern chivalry is as adequate to protect as women's own vote would be!

Many suffragists, however, feel that women's demand for the vote has an even deeper reason, and one much more difficult to put into words. They feel that the condition of disenfranchisement not only hampers them as citizens, as mothers, and as associates of enfranchised men, but in their education, in their own development, and—even in their own *thoughts*.

The case is parallel to that of the colleges. Women did not think—as those opposed used to assume—that the very moderate amount of Latin and Greek and mathematics that a degree entailed was going to make them into a new species. But they knew that the taking of a college degree, by even a small number of women, would alter the way the world looked at all women. Certain obstacles, a certain contempt, certain intellectual barriers and humiliations, would never again be offered to women. We, already, have almost forgotten, and the next generation of girls will never know, all they have been saved.

In very much the same way the ballot will accomplish something for women far beyond any measures for which they vote. The change brought about by women's college education was a change principally

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in the opinions of educated men, but the new status taken by women as a result of political emancipation will affect those whose opinions are influenced largely by the ward politician. A certain amount of contempt—not at all incompatible with the deepest affection—has been the part of the poorer woman excluded from such honorific institutions as the district club, the party primary, and the voting booth. Her much-vaunted indirect influence will gain immeasurably in power by the mere fact that she is a possible voter, whom forces outside the home will respect.

This change is difficult to explain to those who have not felt it, just as it is difficult to explain the change that all of us have felt at some stimulating human relationship. This, too, is impossible to put into words. We say, he or she "makes us feel at home; makes us ourselves, clears our minds, makes us feel our own powers"—a dozen phrases that can only really be understood in the light of experience. Something like this must be the change that women in the suffrage States are always trying to tell us about. When they have detailed the laws, and the enforcement of laws, and the improved character of candidates that they believe they have accomplished, there always seems to be something left over that they feel they have not expressed—the generally improved relation of women to the world, and to themselves.

IV

But—at the risk of a paradox—undoubtedly the most interesting thing about the feminist movement is the opposition to it, with its strange mingling of ideality and selfishness and sentiment and egotism. Opposing strains are there whether we study the matter historically or in conversation with our friends.

It would be a great mistake to underestimate the ideality—the high-minded intention to give women, more often some particular woman, the best life has to offer! But there is no use in pretending that all the opposition to feminine advance is on this high plane. It is one thing to be old-fashioned, and another to be primitive, and there is a force very primitive indeed at work here—man's elemental terror of woman, his belief that she is a stranger of another race, magical, a holder of unexplained power, a weaver of spells. This is a feeling that has always translated itself about as easily into the burning of witches as the worship of a goddess. Which way it has turned has depended more on the good or evil that the sex emotion aroused in the man than on the conduct of the woman.

"What can be the cause," King James I asks in his "Demonology," "that there are twenty women given to that craft where there is only one man?" And he goes on to answer his question by showing the decisive hold which Satan obtained over womankind in the fall of Eve.

If it had not had such terrible consequences, there is something almost comic in the fear woman has inspired in man ever since Tertullian warned the Christian world that she was "the gateway of hell."

Women, to do them justice, have never raised the cry that they were being rendered masculine by contact with men, but we hear the reverse often enough from any group of young males exposed in the smallest degree to feminine influence in the bulk. A contemporary writer, in the *Educational Review*, after laying all the evils of the modern state to the fact that women now predominate in educating the young of both sexes, goes on to "lay down the broad statement that no woman, whatever her ability, is able to bring up properly a man child."

It is this fear that has lain behind the refusal of the men's colleges to admit women. Legislators, on such subjects as suffrage, take high ground even in opposition, and speak only of the danger to women themselves, or to the State; but the undergraduate is more candid. He wants to be protected, and says so! In 1850, the Harvard medical students petitioned not to have the medical school opened to women, because "whenever a woman should prove herself capable of an intellectual achievement, this latter would cease to constitute an honor for the men who had previously prized it."

In 1770 an act was actually passed in England declaring "that all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, impose

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upon, seduce, or betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's male subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, etc., shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

Sir Almroth Wright says, naïvely: "The feminist fails to realize that purely intellectual intercourse with woman is, to a large section of men, repugnant." And in the early opposition to women doctors, you may read in the medical journals articles protesting that as women would rather in some diseases be treated by women, the male doctors' practice will be seriously cut down. "Particularly," says one, "in obstetrics, upon which most practitioners depend for the bulk of their income."

Opponents of this sort, who are candid enough to admit that part, at least, of their motive is selfish, escape the contradictions of those who cling to the more sentimental aspect.

What, for instance, could be more confused than the reasoning of the honorable judges of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin who, in refusing women's request to be admitted to practice before it, gave as their reason "that it would be revolting to the innocence and sanctity of their sex, shocking to man's reverence for womanhood and faith in women . . . that she should be permitted to mix professionally in all the nastiness which finds its way into courts of justice," and then go on to name fourteen such offences—three of which are committed against women, and in the remaining eleven women have, at least, an equal share with men?

Not many weeks ago, a lawyer of prominence, who was declaring himself, though an anti-suffragist, an upholder of equal opportunity in all other fields for women, was asked if he believed in opening all law schools to women. "No," was his answer, "because, you see, I know how much men dislike arguing a case against a woman." Nor did it seem to occur to him that he was seeking the protection of his own sex —not of women.

Yet, in spite of such examples the great bulk of masculine opposition to feminine emancipation is intensely friendly to women themselves—friendly as a mother's opposition to her son's having a latch-key. To scorn this friendliness is as great a mistake in the feminist as in the son—and appears to be about as great a temptation. A little tact will so easily convert this somewhat undisciplined desire to protect, into a desire to free. Men who have this point of view, who, like our debating sophomore, know so exactly what women's real nature ought to be, find it strangely ungrateful that women are not content with the beneficent intention. There seems something ungracious in the feminist demand that women themselves must be the judges of what they require. And men are often left with feelings as deeply hurt, and motives as pure, as those of the little boy who took his goldfishes out of water for fear they should drown.

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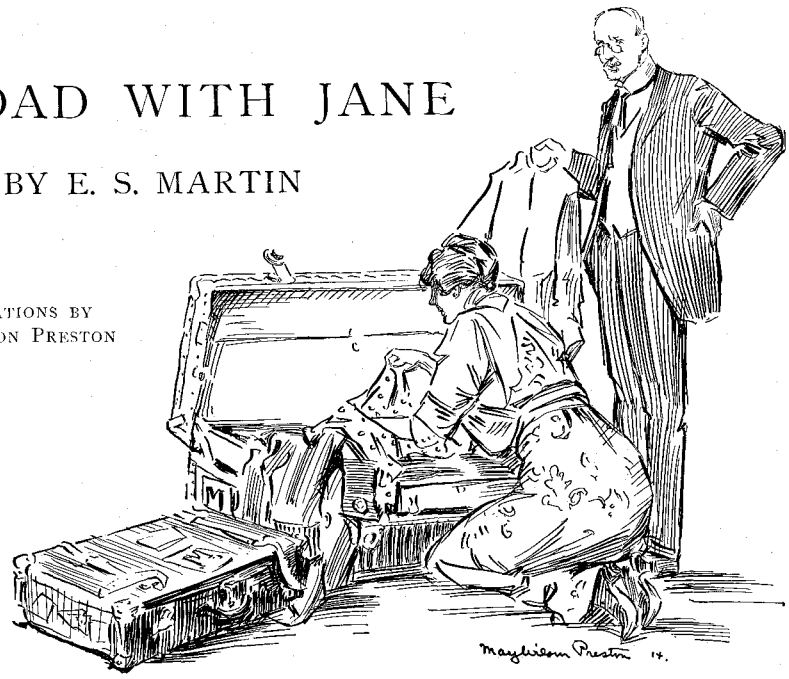
ABROAD WITH JANE

BY E. S. MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAY WILSON PRESTON



I

I HAD wondered these many years why people went to Europe—when Jane told me we were going. Why should they keep going so, to be sure? Man wants but little here below, and a large proportion of that is obtainable here in these States, to wit: food, drink, shelter, newspapers, other reading, church privileges, schooling, and all the commodities. And I had seen—we all have seen—so many, many people go to Europe, some of them habitually, without any obvious effects of the treatment! I know it may be a case like that of a mean man very attentive to his duties in church and used as an example of the inefficiency of Christianity; but nobody knows how much meaner he might have been if he had not been partly Christianized. I do not doubt that civilization in this country is appreciably affected, and, I hope, improved, by the prevalent go-to-Europe habit, and perhaps the individuals who go are more beneficially Europeanized than appears on their surfaces. But anyhow, Jane said we were going. At least, she disclosed that she was clear in her mind that we ought to go, that it was time we went, and that all circumstances being duly considered, we could better afford to go than not. Also she wanted to go. She admitted that.

Jane is not often so positive. She always has an opinion, but about most matters that implicate me, it is a take-it-or-leave-it opinion, and just goes into the scales with my own poor inclinations and the other considerations that weigh out to a conclusion. But the few considerable things which Jane is positive in requiring of me I do, of course, or assent to and help along if I can, not daring indeed not to, for fear I might miss something better than I can discern. So it was about sending Clementine and later Blandina to boarding-school. I could not see the need of it, but Jane saw it and they went. And since Jane saw the need I never mutinied very much about the matter, for after all, one of the means of getting along through this world is to use what we have got, and who that has a dog would bark himself, or blessed with a wise director would forego the advantages of seasonable obedience?

Besides, it came handy. I was about to

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be released from an employment that had engrossed a large share of my very moderate energies for twenty years, and had restricted my movements a good deal for half that time, so one considerable share of what had been my business would suffer nothing from my absence, and the rest of it, I was assured, could get along without me, and more profitably, perhaps, than if I hung around. I had never denied even to myself that there were times when people did right to go to Europe, and really this seemed a time when it was right for us to go. Jane and I had been before, but that was twenty odd years ago, when we were still young, and Jonas and Clementine were still in the short skirts of infancy and Blandina had not yet moved into our family. We went over in the fall in a comfortable old Inman Line boat, and had a little pleasant company aboard her, and went up to London through Chester and Warwick and those places, and looked at London from a big hotel on Trafalgar Square, and at Paris from a big hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and came home by way of Antwerp.

It astonished me how little I remembered of that journey: the walls of Chester and an apple-tart in the inn there, and the interest expressed by some natives because we ate cheese with it; a round tower and a Holbein at Warwick, a village street and the ruined castle at Kenilworth, a faded and fragmentary impression of Oxford, the hotel in London and the people in it, and mighty little else of London except some vague pictures of the Abbey, and its monuments and the Tower and two or three shows at theatres. And some French pastry at Calais, a little French landscape on the road to Paris, the *bonnes* and *nourrices* in the Tuileries gardens, the catacombs, the Moulin Rouge, the Rubens pictures in the Louvre, too big to be forgotten, the ornament on Jane's Paris hat, some details of food and drink in Duval's and other restaurants, and two

Jane asked me if I had the tickets.—Page 67.

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young doctors, one of them an acquaintance made aboard ship, who were our playmates in Paris. Antwerp was practically a blank, though I know as a biographical fact that we spent at least two

down-town in the morning six days a week by subway or elevated, and stay there till dusk, of course they see less, though some of them seem to acquire knowledge even about buildings and pictures. But such

We ate some of the grapes and read with due pride the inscription in the book.—Page 67.

nights and one whole day there and went to the cathedral.

It is a truism that we see what we have learned to see, and I suppose that on that first visit I had not yet learned to see much except people. But since then I had lived seventeen years in New York, and had seen that city pretty much rebuilt and had come to be attentive at least to buildings, if not very knowing about them, and had looked into shop-windows and duly frequented the picture-dealers' rooms and viewed their wares. And really in New York one does see something first and last, especially if his daily beat runs on Fifth Avenue when the shops are open. As for men who go

men are apt to go often to Europe—every summer, some of them—and of course of one essential at least to getting to Europe, the down-town men get their share.

The habitual down-town men of New York, seasoned to New York and down-town and the daily grind, are a pretty well-disciplined lot. At least their considerable company includes a large percentage of disciplined workers. Those that do not attain to the necessary discipline drop out, but the men who for years together spend their working hours in the neighborhood of Wall Street, and still in their maturity retain command of their powers, have learned to obey the rules necessary to maintain themselves in health. They

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But we could not wait for him to be better or even worse.—Page 67.

know more or less what to do, and do it. When the bell rings for them to take their annual rest they take it, if not on the stroke of the bell, as soon afterward as is possible. They are apt to go to Europe because that is the easiest and most amusing thing to do, and the least repellent way of getting rested. And no doubt, once you have formed the habit, it comes easy. But I had never formed the habit, and to me it did not come easy at all. Jane instructed me to engage passage betimes and that I did. A little later, because of something that happened, we had to defer going for two months and swap our tickets. And that I did. It is no trouble to engage staterooms or to swap them; that is all a far-off preliminary; but actually to wrench yourself loose from the habits of twenty years and go aboard a ship and sail away is a different matter.

Of course, no man likes to do that. It's like starting out to be a different man, and no man, unless stimulated by some spiritual revelation, wants to be a different man. And even when so stimulated it is a hard pull, for the man we have been, even if we have no great opinion of him, is an old familiar, and we are loath to be quit of him and take up with a stranger. I had had no spiritual revelation about going to Europe, but Jane had had something akin to one, and I recognized its validity. But I was like a forced convert; consenting, but with secret rebellion and smothered protestations. For one thing, I was tired, and when you are thoroughly tired you want to do what is least trouble and it is usually easier to go on at about half speed than to make a plan, break away and carry it out. It takes energy to make a plan and then it takes will-power to stick to it. Jane had both, albeit she was pretty tired herself, as I knew; and needed a change very much, as I was well aware. Moreover, she had the advantage of me in being able to use what energy she had in perfecting her plan, and all her will-power in sticking to it, whereas I had to use mine in ministering to the requirements of my employments.

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What will happen in this world when the feminists have perfected it and the wives as well as the husbands are privileged to work themselves to a standstill earning wages until neither has the strength to stop the other, is one of the things I would like to know.

And besides being tired and indisposed to do anything more exacting than to read the papers or sit in the back of a motor-car and take the air, I had some special grounds of reluctance to go to Europe. I have been obliged to get along for a great many years past with very inadequate perception of sounds, and to content myself with only so much conversation as skilful and benevolent people with distinct voices can convey to me through a speaking-tube. This I impart in confidence, and, indeed, all of this record is confidential, and I should regret to have any of it divulged by the readers of this magazine to the critical world outside or get into the papers, being only too well aware that it puts me in an unfavorable light as an afflicted and peevish person whom any one who wanted to go to Europe would have rejoiced to leave at home. I could not see that Jane's judgment was good in being willing to take me; much less in wanting to. For if you are deaf you build up a set of habits proper to that condition, especially habits of reading, of keeping busy, of living a little apart and avoiding occasions and companies when it is indispensable to hear what is going on. And so you are able to dodge some of the aggravations of your disorder, and possess your soul in so much more patience, and maintain a temper by so much nearer bland. To be catapulted out of such a nest of protective habits, put aboard a steamer populated with inaccessible strangers, deprived of newspapers and news and all customary employments for days together, and emptied out presently into a continent of strange hotels—I own it looked to me imperfectly attractive. As duty it could be borne, like anything else, but there were bad gaps in it as a programme of pleasure.

It is a little depressing at first to feel so negligible.—Page 68.

And indeed I think the so prevalent

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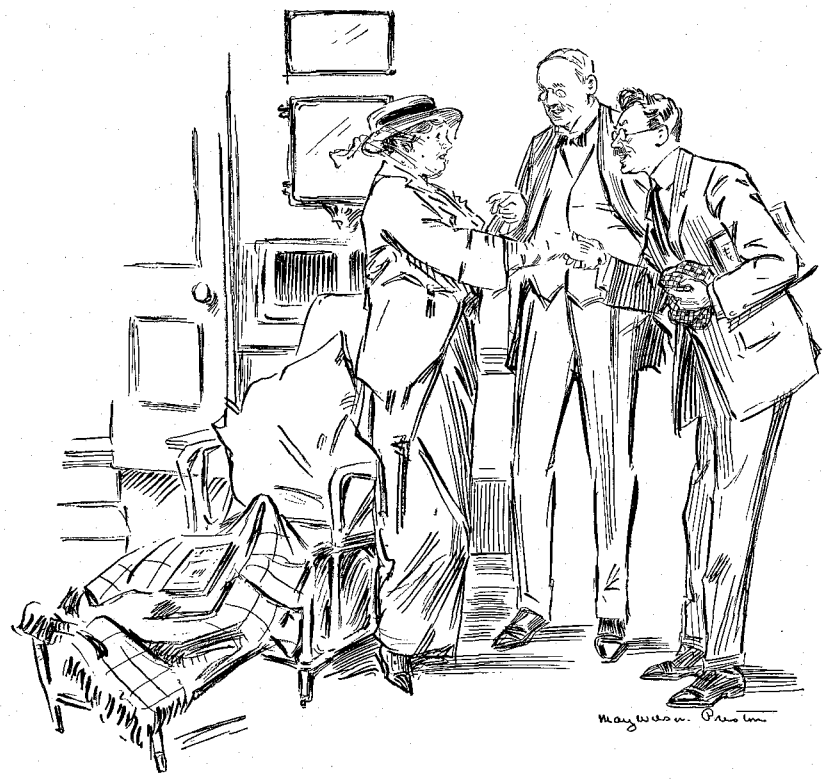
supposition that people go to Europe to have a good time, and that they must be out for a good time, and be having it because they go to Europe, partakes considerably of delusion. That's what everybody asks you—"Did you have a good time?" They all conspire to induce the impression that you go to Europe as you go up to a soda-fountain and get a good time, flavored with strawberry, sarsaparilla, or vanilla—London, Paris, or Berlin—as you prefer, and that if it isn't good, you are entitled to get your money back.

Nonsense! There are people, of course, to whom Europe is heavenly, either because they are extra-foolish or extra-wise, but for the common run of us, going there is an anxious pastime, that involves a vast dislocation of everything, a great deal of hard work, much weariness, and a good deal too much calculation. Not half the people who go to Europe go primarily to have a good time. They go for rest and change and self-improvement and escape, and because it is a national habit, and because it has been made so easy and is the simplest way of breaking, not with the past, but with the much more intrusive and tenacious present.

But getting ready is hard work. You have to pack, and packing is a weariness. You must give thought to it, contriving to take clothes enough for all weathers and all occasions; a certain limited but sufficient assortment in bags or a steamer-trunk to wear aboard ship, and more, if you have more, to go into the hold. And you have to do your regular work up to the last minute and if possible a week or two ahead, and make provision for all your responsibilities—that your servants, if you have servants, shall be paid and subsisted while you are gone; that your children, if you have children, may find other than institutional shelter and employments; that your houses, if you have houses, may be so left that you may hope to find them there with their contents undiminished when you get back.



I presented them to Jane, partly for her pleasure, largely for theirs.—Page 69.

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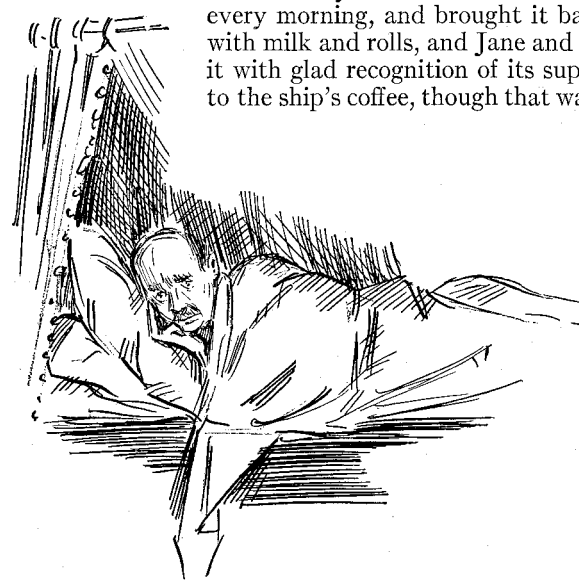
Jane and I got ready. Jane mostly and especially. It was troublesome, but we did it, and came up to town to take the steamer. The night before, everything else being done, Jane asked me if I had the tickets. When I went to find them they were not there. I had to admit to Jane that I had put them away so carefully that they were out of sight and had been left behind in the country whence they could not be recovered, even by the long-distance telephone, in time to catch the steamer at noon the next day. That was mortifying, but after all what did it matter except as an embarrassment to me and evidence of my unsuitableness to assume traveller's responsibilities? We could get aboard the ship without tickets. We had a stateroom and could find it, and once started they couldn't put us off. Besides, we could stop at the agency on the way down in the morning and get duplicate tickets. And that is what we did, and had no trouble, so I judge I was not the first delinquent of that sort.



I used to look down from the upper berth and wonder if Jane was of suitable dimensions.—Page 70.

I swelled with pride at the stores in our stateroom: a truly splendid outgo of fruit in several lots; a box from Boston with two bottles of Somersault Club cocktails and a box of cigars; a book of poetry for me by that very highbrow Indian poet who has since got the Nobel prize; very nice letters from people; flowers for Jane; gum-drops, lemon-drops; a number of things I have forgotten, and eight bottles of coffee for Jane from Madeira's restaurant. I was greatly flattered by my share of these tributes, especially that anybody should believe that I could read Indian poetry even in translation, or still retained sufficient alcoholic capacity to find bottled cocktails a help on a short voyage. Jane was flattered also, and we tried to live up to all these gracious gifts, and ate some of the grapes and read with due pride the inscription in the book. But the most appreciated thing in our stores turned out to be the coffee. The steward carried away a bottle of it the first thing every morning, and brought it back hot, with milk and rolls, and Jane and I drank it with glad recognition of its superiority to the ship's coffee, though that was good, too. I don't know anything that ameliorates a worn-out disposition so helpfully as good coffee—and rolls and butter—in the morning. Young people, and very well and gracious people, can be amiable in the morning without this aid, but for myself, I confess that when I am worked out, I wake in the morning full of grievances and ready to bite a file; a mental condition into which coffee comes like an oil-ship to a stormy rescue.

It was mighty hot that morning, the last in July. Hot it had been for three days. Hot it was to be even at sea for several days more. Four or five kind relatives came down to send us off, including Blandina and Jonas; he, touched by the weather or something, and in a state of health so obviously tottering as considerably to wring the parental hearts. But we could not wait for him to be better, or even worse. All I could do was to write by the shore mail begging his employer please to look at him and call an ambulance if he seemed to need it.

Out of the slip; around the Battery, up on the upper deck to look back at the cliff-

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dwellings of the Wall Street district; down the harbor, and then presently sitting on a deck-chair south of Long Island and looking at a steamer going our way at nearly our speed with a moving-picture effect that seemed transplanted from Broadway. There was nobody aboard that either Jane or I knew, and nobody that knew us. where I work, in some of the shops where I trade, in the country where we go in summer, and a little even on the restricted beat on which I take my daily course in town. Besides that, I am known to quite a large assortment of people as Jane's husband, enviably of course, and altogether I have times, on shore, of feel-

Presently the steward would bring a hot bottle of Madeira's coffee.—Page 70.

Odd to live half a century or more in the world, speaking freely to the people in it, buying of, and selling to, them, employing them and working for them, and then to get on a steamer and be unknown among unknowns! I blushed for my poor advertisement, so long continued and so often next to reading matter, and yet so ineffective.

But there were good points about it. I have at times delusions of importance (this, too, is confidential), sentiments of pride at living in the world so long without incurring any aggravated degree of disrepute, pride at having credit in so many shops, and of getting my name in the paper at least twice a year without intruding in the divorce column, the "lost and found," or the corner where they print obituaries. They know me in the places ing quite important. But that, as we all know so well, is neither wholesome nor agreeable. Mankind thinks ill of it and calls it having the big head. Sometimes I eat too much or otherwise unwisely, and have the stomach-ache. That is disagreeable, but not nearly so bad as the sense of self-conceit. I am never scared at stomach-aches, which I know will soon be over, but the sensation of self-importance when it has run on for some time, makes me apprehensive. I know, from long experience, that I will get over it presently, but I am fearful of what foolish things I may do or say before my infirmity clears up.

To be aboard a large ship where nobody knows who you are, is a perfect Nauheim cure for self-importance. It is a little depressing at first to feel so negligible, but

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you get over that by reflecting how different it would be if all those strangers knew you as you know yourself and how certainly you would be sitting at the captain's table if he were on to you. That lets you down gradually, and having plenty of time to think, you reflect that there may be other persons aboard equally, or almost, as important as you are, and equally unknown and unacquainted. So then you begin to look around for them—unless the weather has been rough—and generally to examine and estimate the rest of the passengers, and to foregather with any of them that you find foregatherable.

Another grand detail of discipline that is thrown in gratis with your ship ticket is to be quit of newspapers. I profited very much by that. The nature of my employments had caused me to be an intemperate reader of newspapers for at least thirty years, so that I lived only partly in the actual world and considerably in that illusory and deceptious world which the newspapers invent for us. From this habit I had entire relief from the second day out. The newspapers I had brought aboard were stale by that time, and the ship's paper, served at breakfast, with a few items by wireless, would not have hurt a baby. I began almost immediately to look upon the world as an item of the Lord's handicraft and to feel more encouraged about it the more I saw it go on, sunrise and sunset, rain, shine, and mixed weather, without any assistance except from the barometer, and with no newspaper's hand on it at all. During all the time we were away my habit never regained its strength. I examined, admired, and commended the London *Times*, and had it at breakfast when it was to be had, but read it only as an occasional pastime. The Paris *Herald* I used to look at to see who was in Paris, who was dead, and what was going on or coming off at Trouville. Otherwise I found that riding in taxi-cabs or smoking cigarettes was almost a perfect substitute for newspapers and furnished me with more and better thoughts than they did.

Jane has great self-possession and a retentive mind and could have gone that voyage, I suspect, without making acquaintance with anybody but the stewardess. I am differently constituted. My mind is weaker and I have difficulty in retaining things on it, and when I have thoughts, am more comfortable if I have suitable people in reach to whom to impart them before they ferment. I feel, too, that people seem to be one of our Maker's best gifts to us, and that it is negligent and almost irreverent not to reach out for them when they are accessible. So I scraped what acquaintances I could, and when they turned out to be profitable, presented them to Jane, partly for her pleasure, largely for theirs, a good deal to help my own credit and partly because she remembers people, and especially their names, much longer than I do, and often throws me a social life-buoy by remembering whom I know. So, in the course of the week, we knew as many of the passengers as was necessary, and had discussed all the rest.

When the worst has been said about education by newspapers, and it is a pretty bad worst, it remains that what you may have come to know by that method is well spread out. You know about as much about one thing as another, and enough about most things to be able to bait a hook for information. And you are stronger geographically than you might be with more knowledge and less spread, and can talk Chicago, Philadelphia, Ohio, Missouri, Detroit, Texas, or New Orleans with some approximation to acquaintance with the processes and conditions of life in them.

Take Keokuk. When you meet some one from Keokuk you start a little freer for knowing what State it is in. My bet would be Iowa, with a disposition to hedge in the direction of Indiana. They ought to have named the State after the town. Then we should all know; and it's one of the best names in the geography. There was no one aboard from Keokuk; but take Peoria. It helps a little if you know about the peculiar abilities of the microbes of that place, which produce a different fermentation in mash from those of Chicago, so that better whiskey can be made in Peoria than in Chicago. Or take Memphis. I understand there is a first-class bookbinder in Memphis, who binds for some of the more eminent booksharps of Saint Louis. There was no one aboard

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from Peoria, however, or Memphis; but to a newspaper-reader like me it was like news from home to learn that the two very cheerful and agreeable Chicago people at our table were intimate political friends of Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John, and that Hinky Dink had reached to New York and sent an immense nosegay aboard to their stateroom. I felt then that they were important people.

The rule about sleeping dogs is not to kick them, and the indulgent rule as to people who hear with obvious difficulty is to avoid putting them to that trouble. That makes it necessary for such people to watch for occasion and use strategy in acquiring new acquaintances. Of all the people whose language I can speak, the most approachable are the Irish. The first three acquaintances I acquired were Irishmen, and one of them actually did not wait to be acquired, but broke the rule, and acquired me promptly in the smoking-room with a proffer of Scotch whiskey. That was our friend the Queens County judge, a very accomplished and agreeable gentleman, who discussed with me the propensity of the Irish to converse in any company, and the scandal it gave to Englishmen, whose disposition was all for retaining such ideas as they had. That accounts for Jane's self-possession, for I believe she has no derivation in her which is not English, whereas I am quarter Welsh with three English quarters (aided by a dash of Dutch) on this Celtic fraction's back, and holding it under. One marks up his Welsh a bit in these days of Morgans and Lloyd-Georges.

Of course it is the Irish passion to communicate that makes them writers and politicians. They seldom seem to care much for money, acquirement of which calls for the retentive qualities such as Jane has. But they are strong for diffusion; of money if they can get it, otherwise of anything that comes handy: ideas, words, convictions, incitations, and sometimes bricks.

My! my! Whatever would become of this runaway world if it were not for these great peoples, who having no comfortable and sufficient home of their own have been distributed over the earth! Certainly the solicitude of the blessed saints for our eternal welfare has found expression in our immigration lists. They still have families —the Irish and the Jews. They both like their own and are able to live with their own and to endure family life shared by three generations. And so they are not running out. I guess people who cannot stand family life are not hardy enough for this world, and it is not the Creator's intention that they shall continue. Usually they have had too much money and run out of religion.

But I am telling about this voyage out as though it were one long blare of garrulity. Quite otherwise. It wasn't a blare of anything. We got along with it tranquilly, ate, drank, sat, walked the deck, observed, discussed, conversed, read, and slept. Besides that I smoked tobacco, with the assistance of which I read through a long book—Samuel Butler's "The Way of all Flesh"—a good enough book to spend an idle week on, which is high praise. But it wasn't such an idle week. To have to keep occupied without your usual apparatus is an occupation in itself. I read in the paper last summer that Edison, who is an inordinate worker, was induced to take a vacation and stood it for four days, when having driven himself to a standstill inventing substitute occupations for himself, he was taken home ill. I did better than that, but I should probably have done better still if I could have taken ether. My neighbor, Milbrook, who goes abroad almost every year, goes by the fast boats, for he says five days is about enough for him. I dare say five days would do as well for me as eight or nine, unless there was an extra-large passenger-list to assimilate. I don't remember whether it was early or late in the voyage that I used to look down from the upper berth in the malignant early morning and wonder if Jane was of suitable dimensions to go out through the port-hole. Then I would crawl down and go off and get a sea-water bath, which is one of the best things they have aboard modern ships, and presently the steward would bring a hot bottle of Madeira's coffee, and my engine would begin to throb a little stronger, and my spirits would rise to meet the new day.

By the sixth night, when they gave the dance on deck, Jane and I had a considerable acquaintance and knew as many peo-

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ple as New York people who go to dances usually know at the dances they usually go to. Along about the eighth morning, my Celtic fraction roused me at dawn, and had me up on deck a long time to look at Fastnet light and the coast of Ireland, so that my English majority was sore all day for loss of sleep. Our good friend the judge of Queens and his wife got off at Queenstown, with a score of other passengers. Some newspapers came aboard, which were no substitute for the judge, and some fresh food, and having rested ship for four or five hours we sped on for the rest of a restless day, packed up our belongings before we went to bed, and woke up next morning at the wharf in Liverpool.

(To be continued.)

DIVERSIONS OF A CONVALESCENT

By Henry Cabot Lodge

TO one who, since boyhood and scarlet fever, had never known what it was to be kept for a day in bed by illness, the swift change from health and activity to the condition of a surgical case, helpless, inert, imprisoned, was startling in the extreme. A wild dream it seemed to be at the first return to consciousness. The reawakening came as if it were a rebirth which, like its original, was only "a sleep and a forgetting." Then one became suddenly aware that the world had shrunk into a small room and that this new little world was filled with one's own petty personality and with naught else. All the interests of yesterday, all the thoughts of the waking hours, of public affairs, of private joys and personal cares—all alike seemed to have vanished. But their departure brought no sorrow. The vacant spaces, the empty air which they left behind, brought only a drowsy sense of rest and quiet. There was no longing to fill the void so suddenly created. Even the mere thought of attempting it was so wearying, so painful indeed, that it faded away with the visions of what once had been, leaving nothing but a sensation of peace and soft content.

For the first days, lying chained to one position, it was enough to gaze through the window: to see the grassy slope climbing slowly among the gray ledges to the crest of the cliffs and then beyond that crest to behold the ocean floor and the far horizon-line. There was a peculiar joy in watching the darkness fade as the vault of heaven filled with gradual light while over all stole quietly the flush of dawn. Then the shadows appeared and shortened and disappeared; came again as the sun passed the zenith, and slowly lengthened until swallowed up in the gathering night. And against the darkening sky, where the gazer all motionless had seen the dawn, there now sprang out the flashing light from the high tower on the low ledge hard by which marked the entrance to the city's harbor; while still beyond, far down on the horizon's edge, glittered another great light which from its sunken reef pointed out for those who had gone down to the sea in ships the way to safety and repose.

A few days passed and then came another room, another window, and another view. Here the ocean seemed to lie at one's feet; no distant horizon-line but the coast on the other side of the broad bay curving away in a line as beautiful as the Apulian shore when we look at it from Taormina. The infinite aspect of the sea which, seen from the first window, knew no barriers until it washed the shores of Portugal, was gone. In its stead, in the place of the brooding peace of the unbounded ocean came the life and motion of the waters chafing against the land. The great torches which beckon to the huge ships suddenly coming up out of the ocean wastes no longer shot sharply through the darkness and their place was taken by a quiet little light, burning with red steadfastness only to guide a few

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stray fishermen or small trading schooners as they made their way north and south, clinging to the coast, which is normally their safety and at times, alas, their grave! The quiet red light had a calm, domestic air which seemed very soothing and comforting after the piercing flashes of the stern towers rising in lonely abruptness from the sea.

October of last year, if not a "close bosom friend of the maturing sun," so far as any one could see, was certainly a "season of mists." For five days the New England coast was wrapped in a fog of unequalled duration and density. Yet to one with naught to do but watch it was soon made manifest that these sea mists were not guilty of the blank absence of change so dreary to the impatient passengers on fog-bound ships. Without apparent reason the mists would retreat and the rocky coast would emerge as if suddenly reborn into the world. Then the mist columns would come marching back with gathered reinforcements from the ocean, and all things on land and sea would vanish behind the soft gray veil. Sometimes they would creep in over the surface of the water and all on the sea-level would disappear, leaving the light-house on high, vivid and distinct, looking down upon the eddying wreaths below; and then again they would drift back high up and the light aloft would be lost while all the edges of the rocks would be clear upon the water-line. All these movements, sudden, surprisingly destitute of reason or apparent cause, were graceful and beautiful, concealing an invisible force which is so impressive to the finite sense, and all the more so here from the extreme gentleness with which it moved.

To fogs succeeded storms and with the storms came a heavy surf. The slow, gliding movements of the mist were gone and the whole scene was pervaded with a restless violence. By the hour together the onlooker could watch the waves climbing the reefs and cliffs along the outstretched line of rock-bound coast, only to fall back and come roaring in again, masses of white and angry foam, impelled by hidden forces, exuberant in all the infinite variety which can never grow stale to those who gaze with wonder. Across the clouds and rain swept the great gulls who come from Labrador to pass the winter in the milder climate of Massachusetts. To see them soaring up and down, floating easily upon the gale, careless of rain and wind alike, is a beautiful sight, a spectacle of grace and power which never wearies. As one watches the wonder grows, and ever more insistently the watcher asks how many eons of time nature consumed in the evolution of such perfect flying-machines. Nearer home were six crows who had been living on the point for some weeks. They moved about, consulted together, went from tree to ground and back again, and presented always that exhibition of busy idleness which has such an enduring charm to those whose lot it is to labor in this workaday world.

But it was at night that the second window had its most enthralling charm. In the darkness the broad waters of the bay stood out with a still deeper blackness, cold, unrelenting, unwavering. It seemed so unfeeling, so final, that one shrank from it as if it symbolized the last great blank when all material things have perished. Then one raised his eyes and far across the bay, white and luminous above the blackness of the sea, shone out the electric lights along the shore. They seemed very human, very kind and friendly, those lights across the bay, and on the rare nights when the sky was clear it needed but another lift of the eyes and one saw the stars in all their steady splendor, while toward morning the waning moon would cast its pale light through the air and the darkness of the waters would soften and take on the purple tone of Homer's wine-dark sea. Yet the pleasantest memory of that scene of night is, after all, those lights across the bay, which seemed to bring hope and rest and peace when the dark water had been passed and the tired sight lost all weariness as it met the glow of the human lamps and, far above, the unchanging glitter of the stars.

All these sights thus seen from two windows had been part of his existence from the day when the convalescent first opened his eyes upon the world about him. The sky and sea in all their moods had been the friends of a lifetime. Every ledge, every reef, every pool teeming with life, every bend and curve in the coast-line were known to him with a more minute

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knowledge than anything else on earth. Yet now, as the mind began at intervals to pass outside the mere physical conditions of the body, it would rest with a sensation of deep repose upon these familiar sights and find in them beauties and reflections, not without depth of meaning, never noted in all the years which had gone before. They all seemed full of voices and the voices were saying: "Look at us; you thought you knew us well, but we are filled with undiscovered beauties and we have many secrets yet untold." At the same time the mind, as it reawakened, recoiled as at the outset from all which had occupied it in the daily round of life now so remote. The thoughts would not take their wonted course. The effort to make them do so was not only forbidden but was too laborious to be attempted. So the thoughts thus set free turned first without strain, entirely of themselves, quite restfully to the familiar sights of ocean and land and sky which came unaided to the field of vision. It seemed like a voyage of discovery with ever new delights, as the eye unmoving read the twice-told tale. It was beyond measure interesting to cease from all effort to apply one's mind and to allow the vagrant thoughts to stray whithersoever they would in glorious irresponsibility.

Very soon indeed they began to extend their journeys and to travel from the visible world into the world of books, not that book world which is filled with "unconcerning facts" and crowded with the gathered knowledge of the centuries, but that far fairer world which is the creation of imagination. The convalescent restored to health and strength remembers well the first thought, which was not a part of what he saw, and which floated into his head on one of the first mornings as he watched the dawn. It brought with it the memory of certain lines in Matthew Arnold's well-known poem "The Wish":

> "Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
> The wide aërial landscape spread—
> The world which was ere I was born,
> The world which lasts when I am dead;
>
> "Which never was the friend of *one*,
> Nor promised love it could not give,
> But lit for all its generous sun,
> And lived itself, and made us live."

The lines are as familiar as they are beautiful. They come from a melancholy poem, but at that moment there seemed in them no shade of sadness, only sympathetic feeling, a consoling and tender loveliness.

It so happened that during the summer the convalescent had read the Odyssey. Now his mind went back to it and all the stories came drifting by, each one bringing a picture which seemed to frame itself in the window and find its scene upon the cliffs with their ocean background. Chief among them, most constantly visitant, was the return of Odysseus in disguise and the slaying of the suitors in the hall, perhaps the greatest story, merely as a story, ever written. In some unexplained way the incident of "Argos" seemed to stand out especially among all the others and the convalescent found himself with his well-nigh all-forgotten Greek trying feebly and yet without a sense of effort to put the lines together. They are few indeed: no great feat to say them over if one can but recall them, which the searcher could not do except in fragments.

*Ἔνθα κύων κεῖτ' Ἄργος ἐνίπλειος κυνοραιστέων.
Δὴ τότε γ', ὡς ἐνόησεν Ὀδυσσέα ἐγγὺς ἐόντα,
Οὐρῇ μέν ῥ' ὅ γ' ἔσηνε καὶ οὔατα κάββαλεν ἄμφω,
Ἄσσον δ' οὐκέτ' ἔπειτα δυνήσατο οἷο ἄνακτος
Ἐλθέμεν.

and then:

†Ἄργον δ' αὖ κατὰ μοῖρ' ἔλαβεν μέλανος θανάτοιο.

That is all. The recognition of the master when all others fail and then the death of the old dog. There is deep pathos in it, in the contrast between the loving instinct of the animal and the human forgetfulness of the absent. "I am as true as truth's simplicity and simpler than the infancy of truth." We must turn to another great genius to find the phrase which exactly describes the imagination from which came forth the tales of the Odyssey.

It so happened that a few weeks later the reviving convalescent read a book which contained a burlesque of Homer. The last sentence of this bit of humor

*There lay the Dog Argos, full of vermin. Yet even now when he was aware of Ulysses standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now strength to draw.

† But upon Argos came the fate of black death.

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may also have been intended to be comic or perhaps was written in the profoundest irony, but it seemed as if it was seriously meant. The author wished universities to understand what the classics really were: "only primitive literature; in the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine." The convalescent wondered as he read this observation what the author meant by "primitive," for Homer's men were much farther removed from primitive man in the scientific sense than we are from the men of the Iliad. The statement, however, although occurring at the end of a burlesque of Homer, referred to the classics generally. So the convalescent diverted himself by wondering whether the writer regarded the authors of "The Republic," "The Politics," and the "De Natura Rerum" as "primitive men." The distinction between intellectual power and mere knowledge of accumulated facts seemed in some way to have been lost sight of and the convalescent tried to think of the men of our own radiant civilization who in mere naked power of thought and intellect surpassed Plato and Aristotle and Lucretius. Their names did not at the moment occur to him, probably on account of his weakened condition. Most of all, the convalescent marvelled at the queer theory that "primitive" men should not be able to produce works of the imagination because they were destitute of modern machinery. He had always thought that among so-called primitive people, in the dawn of civilization, the imagination was unusually strong, just as it is in a child compared with the grown man. This he had believed to be a truism and indeed he well knew that it was one of the "commonplaces, glorified" by Macaulay, to borrow Carlyle's phrase. Did not a genius greater even than Homer, he said to himself, touch the last scene of a royal tragedy with the bitter memory of a loved and faithless horse? Who can forget the effect produced by the thought of "Roan Barbary" upon the fallen and imprisoned king with sudden death lurking behind the arras? The conversation with the groom is simple, commonplace almost, in expression, and yet it conveys a sense of pathos and misery so poignant that it pierces the heart. Then as the convalescent reflected still further upon the dog Argos there came to him the memory of a great actor moving crowded audiences to smiles and tears by saying in a quiet voice: "If my dog Schneider were here he would know me," just as the rhapsodists moved the Greeks by repeating in noble verse the twice-told tale of Odysseus and his old hound. It seemed as if we too must be "primitive" or else that the poet who sang of Achilles' wrath touched a chord which always vibrates and had in all he wrote the quality of the eternal so long as human nature exists. Perhaps, after all, he was neither "primitive" nor modern, but simply a great genius.

From Homer the convalescent's mind wandered happily and of its own accord to the poetry of his own language. He found himself trying to repeat verses which without any will of his own came fluttering into his mind. He was struck by the fact that those which came first were not from the poets of the nineteenth century, among whom are numbered some of the best-loved and most familiar, but were from the Elizabethans, from the seventeenth-century poets, from the song-writers of the great period of English song, from the

> "bards sublime,
> Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of Time."

One of the very first, why he could not tell, was Ben Jonson's very familiar stanza:

> "It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, doth make man better be;
> Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
> To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer far in May,
> Although it fall and die that night—
> It was the plant and flower of Light.
> In small proportions we just beauties see;
> And in short measures life may perfect be."

It is but one stanza in a poem of many stanzas not otherwise memorable. But as the convalescent repeated to himself the well-known lines, known by heart for so many years, suddenly he seemed to see as he had seen in the familiar landscape spread before his eyes a new beauty and deeper meaning which he had never noticed before. In the lines he discovered,

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as he thought, a brief epitome of the Elizabethan genius. In the first and last verses were the aphorisms full of wisdom and reflection, condensed, concise, in which the Elizabethans so delighted, and then in the middle flashed out the tender and exquisite image of the lily, all compact of imaginative beauty. With unerring voice the poet touches that high note which they all in that day seemed able to do whenever they tried, even in the midst of their extravagances and conceits and all the other faults and failings which were the ephemeral children of the fashion of the day. Scores of critics and lovers of poetry probably had observed all this before in these same verses, but it came to the convalescent as a discovery and he felt as much happiness as the "watcher of the skies"

> "When a new planet swims into his ken."

This stanza of Ben Jonson happened to stray into his mind first, why he could not guess, but his thoughts ranging at will through the wide spaces of memory turned naturally and chiefly to Milton and Shakespeare, above all to the latter. Passages from "Paradise Lost," from "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," the "Samson Agonistes," and the "Comus," and lines from the sonnets, came unbidden in the silences of such a time. They were only fragments, but there was an endless pleasure in trying to recite them, to see how far the convalescent could go, and there was something infinitely soothing and satisfying in their noble beauty and in the mere perfection of the words and rhythm, for Milton is the greatest master of metrics in English and makes an appeal possible only to the

> "Chief of organic numbers!
> Old scholar of the spheres!
> Thy music never slumbers,
> But rolls about our ears
> Forever and forever!"

Yet it was to Shakespeare, best known and best beloved, that the convalescent's mind turned most constantly. His words recurred unceasingly as the thoughts, effortless and unfettered, flitted here and there. Passages from the plays, entire sonnets, repeated themselves to the convalescent, some over and over again, always with a sense of peace and deep content. Familiar again as the sight of sea and rock and sky outside the window, they seemed now to be filled with beauties never seen and a music never heard before. Kind hands had placed beside the bed the "Golden Treasury" and the "Oxford Book of English Verse," and one day not long after the swift reduction to immobility had befallen the convalescent he stretched out his hand, took up the "Golden Treasury," opened it at random, and read one Shakespeare sonnet. The physical act of reading those fourteen lines seemed a most remarkable and fatiguing feat at the moment, but once accomplished it filled some hours with pleasure as the convalescent gazed through yet another window at a sunset fire kindling the clouds, and quietly reflected on what he had just read. The ability to read, after this first memorable experiment, came back more rapidly than any other, and in a little while it was possible to read many lines instead of only fourteen.

In the "Oxford Book of Verse" Shakespeare's songs are printed together. The convalescent knew them all very intimately, but it so happened that he had never read them one after another in unbroken succession, and the effect of doing so was a fresh impression of the limitless quality of Shakespeare's genius. To write a song of the most perfect beauty when he happened to think that it would be well at that point to give "Jack" Wilson a chance to sing something seems to have been as easy to him as it is to the "lark to trill all day." So easy to him and yet how rare and marvellous the art! Swinburne says in his drastic way that English song-writing in the fine and true sense ended with Herrick. It sounds like an extreme statement and yet it is difficult to controvert it. Poems, lyrics of highest beauty and splendor, touching every note in the gamut of emotions, we have had since then and in a rich abundance. But the lyrics or the poems of the first rank, which are also songs which sing themselves and lose no jot of their perfection, are sufficiently uncommon since the early seventeenth century, when it seemed as if every poet and dramatist had the power, either at some great moment, or

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like the master of them all at any moment, to sing when the fancy caught him. As the convalescent read and read again the Shakespearian songs one after another he found himself wondering how any being of ordinary intelligence could think that the same hand wrote,

"The World's a bubble, and the life of Man
Less than a span";

and then,

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings."

Or if there be a faint doubt about "The World," described as "Lord Verulam's elegant *παρωδία* of a Greek epigram," is it conceivable that the man who wrote

"That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang";

who gave us one of Matthew Arnold's great touchstones of poetry,

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,"

could also have been guilty of such lines as:

"O sing a new song to our God above;
Avoid profane ones, 'tis for holy quire";

which are far below Addison's

"Spacious firmament on high,"

and by no means up to the level of Doctor Watts?

Internal evidence is notoriously untrustworthy; yet it is beyond belief that the same man could have written all these three poems or sets of verses. One can only repeat in despair the saying of Henry Labouchere: "I am perfectly willing to admit that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays if they will only tell me who wrote the works of Bacon."

But as the reader closed the book he reflected that after all it was less surprising that Shakespeare should have written all these songs, scattered with prodigal hand here and there throughout the plays, than the fact that all the dramatists of that day could each and all apparently write a quite perfect song of great lyrical beauty at least once if they set themselves to do it. The convalescent ran over to himself the few he could easily call to mind. There was Webster, of whom nothing is known, but who wrote two powerful tragedies which are still read and in which are touches worthy of the master. His dark and sinister genius, as we see it displayed in the "Duchess of Malfi" and "Vittoria Corombona," seems as unfitted as possible for lyric poetry, and yet when the mood was on him he wrote the famous song, sad as one might expect from him, but full of tender feeling, which is called a "land dirge" and which begins:

"Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren."

Then the convalescent thought of Heywood, a second-rate man, his plays read only by students of the Elizabethan literature, and yet Heywood could write,

"Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow";

a song worthy of a place in the Shakespearian group. The next that came to mind was Shirley, latest of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. His plays are not now read at all; it may be doubted if even the name of any one of them is remembered except by students of literature. Yet every one knows the lines, which are a familiar quotation,

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust";

and these are by no means the best lines in a noble poem. In the quiet room the convalescent recalled gradually the whole of the lyric. Take as an example of its quality the opening lines of the last stanza:

"The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:"

There is the splendor of the great epoch in these lines and here we find it in this weak and forgotten playwright, the last of the great succession. Then, well beyond the end of the mighty line, memory declared that we could find an example of the great tradition still lingering in a man whose name is well known on account of a dim connection with Shakespeare, whose plays are all unread, who flourished in the years of decadence, Sir

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William Davenant, and yet even then he could write a song worthy of the "spacious days":

"The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake! the Morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes."

How the lines sing themselves. There rings in them the echo of the glorious days, of the days when the audiences at the "Theatre" or the "Globe" heard the boy sing to Mariana in the moated grange:

"Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!" *

The convalescent, of course, could not solve the problem. Yet it was very pleasant to lie in the stillness and watch the gray mists, and wonder how these poets and dramatists managed to write such songs in those days long past, and why the art seemed to have been lost, and get no answer to the questioning but the sound of the musical lines softly chiming as they ran along the chords of memory.

From the early poets one went easily on, when once started, to the much-loved poets of later days, beginning with the immortal group at the opening of the nineteenth century. The songs of Shakespeare led naturally to the plays, not at first to the great tragedies but to the comedies, where one is borne away into another world which never existed anywhere, and yet exists always and everywhere, a world filled with romance, with light and life and humor, broken here and there by the deep notes of tragedy, full of beautiful poetry and peopled with characters which can never grow old because they are as eternal as humanity with no touch of the fleeting fashion of a day about them. The convalescent had loved them long and truly, but it seemed to him that he had never known them so well before, never realized so fully what delightful companions they were, so much more real than any historical figures of men and women who had actually lived and wrought out their lives upon the earth to which long since they had returned.

The physical ability to read indefinitely, by the hour together, came back rapidly, and with it the power of reading new books appeared. They could not take the place of those which had come first, of the poetry and imaginings among which memory and thought had so happily roamed and wandered. But these new books began to share the hours with the old. There was no poetry among them. The convalescent had expected no novels, for, although the new novels are countless, they suggest generally only Emerson's rule, "When I hear of a new book I take down an old one." Of course the endless swarms which, like flights of brown-tailed moths upon a wall, flutter down in their myriads upon the bookstalls clad in gay paper covers, the chief incitement to their sale, were out of the question. Even in robust strength the mind turns from them as it does instinctively from those of the "hundred thousand copies sold" which are usually as quickly and irretrievably forgotten within the next year as Pomfret's "Choice," which sold its innumerable editions in the eighteenth century. Still more emphatically did the mind, sensitive and longing for a happy content, turn from the morbid, the sordid, and above all from the solemnly moral novels with a purpose to which just now a passing notoriety is so readily accorded. Nevertheless, from this unpromising field, unpromising perhaps owing to the reader's distaste for it, there came quite unexpectedly some stories by one author which not only amused but which brought with them the sense of new characters, created characters, with whom it was a pleasure to live for the brief hour while one read their adventures.

When Biron in the midst of the pleasant fooling and jesting of "Love's Labour's Lost" says,

"To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony."

* This song, as is well known, occurs also in Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," with a second and inferior stanza. I think every one must agree with Mr. Dyce that it is the work of Shakespeare, although the second stanza may well have been added by Fletcher.

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we suddenly hear the deep tragic note which was one day to become familiar to the world in "Lear" and "Othello." But the task imposed by Rosaline does not go quite so far as Biron's interpretation would make it. She tells him that it must be his part

"To enforce the painèd impotent to smile."

It is a difficult feat but it is not impossible, and the words of this the earliest, probably, of Shakespeare's charming women, came freshly to his mind when the convalescent found himself laughing out loud as he read, quite alone, "George Birmingham's" story of "Spanish Gold." Merely as a story it has the romantic charm. The search for buried treasure always has an unfailing fascination and the scene of the book is laid most fittingly in a remote, unfrequented island among a people isolated from the world, not yet drilled into uniformity by civilization, and at once picturesque, humorous, and pathetic. Upon this stage the characters appear: all are real people; all in their degree entertaining and interesting. But there is one, who stands out as the hero, who is a genuine creation, so natural, so delightful, that we welcome him to that goodly company of friends whom we owe to human imagination, from whom we cannot be parted, and who are more really living than those who have actually walked the patient earth. John Joseph Meldon is a being very much alive. To one very grateful reader under adverse circumstances he came as a joy, bringing laughter with him and leaving a strong feeling of personal affection behind him. He is again the hero in the "Major's Niece" where he has all the fascination which he possesses in "Spanish Gold," although the former story has not the romantic attraction of the adventures in search of treasure to be found in the tale born of the Armada tradition. Doctor O'Grady in "General John Regan" and Doctor Whitty in the book that bears his name are variants of the Meldon type, but neither is quite equal to the original, although both are delightful persons. In the "Red Hand of Ulster," beneath the easy humor and the kindly satire, runs a deeper purpose. In the picture of the resolved Ulstermen with their great fighting traditions, of their inability to resist the forces of the empire if really employed against them, and of the vacillations of the ministry and their unwillingness so to employ their equally reluctant army and navy, the truth of the Ulster situation seems to be very sharply depicted. But the predominant feeling in the mind of one solitary reader was that of gratitude to Canon Hannay for bestowing upon him the acquaintance, the friendship, and the conversation of J. J. Meldon.

In one respect it is sad to confess this attractive person proved a traitor, for the tales of his exploits opened the door to other new books which were welcomed by the regained power to read without limit, and the stories of real men who had lived and toiled and vanished came in to share the hours which the poets and the dramatists had for many days monopolized. Instead of playing unfettered in the fields of memory and imagination, the thoughts came back to the world of facts and knowledge. The dream light in which the convalescent had been living so contentedly gave way to the daylight. The cares which infest the day and the habitual interests and pursuits began to show themselves and with insistent voices demanded a surcease of the neglect from which they had suffered and a renewal of the attention which they were wont to command. They would not be denied, these old occupations and duties, and, although there were still many tracts of time which went to books, new and old, to meditation on things which were of no practical use, and therefore peculiarly delightful, they asserted their mastery more and more until at last it was complete. After this there were no more roamings without plan or purpose in pleasant realms of memory and fancy, and the diversions of the convalescent which had made him happy during so many motionless hours came to an end.

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THE UNIT

By Elizabeth Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

PROFESSOR HERSCHEL came back slowly to consciousness. The sound of the Hellespont waves, blue and sunny, was in his ears, and the sunny Grecian sky, lustrous as a dome of lapis lazuli, arched overhead. In the near distance, up a little shining river, women had brought their clothes to wash, like Nausicaa and her maidens, and a song rose among them. . . .

The professor lifted his head. It was morning. He lay in a damp, huddled heap under the bushes that had sheltered him overnight; but the song he had heard was still singing, and the sunlight flashed and sparkled on the little shining river, visible from his covert through the interstices of leafy overhanging branches. At first appearance he seemed to be alone, but the song went on in a voice bewilderingly sweet, whether the voice of mortal woman or of a nymph possessing the fountains of the river—Greek in words, certainly, and chanted rather than sung, while at each swing of strophe and antistrophe there was a splash in the shining river, and, as the professor painfully lifted himself, a glimpse of a gleaming ankle below some straight blue drapery that clung to a supple figure, half revealing, half suggesting its curves—a picture so typically Greek that, to a mind professionally so and hardly yet returned from its subconscious journeying, it seemed scarcely matter for surprise that its scenic background should be a Maine forest. Two facts were certain: the damsel was Greek, as her song evidenced; and she was washing, for at each splash the supple figure stooped and wrung something out of the water, then vanished with it behind a shad-tree that flourished on a point of land running just far enough into the stream to hide what lay beyond it. She came back, and the professor dragged himself upright. At the rustle of the shrubbery she turned a startled head. And now for the first time he saw her face—a skin milk-white, with a bloom upon it like the flush of dawn when rosy-fingered Eos rides up the sky; eyes long-lashed, wondrous, deep as pools, yet alight with that warm brightness of which one knows not whether it is brown or gold; but her hair was gold, fillet-bound, yet escaping in truant tendrils that the ocean breeze stirred in a glittering penumbra around her head. And a like golden light seemed to radiate about her and enwrap her, and to lay upon the stream, from which she emerged like Aphrodite from the waters of the sea, a brightness rivalling the morning's. The professor felt his heart tremble. In such guise, surely, doth the immortal goddess reveal herself to men.

Twice she came back and twice the professor rose to go to her, but, as seems *de rigueur* with all those, ancient or modern, to whom the goddess appears, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth and his lips were dumb. And yet, as with Homer's immortal hero in an analogous predicament, stern temporal necessity, the twinges of a broken arm, a dull ache in the side of his head, and, no less, the ravenings of the inner man, demanded that he have speech with her, whoever she might be, and discover "into what country of men" he had now come. Twice again she disappeared and stepped back into view, before his necessity overcame him, and, not to alarm her more than was inevitable, he gently parted the branches between them and thrust his head into the open.

"Maiden," he said gently, in irreproachable Greek. Yet, despite both Greek and caution, she, like Nausicaa, or like a woman, dropped what she held with a little shriek, half fright, half—the professor feared—laughter, though sweet in its mu-

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sic as befitted the laughter of the blessed gods, and disappeared with a splash behind the friendly shelter of the shad-tree. Straightway the professor's mind, like a well-read volume, opened to the reason. "But he appeared dreadful unto them, being defiled with the brine"—thus, for all time, hath the immortal bard drawn man and woman!

Nevertheless, the ice being broken, the professor went crashing through the branches, making up his mind as he went how to address her so as to banish her fear and reassure her as to his status in society.

But as he emerged from the thicket on the farther side of the little promontory, the speech he had so carefully composed —in Greek—deserted his lips, for there, certainly, in a pool or inlet stood, as, indeed, in analogy, it was bound to stand, the lofty chariot having good wheels for which Nausicaa had asked her father, its varnished tonneau shining from its recent bath, and Nausicaa herself beside it, in her classic drapery of blue and hastily resumed shoes and stockings, getting up the spark with frantic haste.

A grassy road led down a gentle incline to the cove. The big machine was already beginning to pant and puff, and Nausicaa, the modern, showed indubitable symptoms of jumping into it. It was now or never, the professor realized. With craft worthy of the hero he found himself impersonating, he stepped directly into the monster's path and then, and not till then, began to speak propitiatory words.

"Please don't go," he begged in English, for the make of the chariot was unmistakably of the latest model. "I'm not a tramp. I had trouble with the engine of my motor-cruiser in yesterday's storm, and tried to make shore in a rowboat. I lost the boat and nearly my life, and I have been in the woods here all night. I heard your—" he hesitated, then pedagogical instinct, thoroughly awakened, supplied the expression he wanted, "—musical scansion. I am Dr. Herschel, professor of Greek language and literature in Houghton College for Women."

Was there or was there not a sparkle of merriment in those shimmering golden pools, the girl's eyes? Small wonder if there was, for his personal appearance—his torn and brine-stained flannels and emergency-bandaged head—was, the professor realized, at humorous variance with his pretensions. But she did not, as her look at first had indicated that she would, pull back the lever and ride him down.

"I see," she said. "At first I didn't recognize you—that is, I thought you were a tramp."

The professor lifted his yachting-cap—or tried to; he had left that head-gear behind him for the use of Poseidon—but the gesture was eloquent of what it was meant to be. Embarrassment reddened his cheek, but, despite it and increasing faintness, he rose gallantly to the occasion.

"Another case of mistaken identity," he said. "At first I took you for a nymph."

Again that illusive sparkle—amusement? appreciation? comprehension?—in the liquid depths of the first pair of women's eyes that Dr. Herschel had ever seriously observed.

"I am flattered," she said. "I suppose it was my 'musical scansion'?"

Now, the professor had spent too many years teaching women to know much about them, but he felt a sudden craving to be taught. Dizziness and the pain of his injured arm behooved him to ask his way to the nearest doctor's. Instead, he endeavored to hold his physical self erect in the primrose path of dalliance.

"It was yourself, as I saw you through the bushes."

This time it was the girl who blushed, the delicate bloom on her skin exquisitely ripened.

"Oh! And what do you think me now?"

Thus invited, the professor let his eyes rest full on her beauty. There was such mystery in its charm, such strange commingling, to his hardly yet well-ordered senses, of dream and waking, of past and present, that his answer, to the girl's ears the speech of gallantry, was, in fact, quite truthful.

"I hardly know"—then, with a glance at the car, the "lofty chariot with good wheels"—"the daughter of Alcinous, perhaps," he hazarded, a humorous gleam lightening fine but sombre eyes.

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The girl nodded appreciatively, all those little tendrils of shining hair set freshly aglitter by the motion.

"Something of the sort," she admitted; "—come to the creek to wash her automobile. Observe, Dr. Herschel, the advance of woman. The original daughter of Alcinous had to ask her father to have

culty, but the emphasis she laid on "one reason," italicizing the numeral, invited him to ask for the other. He did so promptly.

The girl's eyes met his in a warm glimmer of humorous confidence.

"The other," she said, "is unhappily a weightier reason; for know, O stranger,

The professor painfully lifted himself.—Page 79.

the mules yoked and the chariot got ready. Nausicaa the modern gets up her own, oils it, cleans it, runs it, and takes it to the creek to wash it."

"The picture is equally charming," said the professor.

The girl flushed again.

"A revival of ancient custom," she said, with a light little laugh that disclosed teeth of bewildering dazzlement. "I've thought of that myself!—that is one reason for the 'musical scansion' that deceived your ears."

The professor's physical self was maintaining the spiritual with increasing diffi-

that I hate Greek and am weak on scansion. Now, scansion is one of Professor Smith's—I won't give you his real name; you might happen to know him—points of insistence. So I'm getting it up this summer to work off a condition."

The professor felt unreasonable resentment against the unknown Smith. In the last semester he had himself conditioned a dozen sophomores, but he forgot to remember it.

"I thought your scansion excellent," he said judicially. "But why study Greek, if you hate it?"

The girl regarded him with eyes inno-

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cently wide, yet in whose Hellenic depths lurked the spirit of dissimulation.

"I see you don't know Professor Smith, and, as you don't, I can't explain. But we *all* elect Greek."

And now, though the professor felt himself physically tottering to a fall, his resentment against his brother pedagogue turned into jealousy not wholly professional.

"My own classes are very large," he began; then went furiously red under the mockery of her eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said quietly, and stepped, with what strength he could muster, out of her road.

"If you will kindly direct me to the nearest house—" he said, in the formal tone that would better have graced his beginning.

She looked at him blankly for a minute, then her eyes suddenly brimmed. She made him a little mock-gracious inclination of her head.

"Rise, O stranger," she said, "and ascend the lofty chariot that I may conduct thee to the house of my prudent sire—for that's the nearest, as the bird flies. Only I won't take you through the village, because every half-turned blind has an old maid behind it, and Heaven alone knows what they would say if they saw us—probably," with a glance at his bandaged head, "that I'd run over you, in fulfilment of prophecy, and was bringing you home for repairs. Or else that I'd brought you *tour de force* from some summer resort or other—for Heaven knows there are no men here!"

In spite of his suffering the professor smiled. How ancient, yet how modern is woman!

"Please jump in," she commanded imperiously, and colored as he hesitated.

After all, why not? His need of assistance was becoming each moment more imperative. He swayed as he stepped into the tonneau. His injured arm, dangling helplessly, struck against the door, forcing from him an ejaculation of pain.

The girl leaned toward him, her face gravely concerned.

"Your arm!" she said, and, though she was a daughter of Alcinous, her voice sounded womanly gentle and pitiful.

"It's broken!" He tried to smile, his face gray with pain.

"I am afraid so. I remember a blow when my boat capsized. Probably the boat—" But he got no further. He felt himself settling down deeper into the cushions and then the support of a strong young arm. Afterward there was an interval of soundlessness and grayness out of which came a monotonous hum, distant and indistinct, like the drone of insects at noonday, and a far-away voice that each word seemed to bring nearer.

"Dr. Herschel, if you can hold up a little longer," the voice said, almost pleadingly. "We are just home." And the professor gathered himself to consciousness of an intense young face set straight ahead against a gray-green blur of whirling background, whether land or sea, and tried to hold to it lest he slip away definitely into nothingness, become integral part of the blur against which the clear profile stood out like a cameo cutting.

The machine swerved between high beachstone gate-posts, ran with decreasing speed up a shining white driveway between masses of flowering shrubs, and came to a standstill at the foot of a flight of stone steps. The professor had a confused notion, as the girl helped him to alight, that the house of Alcinous was very great indeed, and that, if gold and silver dogs did not guard its entrance, many gleaming pillars did, stretching in a kind of peristyle across the front. Here the queen sat, drawing in and out of a web the sea-purple thread. The professor had never seen such out of the Odyssey, but it bore the aspect of familiarity to his mind and he fixed his eyes firmly upon it to sustain thereby mental and physical balance, when his conductress let go his arm and sped across the green-matted floor to the queen's chair.

Then the worst happened: the web on which the professor's hopes and eyes were fixed slid in empurpled waves to the floor as the queen rose and came toward him, holding out her hand. And, though the hand found his in a cordial handclasp and a voice cordial as the hand said kindly, "You are most welcome, Dr. Herschel, but I am sorry to see you like this," the hand could not uphold nor the voice call him back. The waves of a boundless ocean seemed again to close over him. He sank

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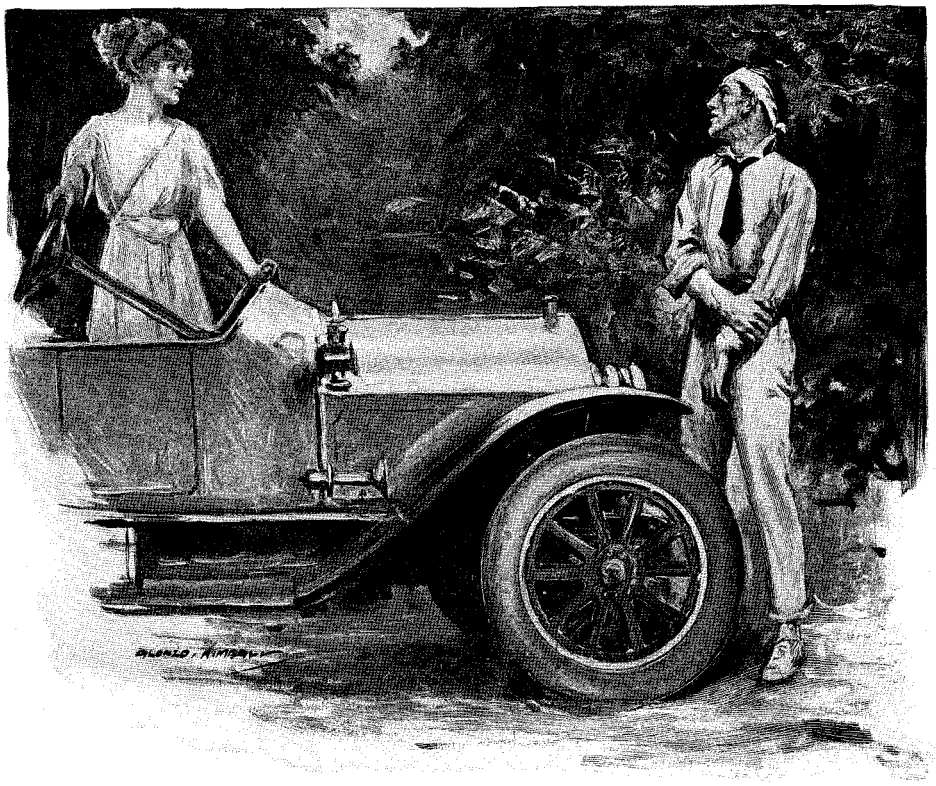

With craft worthy of the hero he found himself impersonating, he stepped directly into the monster's path. —Page 80.

quietly down in an undignified heap at her feet.

When he came to himself, it was still morning. He lay in a sunny chamber with open windows through which came the fragrance of garden flowers and the tang of the ocean. A white-uniformed nurse, very stiffly starched, was rustling briskly about the room under pretence of putting it to rights. At her patient's first movement she was beside him, a professional finger on his wrist.

"Please keep perfectly quiet, Dr. Herschel," she said, in even, professional tones. "Don't try to talk"—which the professor had no inclination to do. The pain in his head was racking and there was a dull ache in the arm rigidly folded on his breast. He closed his eyes not to see a Greek chorus sway to and fro, on the ceiling, in the movements of the dance. He wondered vaguely in what chamber of the palace he lay and whether he should see her again—the nymph or princess, whichever she might be, with the blue tunic and bare, shining ankles and eyes like deep shimmering pools, at the bottom of which, for all their laughter, he dreamed he would some day find a soul. To him, indeed, not long after, came her mother, the wife of the hero Alcinous, and laid a cool hand on his forehead—what part of it was not covered by the bandage—and said softly:

"Poor fellow! Poor—boy!" And when she had gone, the professor, struggling toward consciousness, found himself trying, with a tongue that babbled strangely, to point out to the stiff-starched nurse how this little touch of motherly instinct in the queen illustrated Homer's sure knowledge of human nature, at the very time that he was convinced in his own mind that the professor of Greek language and literature in his bed was not the shipwrecked hero of an epic. In this certainty he fell asleep, after swallowing dutifully the spoonfuls of milk the nurse doled out

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to him, but when he wakened, that same dizzying dance was going on above his head, or in it, and the hero Alcinous himself was sitting by, making a chair indubitably Chippendale creak under his weight and speaking fair words to the unfortunate stranger.

"Glad to see you so nearly yourself again, Dr. Herschel. Is Miss Leavitt here looking after you all right? You've had a good wetting and an ugly break or so, but on the whole you have come off well from your tussle with earth-shaking Poseidon. My daughter counselled me to brush up my Greek!"

To which and more the hero Odysseus tried to frame a classical answer, in which there was mention made, he confusedly remembered in his next interval of consciousness, of the white-ankled Nausicaa.

In an agony of apprehension he determined to cross-question the nurse, as he sat propped up by pillows, sipping deliciously tasting broth.

"Where am I?" he began, as a preliminary; "I mean, in whose house?" and smiled faintly at the modern cast of his question. What jargon he had doubtless been talking—he devoutly prayed, in Greek!

The nurse rose to the occasion.

"This is A. Courtney Ryder's country house," she condescended, for it is not apportioned by the immortal gods unto all nurses to nurse in the country houses of the A. Courtney Ryders. "You were wrecked, you know, in the storm," she further patronized, "and brought here with a compound fracture of the forearm and a bad head-bruise. You have been delirious," she added, taking away the empty bowl.

"I spoke Greek, did I?" the professor remarked casually and craftily; "Alcinous and Nausicaa and all that?"

"A good deal about Nausika," said Miss Leavitt, who, whatever her professional qualifications, was obviously without classical attainments, "I don't know about Greek. What sense there was in it sounded like English—how you found Nausika barefoot in a river, with a blue dress and divine ankles. Was she Greek?"

"A Phæacian," said the professor, endeavoring to hide his confusion. "Yes, I must have been wandering."

Miss Leavitt smiled appreciatively.

"You thought so. You thought you were Odi Sue. Was Odi Sue in love with Nausika?" she asked, scenting a romance.

The professor startled. "God forbid! Did I say anything to make you think that?—I mean," he corrected himself hastily, "Odysseus was a married man. Nausicaa found him shipwrecked and brought him to her father's palace"—then stopped aghast, a burning flush correcting the pallor of his face, for in Miss Leavitt's eyes was a look of illumination.

"Oh! I see," she said, "just as Miss Ryder found you. I understand. I wondered what put all that nonsense into your mind."

In his anxiety to explain, Dr. Herschel almost rose in bed.

"But I would naturally have it on my mind. It's what I teach in my Greek classes. It's all in the Odyssey."

Then Miss Leavitt made a profound commentary on Homer.

"I guess most everything is that's real up to date," she remarked, and shook up his pillows with no ungentle hand, and then shook him gently down on them, to the great comfort of his body and the distress of his mind.

He sat up awhile that afternoon, robed in a purple-and-red dressing-gown belonging to the son of the house; and the owner of the dressing-gown, a fine athletic fellow of two and twenty, who might have served Polycletus with his model for the doryphorus, came and complimented him in it, bringing the freshness and the breadth of the out-of-doors in his vigorous presence. He informed the professor that he had been out to the latter's launch and had found nothing more the matter with her engine than that, in fitting out for his cruise, the professor had evidently forgotten to see to it that his storage-tank was full. In plain English, he had run out of gasolene. And the next day *she* came, with her mother, in a filmy clinging gown of white, with a garden rose in its lace. After a few courteous commonplaces, such as a sick-room and a nurse's presence demand, they went out; and after they had gone the professor found the rose mysteriously on the floor within easy reach of his chair, and secreted it in

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

He determined to cross-question the nurse, as he sat propped up by pillows, sipping deliciously tasting broth.—Page 84.

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one of the embroidered pillow-slips when the nurse was not looking.

On the fifth day he left his room and lunched with the family, and afterward sat on the terrace, overlooking the ocean, in an invalid's chair, with pillows at his back that he didn't want, and company beside him that he did.

The doryphorus was ostensibly giving them countenance, but, being a doryphorus, his idle muscles tingled; to relieve them, he vaulted over the balustrade and, well out of earshot, began skimming pebbles from crest to crest of the ocean runners.

"What a magnificent being!" said the professor, with a sigh; "physically perfect! a model for Polycletus."

Miss Ryder stitched demurely away at her embroidery.

"Professor Smith says the doryphorus is mere animal perfection. For the intellectual in sculpture, for dignity, reposeful beauty, and soul, we must turn to the works of his great contemporary, Phidias."

The professor winced. The words sounded oddly familiar, like a paraphrase of one of his own lectures. He began to suspect his companion of laughing at teachers of Greek.

"But he hasn't seen your brother," he suggested, for the sake of saying something.

She laughed softly, deliciously, and, leaning forward, looked down to where the doryphorus stood, in the pride of his young strength, hurling what looked to the professor bowlders out to sea.

"Oh, yes, he has! And I believe in his heart he envies Court. Court is a jolly good boy," she added, with sisterly loyalty. "And I suppose the Greek boys Polycletus knew were jolly good boys, too. Phidias knew the frumps, so he made gods and goddesses, but Polycletus could make *men*."

Now, the professor had debated the point acrimoniously against his late co-excavator, Professor Maria Hurd, in his monograph on their Cretan discoveries, but he passed it over now with an indulgent smile. It had been put so amusingly, and, besides, he did not want the Professor Maria intruded on the scene. But he reckoned without his hostess.

"What makes you think Phidias did the Artemis you found?" Miss Ryder propounded, after a second of silence. "I think it was Polycletus."

Again the suspicion that she was laughing at him darkened the professor's mind.

"You have been reading Professor Hurd's monograph," he accused her.

She nodded with merry maliciousness.

"I have," she confessed. "I read her to plague Professor Smith. He"—a bewitching little smile of reminiscence played around her lips—"thinks as you do."

The professor was beginning to fear he might have been too hard on the unknown Smith, when Miss Ryder spoiled it all.

"He thinks she is wrong because she's a woman and because he likes her," she remarked, with a swift upward glance at the professor's face. He looked surprised, but not, as she seemed to expect, startled.

"Does Professor Smith like her?" he asked.

Miss Ryder sighed gently.

"I think—Professor Smith used to think that he did—a little."

Dr. Herschel looked thoughtfully out over the water and Miss Ryder looked thoughtfully at him, her eyes more than ever golden and shimmering, the rose-flush throbbing unevenly in her cheek.

Happily or unhappily, one does not divorce oneself utterly from the old life without a wrench. Dr. Herschel, comfortably ensconced in a wicker chair on the terrace of Alcinous's palace, with the daughter of Alcinous beside him, winced, nevertheless, at the words. He could see again the blue Grecian sky overhead, the fragments of broken wall underneath, the picturesque garb of the Greek laborers and of women washing clothes in a near-by river. As the women washed, they sang. And while they sang, his pick, for, in the excitement of the moment—they had seemed on the verge of discovery—he had taken one from a laborer's hand, struck something, and the Professor Maria had leaned over till her brown hair brushed, with a peculiar refreshing softness, his sun-bronzed cheek.

"Be careful," she bade breathlessly. "There *is* something. Don't chip it! And—don't hurt yourself with the pick!"

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He sat on the terrace, in an invalid's chair, with pillows at his back that he didn't want, and company beside him that he did.—Page 86.

And then she had written a monograph, attributing the Artemis to Polycletus and the discovery to herself. What a riddle is woman!

Miss Ryder's eyes, a little puzzled, a good deal disappointed, fell from his face and travelled after his over the ocean.

"It must be great fun to excavate," she murmured.

The professor's eyes came back and smiled on her face.

"It is," he admitted—then saved an exception—"in the right company."

"I think I should like it," the girl went

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on dreamily—"in the right company!" then—"Didn't you work with Miss Hurd over there?" she put brusquely.

The question was direct and admitted of no temporizing. She was looking full at him out of those gloriously shimmering eyes, of whose color he was never sure, of whose alluring beauty he was certain.

"For a time, yes."

"And is she over there now?" In her horizon-embracing nod there was latitude for evasion. But the professor did not evade.

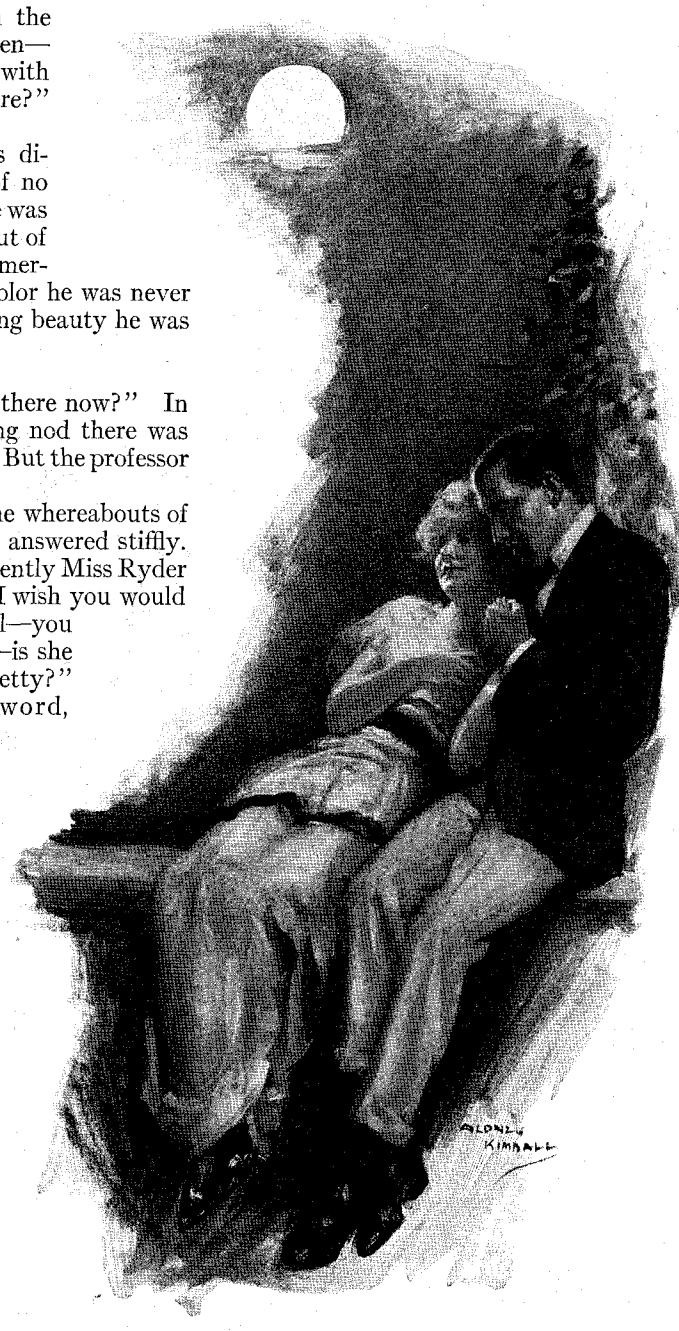
"I do not know the whereabouts of Professor Hurd," he answered stiffly.

"Oh!" But apparently Miss Ryder was not satisfied. "I wish you would tell me, Dr. Herschel—you must know her well—is she interesting?—and—pretty?"

She felt for the word, touched it timorously, then started back from it as from something that might explode in her ears. But the professor handled it harmlessly. He had never thought of Professor Hurd as pretty, certainly, and yet he did conscientious justice to the portrait he was asked to draw.

"Pretty? I don't know. She has fine eyes, and —" then stopped, confused, for a pair of eyes were flashed suddenly into his before whose luminous splendor the intellectual light of Professor Maria's dimmed like Pallas Athena's before the liquid loveliness of Aphrodite's—"not at all like yours," he stammered, with a curious sensation of exhilaration, as if he were treading mountain-tops or walking on air.

"Oh!" said Miss Ryder again, with the



They sat and dreamed dreams, saying little, for the language of love comes slowly.—Page 90.

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least relieved intaking of breath. "And I had thought there must be something attractive about her, or Professor Smith —*you* like her very much, don't you?"

The professor descended hastily from the mountain-tops to mundane jealousy of Smith.

"My likes or dislikes are hardly the criterion for another," he said sententiously. "I admired her as a scholar, and, well, liking is a peculiar word for a relation purely professional, but, in that sense perhaps—a purely professional sense—I liked her."

Miss Ryder looked out over the ocean, her flushed, happy face suddenly soft with pity for the lonely excavator across it.

"I think I see. Yet she would have made a good professional companion!"

The professor did not see, or rather, since the matter of the monograph, he *had* seen very clearly. He opened his lips to repudiate the suggestion. But the doryphorus, having exhausted the sea possibilities, sauntered toward them from the end of the terrace, and the subject lapsed.

It was never resumed, for when, some days later, the professor found himself alone with her again, she started a fresh topic.

They were walking along the sands, the ocean on the one hand and a row of flamboyant little cottages on the other.

"I suppose," she said, with a nod toward the latter, "the people who live in those really have a better time than we do. Still, I wouldn't like to wear a red kimono that made my house look faded and dress my children in such awful-looking ginghams."

The professor looked from the girl, in her white linen morning frock and white felt hat with its stiff tailored band and coquettishly rolling brim upturned just enough on the side toward him to show the bright hair underneath, to the woman in the red kimono, contentedly reading a newspaper on her piazza while three or four children in plaids as noisy as themselves romped around her chair. They were not shining examples of that great middle class that lives happily within a small income, and the incongruity was obvious.

"But it isn't necessary to live and dress like that," he protested, the more warmly that he felt his color rising, "simply because one hasn't millions."

She threw him a quizzical glance.

"How should you think a family could live and dress, say on $2,500 a year?"

The professor's heart startled. She had hit on not only the exact amount of his salary but also the precise problem of arithmetical division that was occupying his nights.

"A refined, educated woman can do much," he said earnestly. "Look at the wives of college professors. They live well, dress well, entertain, and that charmingly." From an innate delicacy he had left the children out of the question, but she dragged them in, with mischievous daring.

"And dress their half-dozen children in serviceable ginghams—to save up money for their future education in Greek and other useless things."

He rounded on her with a flash of indignation. She need not have dragged in the Greek.

"Do the Professor Smiths?" he asked.

But instead of being embarrassed, she laughed—a bewildering little laugh of infinite charm.

"Professor Smith has no children—yet," she said. "But he is a good domestic economist and has evidently gone over the subject. I foresee breakfast food and the serviceable ginghams."

"What is your idea?" the professor asked quickly.

They had passed the sands and were swinging along the carriage-road on the crest of Cape Neddick. The girl stopped suddenly, as if short of breath, and drew in long, deep inhalations of the salty air.

"What a glorious, golden morning!" she said. "Isn't that a comfortable-looking rock over there? Let's sit down awhile and contemplate the scene of the shipwreck of much-enduring Odysseus."

The professor reddened, but she left him no choice save to follow the slender fugitive figure that, shining against the aquamarine background, sprang lightly from rock to rock, choosing always the most difficult path, encouraging him, as he came awkwardly after, with a wave of her hand, mocking him with the laughter

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of her lips, flying from, yet tempting him on, as the goddess hath ever, from time immemorial, dealt with man. Yet when he came up to her, she was sitting, womanly-demure, on the rock of her choice, looking almost wistfully out to sea.

"Does the ocean ever tempt you to the impossible?" she asked. "It does me, sometimes, when it is blue and sunny like this. I feel almost as if I could work miracles, walk on it, even, and not sink. I love it then.—But didn't you ask me something just now?—what was my idea?"

She just glanced at him. The professor bowed. His heart was beating too fast for safe speech, and there was that in his eyes from which the girl's glanced shyly, but they came back on the instant in a mischievous flash.

"Well, then, my idea is—oh! little white things—all lace and frills. They look so cute in them, with socks and little bare legs."

She stopped, meeting his mute, impassioned gaze, and blushed hotly in shame for her levity.

"I hate ginghams," she said, with self-justifying vehemence, and threw out her hands in a swift woman's gesture of protest—against ginghams or something else.

The professor faced her determinedly. Daughter of Alcinous that she was, she should listen to him now. She had said both too much and too little. She had led him on too far to evade him thus.

"Let us grant Professor Smith the ginghams, since you say so," he said, with unusual humor—"though not all poor professors are so prospectively economical—and listen to me. I have something to say to you. I don't know this Smith you are continually flinging in my face as if he had some earthly concern in my destiny, but I want to know if he has any concern in yours."

She looked up at him, a flippant answer trembling on her tongue, but it was not spoken. He had risen and was standing before her, a firmly built, manly figure despite the arm in the sling, his face clear-cut and classic in its cutting as one of Phidias's marbles, something of Olympian beauty in the lofty poise of the well-shaped head and its cover of curling chestnut hair, and, in the sea-gray eyes, mysteriously alight, something of that immortal fire by which man outlives his gods. She looked down, and trembled—no more, perhaps, than the first shudder of the autumn leaf in the embrace of the wind that brings it fluttering to the ground, but she trembled.

"If he has, would it concern yours?" she asked.

"It would," he said simply, and waited for an answer.

She hesitated, the color ebbing and flowing in her cheeks. When she lifted her face, it was sparkling as with sun and dew, strangely womanly-sweet.

"No more than—you," she said, and herself waited.

And now it was the professor who hesitated, with a downward mental glance of self-appraisal. She was the daughter of Alcinous and he a teacher of Greek in a woman's college, between them that great middle class vulgarly typified in the woman with the red kimono and the gingham-clad children: what had he, in fact, to offer her in exchange for the life she would have to live?—a salary she had laughed at, a motor-launch that was a toy beside her father's, a boarding-house lodging in a college town! And yet, there was love, the glorifier. For still the immortal gods, ever friendly to the lover, shed grace upon his head and shoulders and make his locks curl like the hyacinth-flower and make him wonderful to the maiden to behold. And no one, without the counsels of Olympus—and the maiden's heart—understandeth the mystery.

The professor took his courage in his hands.

"I have nothing to offer you but myself," he said. "I love you. And the richest man in the world, Alice, cannot offer you more than his heart."

The same thing has been said, thousands of times over—when does love say anything new?—but to the woman who heard it it was the one original pledge of the eternity of love.

That evening on the terrace, undisturbed by the duennaship of that model of jolly good fellows and brothers, the doryphorus, they walked and sat and dreamed dreams, saying little, for the language of love comes slowly, like a child's first speech; restricted, like it, to its own needs and desires, yet, like it, infinitely sweet. A silver tide was flowing from the ocean, and the intricate

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shadow of the balustrade was flung like some gigantic wreckage on the terrace floor.

"To think," said Alice softly, as the black shadow-beams crossed her dress, "that if you hadn't been shipwrecked you might never have known Professor Smith!"

Dr. Herschel exacted prompt payment from the mischievous lips.

"But I don't know him now," he answered, considerably later. "And I don't want to know him."

"Ah, but you will," said Miss Ryder, with a little sigh. "It's in the nature of things. Haven't I told you that he is my Greek teacher? And I've two years more before—" she hesitated, then laughed confusedly, adorably, at the consternation in his voice.

"Two years!" he repeated blankly, his sky overcast. In two years much might happen in the neighborhood of the dangerous Smith. He stopped short in his walk and took her in his arms.

"Tell me," he bade, suddenly imperious, "everything he has ever said to you!"

The girl's laughter died on her lips. She tried to read his face, but he had turned his back to ocean and moon, and his face was in shadow.

A shade of dismay crept into her voice.

"Oh, I couldn't! You'd think—oh, I don't know—but I can't! Let's forget Professor Smith. When you come to know him, you'll like him as well as I do."

His arms dropped from around her.

"As well as you do," he repeated gravely. "Alice, do you mean that you still like this man?"

He lifted her face between his hands and searched it anxiously. Laughter flickered over it under the moonlight—nothing more; and the wonderful eyes were sweet and candid, like a child's.

"'In a professional way, perhaps, I—like' him," she quoted him mockingly. "But I'll tell you the bitter truth. He doesn't know me from Eve."

Despite his Olympian head, Dr. Herschel was human. His hands fell from her face in quick impatience.

"You have been two years in his classes, and he doesn't know you! Do you seriously expect me to believe this?" But her face was no longer to be read. It was downcast. She had taken a step from him and was leaning against the balustrade. He could see only the round whiteness of her arms, like those of some exquisite statue, and the moonlight frosting her hair and the silver poppies of her dinner-gown. But something choked in her voice—that deliciously sweet, ever-ready laughter? or was it—the professor's heart smote him—tears? All at once she flung back her head and the glory of her eyes shone once more into his.

"Do *you* remember the girls in your classes?" she asked him reproachfully.

And the professor was glad that he did not. But he would not exonerate Smith.

"My classes are very large," he explained; "six or seven hundred girls in all; the unit is lost in a total like that. But I should remember you!"

She came close.

"But you don't remember me," she said, and this time, unmistakably, there were tears in her voice, a dewy moisture in the shining eyes. "You don't remember me even now!"

With a dreadful feeling of fault, he knew not how or why, the professor looked blankly into the uplifted face. Surely somewhere in past dreams, in a past state of existence, he had seen those brimming eyes, that exquisite, tremulous lip.

"You don't mean—" he began, as one dazed, "you can't mean that you—" then suddenly saw, for not now, more than of old, does the goddess reveal herself at once, but blinds men's eyes by appearing unto them like mortal women, even like a unit of seven hundred, till the supreme moment of her revelation. But the love of woman and the magic of the goddess were commingled in the sweetness of her face.

"I do mean it. I—I am one of your stupid ones," she said, humbled, and hid her flushed face on his breast.

The professor ought to have been angry. He ought to have turned coldly away and left her forever. But what one of men, holding the immortal goddess in his arms, remembers the wiles of the woman? Instead, he crushed her to his breast and murmured the infatuated speech of man.

"I adore you," he said blindly.

And inextinguishable laughter arose among the blessed gods!

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THE PIPES OF THE NORTH

By E. Sutton

Do ye hear 'em sternly soundin' through the noises of the street,
O heart from the heather overseas?
Do ye leap up to greet 'em, does your pulse skip a beat?
There's a lad with a plaid and naked knees.
Here where all is strange and foreign to the swing of kilt and sporran,
With his head proud and high and a lightin' in his eye,
He's skirlin' 'em, he's dirlin' 'em, he's blowin' like a storm—
O pipes of the North, O the pibroch pourin' forth,
Ye're fierce and loud as Winter but ye make the blood run warm!

All the battle-names of story, all the jewel-names of song
Down the spate of the clangor swing and reel,
And the claymores come a-flashin' for a thousand years along
From Can-More to bonnie Charlie and Lochiel.
Though the high-singin' bugle and the brazen crashin' fugue'll—
With the drum and the fife—wake the trampin' lines to life,
But neighin' 'em, and brayin' 'em, and shatterin' all the air,
O pipes of the North, when the legions thunder forth
There's naught like ye to lift 'em on to death or glory there!

Now he tunes an ancient ditty for the leal Highland lover,
A rill of the mountain clear and pure,
How the bee is in the blossom and the peewit passin' over
And the cloud-shadows chasin' on the moor.
Hark the carol of the chanter rollickin' a skeltin' canter,
And the hum of the drones with their "wind-arisin'" tones!
He's flightin' 'em, he's kitin' 'em, he's flingin' gay and free—
O pipes of the North, when the reel comes tumblin' forth
'Tis the breeze amid the bracken or the wavelets on the sea!

Now hark the wrenchin' sob of it, the "wild with all regret,"
O heart from the heather overseas,
For the home-land of your fathers, though ye've never known it yet,
'Tween Tay and the outer Hebrides.
O the rugged misty Highlands, O the grim and lonely islands,
And the solemn fir and pine, and the grey tormented brine—
He's trailin' 'em, he's wailin' 'em, to tear your bosom's core!
O pipes of the North, when the long lament goes forth
No sorrow's left to utter, for the tongue can say no more!

Oh, Breton pipes are clear and strong, and Irish pipes are sweet
And soft upon the heather overseas,
But Scottish aye can take your throat or make ye swing your feet,
O hark the lad a-paddlin' the keys!
See him footin' straight and proud through the wonder-gawkin' crowd,
With his feathered Glengarry like a gun at the carry;
He's bellin' 'em, he's yellin' 'em, he's skirlin' high to you—
O pipes of the North, O the wild notes rushin' forth,
Ye're sure the wings of Gaelic souls as far as blood is true!

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From a photograph by R. H. Preston & Sons.

The Lizard Light from Housel Bay.

A MONTH AT THE LIZARD

By William H. Rideing

I BELIEVE that the Lizard is less known than known of, and that it is seen by far more people passing in transatlantic liners than by people on land. Some people may not even know that it is the southernmost tip of England, the nearest headland passed at the entrance to the English Channel on our way to Plymouth, Southampton, London, and the Continental ports. It might as fitly be called Land's End as the promontory around the corner which bears that name.

We skirt the scented, low-lying, scattered Scillys, and in two hours, or less, we have the Lizard abeam, and the passengers scamper out of their cabins to the port side of the ship to see it flashing twenty-one miles away to the horizon after dark, and by day dabbling its fingers in the green-and-purple or gray sea which rims it.

Though the cliffs are not as awesome and stupendous as those of the south and west coasts of Ireland, they are rugged and menacing enough: bluish-black, rusty-brown, or reddish; spiked, eroded, and fissured. They fall deep into the sea at their bases, except where a little changeable sand, driven up to the mouth of some cove, gives the fishermen a variable harborage. Many are the tales the Lizard can tell of wrecks and adventure.

The land from the brink of the cliff stretches away, bare and treeless, in solitude and emptiness. It has no piers and no esplanades, no noisy and glittering watering-places, such as line the coast from Rame Head at Plymouth to the farthest

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north of Scotland, a chain of fire by night. The only electric light is in the lighthouse; the illuminant of the few cottages and farmhouses and of the lonely inns is oil or candles. What the Lizard has been it is, too remote, too detached, and too wild for many visitors. And why "the Lizard"? The observers from the deck seek some resemblance to the reptile to justify the name, without perceiving it, unless they are imaginative. As they gaze toward the light in the dusk, the creases of the land seem faintly like the sleek backs of sleeping monsters, but there is nothing at all like a lizard. The name is a relic of the nearly lost Cornish language, and means "high."

How splendid that language is in romantic suggestion! Take a map of the Lizard district and notice the names that splash it with the color of adventure from Ynys Head to Halzaphron Cliff—Gue Graze, Pigeon's Hugo, Pistol Meadow, Kynance Cove, Caerthillian, Mullion Cove, The Quadrant, Man of War Rocks, Penolver, Hot Point, Raven's Hugo, The Lion's Den, Dolor Hugo, The Devil's Frying Pan, Tol-pedn-Penwith, and Belliden! I can imagine Robert Louis Stevenson gloating over the display and inspired by it to forays in which cutlasses flash and rattle and guns crack in fire and thunder; decks run red; the jolly Roger and the British ensign flap in the wind; and crimson-faced desperadoes, and ringleted and true-blue sailors, bare-armed, bare-chested, hairy as monkeys, fight to gory finishes. Oh, the peerless Robert Louis! had he no time for it? or was he so set on the Highlands and the South Seas that he missed this romantic peninsula, whose nomenclature might have been invented by him? The feeble lines, pale washes, and sterile print of the modern map cannot do it justice. Any map of it should have the pictorial embellishments of the old cartographers, all the significant landmarks and symbols, whales, dolphins, and the round face of Boreas splitting his cheeks as he spouts the wind.

If the Lizard could see, as one half-believes it can, from that one piercing eye, Cyclops-like, in its forehead, what sights it could report—Phœnician and Roman galleys; the ships of Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, and Raleigh; the *Mayflower* after her final release from detention at Southampton, Dartmouth, and Plymouth; the broken-winged Armada; and the *Titanic* on that first voyage, so confidently and cheerfully begun, which, ending in the unforeseen ice, was also her last.

All the ships of the famous lines between American and English and European ports come within a mile or two of it, eastbound and westbound, those of the North German Lloyd, the Atlantic Transport, the White Star and the Red Star, the Canadian branch of the Cunard, the Holland-America, the Hamburg-American, and the American, most of them making their passages so punctually that you know to an hour when to look for them. Just beyond the light is Lloyd's Signal Station, and close to that a Marconi station, subsidiary to the most powerful of all, that at Poldu, to the west, where the swish, sparkle, and crackle of the four high latticed towers can be heard at a distance of all but a mile.

Man's ingenuity and benevolence have turned the dreaded headland from a menace into a dispensary of safeguards. During fogs two horns, each with a mouth six feet in diameter, blare across the cloaked channel, and a submarine bell at the foot of the cliffs tolls its number within a range of sixteen miles to every listening vessel provided with a receiver. Both light and sound have vagaries in fogs, however. If we can believe the masters of ships which have come to grief on and near the Lizard, there are times when the fifteen-million candle-power of the lighthouse is invisible, and the bellowing of those enormous trumpets inaudible. So pleaded the captain of the *Suevic* when, on a hazy night, he got her ashore near the Man of War Rocks and the Stags. Nobody believed she would ever come off, but very ingenious are the expedients of modern salvage. The bow was blasted away from the rest of the ship. What remained of her, the most valuable part, including her boilers, engines, and cabins, was, after the erection of a temporary bulkhead forward, towed off to Southampton and dry-docked there until a new bow could be built for her at Belfast. When ready, the new bow itself was towed all the way down the Irish Sea, round Land's End, and up the Channel, to be joined to her,

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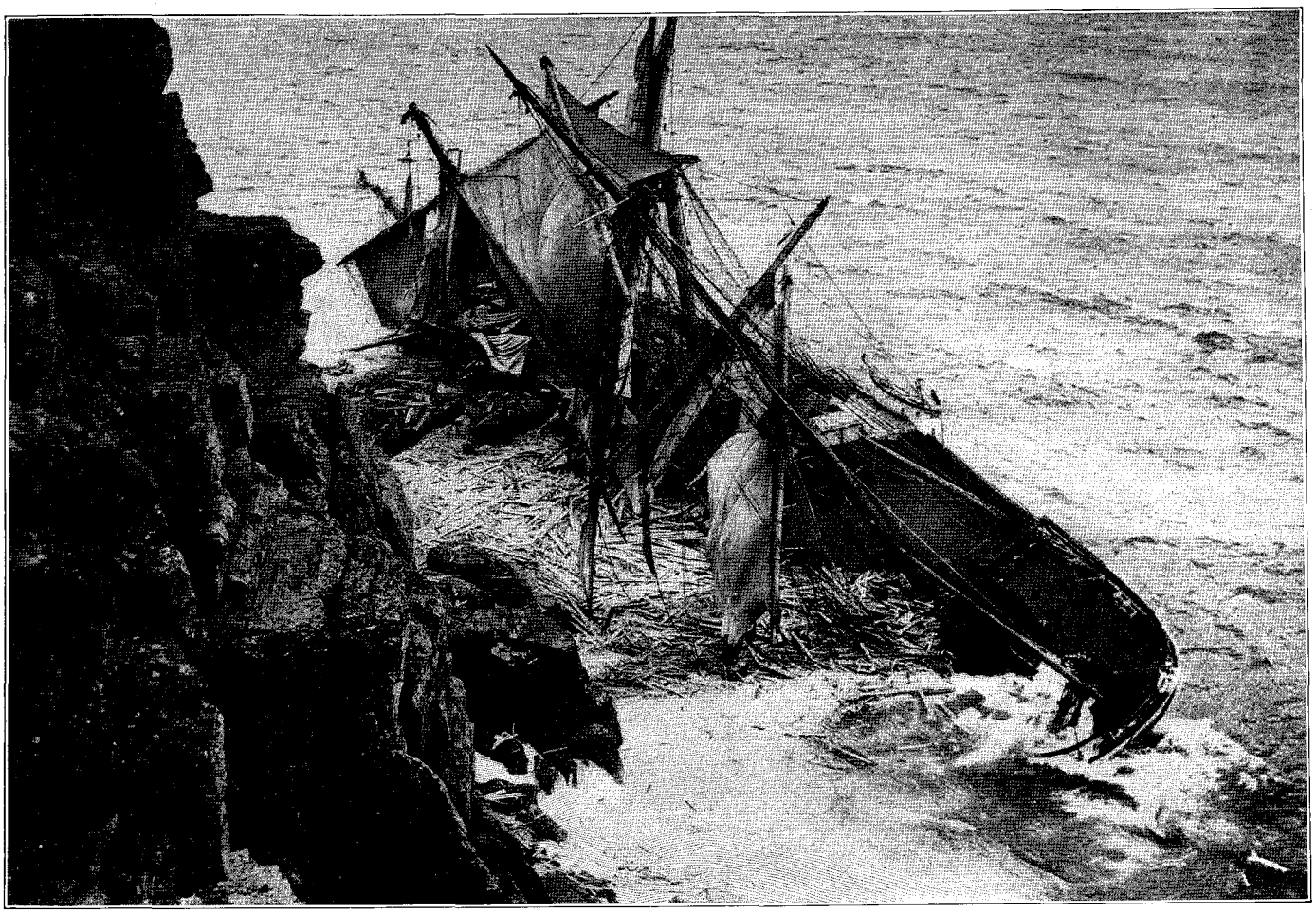

From a photograph by Gibson & Sons, Penzance.

Wreck of the timber-laden *Hanssey* at Housel Bay, 1912.

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and now she passes the Lizard on her long trips to the Cape and Australia as if nothing had ever happened to her and with no sign of the deft surgery which relieved her. Happily the seas ran smooth on the night she struck, and all on board were landed by the life-boat at Polpeer, including the doctor, a friend of mine, and his canary, an amazing bird which obeyed his commands.

"Now you are dead!" he would say. The bird would fall into his palm apparently lifeless. "Now you are alive!" As soon as those words were spoken up it came, pecking, fluttering, and scolding, as though remonstrating at the little joke played at its expense.

Only a few leagues to the east of the light the Manacles make even in moderate seas a hissing caldron, and upon them two ocean liners struck almost at the same time, the *City of Paris*, then the record-breaker of the Atlantic, and the *Mohegan*, of the Atlantic Transport Line. The *Paris* (now the *Philadelphia*) stood all the buffeting of seas and gales for about three months; her bottom was impaled on rocky pinnacles, which had to be blasted away before she could be released. Had she not been one of the strongest ships ever built she must have crumbled under the battery to which she was exposed. No lives were lost in her. But the *Mohegan* soon went to pieces, and many of the people in her, passengers and crew, were drowned—close upon two hundred of them.

There are visages in the cliffs, stern and uncompassionate, and the one word they speak is "Beware!" Those who disregard it, or do not hear it, perish, leaving no other memorial than the flotsam and jetsam which may occasionally be discovered around the cottage gardens and exteriors, especially the painted and gilded figure-heads, designed out of history, mythology, friendship, and vague imaginings, ladies who may have been Cleopatras or Helens of Troy, and whiskered males whose modellers may have intended Cæsars, Nelsons, and Wellingtons without achieving more than vacuity.

The toll of the sea has been exorbitant between Tol-pedn-Penwith and Blackhead. You could fill a book with stories of the wrecks. Now and then you see exotic faces of Iberian swarthiness, with impassioned, dark eyes, among the fishermen and farmers, the descendants, it is said, of survivors of the Spanish Armada, which was possibly in view from the Lizard when, like a burnished cloud, it rolled up from the Bay of Biscay toward Plymouth, where Lord Howard, Hawkins, and Drake were eagerly and confidently awaiting it. There are plants at the Lizard not found elsewhere in the British Isles, the mesembryanthemum, for instance, with its pink-and-yellow flowers and its thick, long, fleshy leaves, compactly filled with smooth, translucent jelly. They are supposed to have begun in this alien soil from seeds and roots tide-borne and wind-blown from wrecks. There are even relics of the Orient in the delicious clotted cream, which is similar to that so commonly made by the Arabs. The Phœnicians may have taught the Cornish the secret of it, and in it left them a heritage to hold the stranger. Dipped in the cream every fruit becomes as sweet as the apples of Hesperides. If there were nothing alluring in Cornwall but Cornish cream, that alone would be sufficient to draw strangers to the "Delectable Duchy," as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch calls the county.

So the sea and the cliffs have not destroyed all they have taken, but have let some strange things slip ashore to endure there.

A little salvage steamer is at work under my windows now, and I see the divers descend and hear the rattle of the steam-winch. Nothing of the treasure-ships of old remains, no more jewelled chalices, precious stones, or pieces of eight. She is working over the wreck of the North German Lloyd steamer *Mosel*, which came ashore over thirty years ago, and she is content to haul up any trifle—a rusty old iron plate, the brass ring of a port-hole, or a length or two of barnacled cable. She is one of several similar prowlers along the coast that live on unfading hope and the uncertain pay of unceasing endeavor. A wreck was looked upon as the gift of God in former days, and the high and low shared the spoil. Conscience made peace with God by increased tithes as it does to this day. All shared in the loot: the landed gentry, the peasants, and even the minister. A venerable story may be unfamiliar to a

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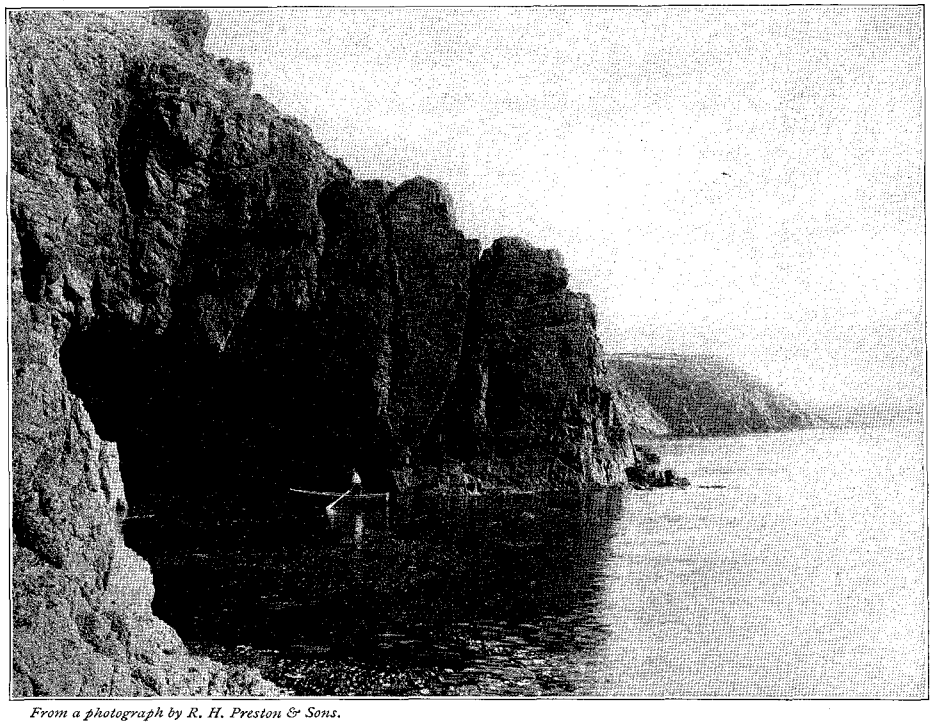
few. The parson was in his pulpit preaching when the clerk whispered that a ship was ashore. The congregation saw him rush down the nave without stopping until he reached the doors, where, as he



From a photograph by R. H. Preston & Sons.

Dolor Hugo, near Cadgwith.

vanished into the porch, he cried out, "Now we can all start fair."

The Man of War Rocks, just under the prongs of the Lizard, derived their name, according to tradition, from a transport which went to pieces on them. Only two men of seven hundred or more survived, and they, strange to relate, were in shackles. They knew the coast and had warned the captain against the course he was taking, and the captain in anger had put them in irons a moment before the catastrophe. Two hundred bodies drifted ashore and were buried in trenches in a field behind the lighthouse, which became known as Pistol Meadow, because when they reappeared as ghosts, a nocturnal habit of theirs, each was inexplicably armed with that weapon. There are many missing leaves in the book of superstition, and it is withdrawn from circulation. The print is hardly readable in the few copies that lie, dusty and neglected, in Cornwall, as well as on other English shores. The modern Cornish are conspicuously clear-headed and perspicacious. I remember how when I visited Cornwall thirty years ago with the most delightful of companions, the late Charles Stanley Reinhart, the artist, we asked an old man who complained of rheumatism what he did for it, expecting him to describe a brew of eye of newt and tongue of dog or some other occult remedy. Not a bit of it! "Turkish baths and galvanism," he replied.

The dialect has gone with the language and the superstitions. I know of no other county where the speech is so pure. The postman of Lizard town talks like an archbishop, precisely, melodiously, richly, stumbling only at rare intervals, as I have heard the most learned of Harvard professors stumble in the intimacies of the club and the home after dinner.

The postman offers his services as a guide, and that there should be need of a

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guide gives one an exhilarating anticipation of possible adventure and peril. Shall we engage him, or allow ourselves to be lost in one of the scores of caves, wide-mouthed and reverberating, or slip from the headlands into the gnawing seas, or perish in the embrace of one of Eden Phillpotts's demon congers?

I go to my window again; I cannot keep away from it. It looks out from the comfortable inn at Housel Bay down a cliff onto breakers beating in from the southwest and the ever-changing sea beyond, a curling misty green-and-white in fair weather, deepening in the shallows to plum-color. Sheep are browsing on the thin, smooth turf, or sheltering under the brown, bare precipices patched with yellow-and-orange moss, and the gulls wheel in and out of the bay. Hardly a soul goes along the narrow cliff path, which is the only way along the coast worth following, and unless you are strong of leg and nimble it may be risky for you. Motors and carriages are obliged to strike inland, and that way you are jolted along without seeing more than a film of silver or the highest headlands. It is the country of the pedestrian, and yet in an hour's survey but one man struggles in the wind to twenty steamers and ships visible in the Channel—steamers of all classes, the trawler, the oil-tank, the collier, the tramp, and the ocean giant. It is a beguiling and unending procession. Days sometimes go by without a sail bigger than that of a yacht, a fishingboat, a brig, or a brigantine—seldom half an hour without plumes of smoke and the beat of propellers, and at night the sea is studded by the rubies and emeralds of steering lights and the illuminated gridirons of the many-decked liners. The white lighthouse crowns the view, its twin towers linked by a long white gallery, its precincts bounded by high white walls. All of it, every brick and stone, is bleached to the purity of a mosque standing out in the transparency of a Tunisian morning.

Memory enables me to project myself farther than the fragment within range of the window. I travel again the edge of cliffs of mahogany-red, sage-green, and slaty-blue, which here and there slope down to quiet little coves and bays. One of those coves may be seen in the making close by. Near the lighthouse wall a great pit appears, the Lion's Den, with a circular mouth, which may be about one hundred feet in diameter and which opens downward like a funnel to the level of the sea. Its outer rim is some distance from the edge of the cliff. It is the result of the undermining of the sea, which, slowly gnawing its way through the base of the cliff, enlarged the aperture bit by bit until it formed a cave. Then the roof of the cave fell in and the earth above it collapsed, thousands of tons of earth, creating the Lion's Den. And when the remaining earth between that and the brink of the cliff falls, and Time, the mason, puts in a few thousand years of his labor, we shall have another cove. The cliffs are of hard, resisting stuff, and, unlike the dissolving chalk, sandstone, and limestone of other shores—mere confectionery by comparison—yield little to the borings of sea, rain, and frost. And, by the way, the Lion's Den is surely the counterpart, if not the original, of that wonderful cave hiding the treasure described by Mr. George A. Birmingham in his rollicking story of "Spanish Gold."

Cadgwith is an example of what these coves are, little embrasures in the walls of the cliffs, with cottages, thatched and white, straggling inland up winding and rocky paths from sandy or shingly beaches smooth enough to allow a smack or a lugger to slide on when the wind is in the right quarter.

The day I was there the wind held its breath and the sun shot down on a scene of complying indolence and drowsiness. The gulls slept and winked on the bowlders and pinnacles and gunwales, and the sea slipped among the loose stones with the sighs and softness of a woman's caress. Much injustice is done to the sea. Left to itself it is as peaceful as the land, slumberous and harmless. All the discredit given to it should apply to the wind, which alone is the tormentor responsible for its wrath and destructiveness.

That day it was like a roll of glossy azure satin. I sat on a bench against a gray old fish-house, with walls (they build to last in Cornwall) two or three feet thick, round the corner of which I could see the cottages sprinkling the rising and widening valley, their gardens flashing

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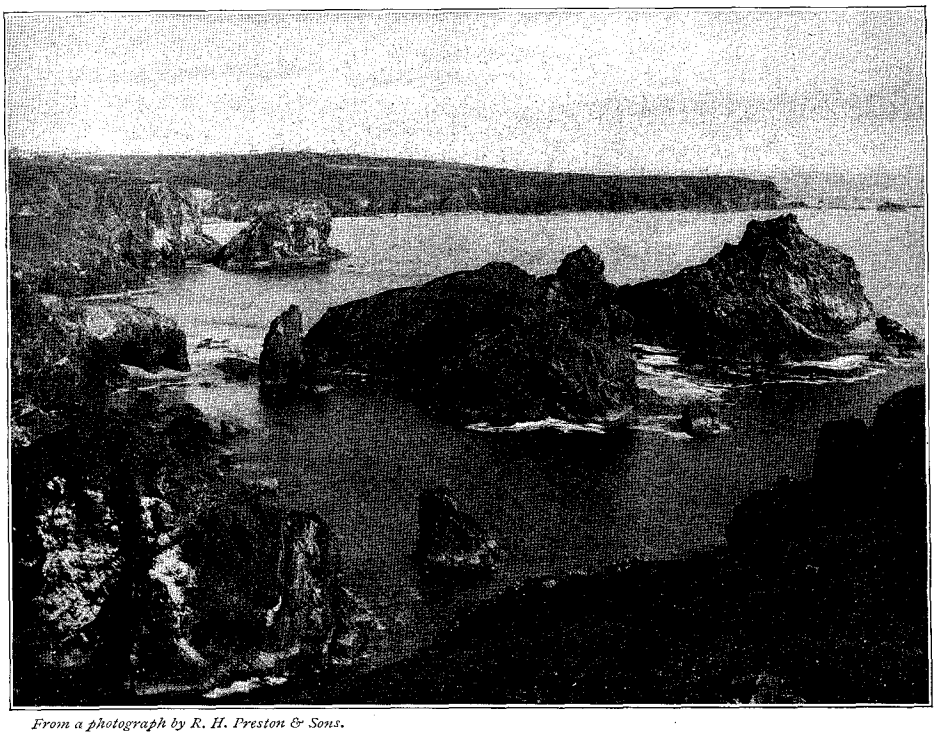

From a photograph by R. H. Preston & Sons.

Kynance Cove with the Lizard in the distance.

clematis, bougainvillea, hollyhocks, and roses, the flanks of the valley itself tinctured purple with heath. And as I smoked, the witchery of tobacco made conversation easy with the village postman and a fisherman seated on the same weathered bench. The postman bemoaned the increasing burdens of his route, due to the number of parcels to be taken from the farmhouses—butter, eggs, and cream—for distribution to consumers in towns. All those things are safely and quickly distributed in the United Kingdom by the parcels-post; a postage-stamp will buy you life-insurance, an annuity, or a government bond, or fetch to your door the fish of the sea or the fruits of the land.

The fisherman reminds me that it is not always like this day of calm at Cadgwith. See those solid doors of the lifeboat house, high above the high-water mark? The sea made matchwood of them last March. That is the reason the fish-house against which we are leaning has the walls of a fortress. And now it is empty and unoccupied, except by nets and tackle, for in recent years the richest of all the Cornish harvests, the pilchard fishery, has failed. The pilchard came year after year in myriads formerly, a silvery, graceful fish, slightly smaller than herring, often tinned as sardines, but in much larger quantities cured and shipped to Italy. At Newlyn, the colony of artists and toilers of the sea near Penzance, a sign on the harbor wall surprised me: "Steamers direct to Italy"; and those steamers used to make the voyage, deep to the Plimsoll mark, with the loads of pilchards on every deck. A single seine has been known to deliver a thousand pounds' worth of them at one cast. Napier Hemy's pictures convey the color and high spirits of such hauls: the crisp, green, foaming billows, the brown-sailed boats careening under the weight of the burgeon of the seine as it is dragged aboard, and the gladness of the weather-beaten crew as they strain every muscle to get home the glittering spoil. There has been no such luck for several years. The constant visitors, whose appearance could be counted on almost to a day, have not wholly disappeared, but they come suspiciously and

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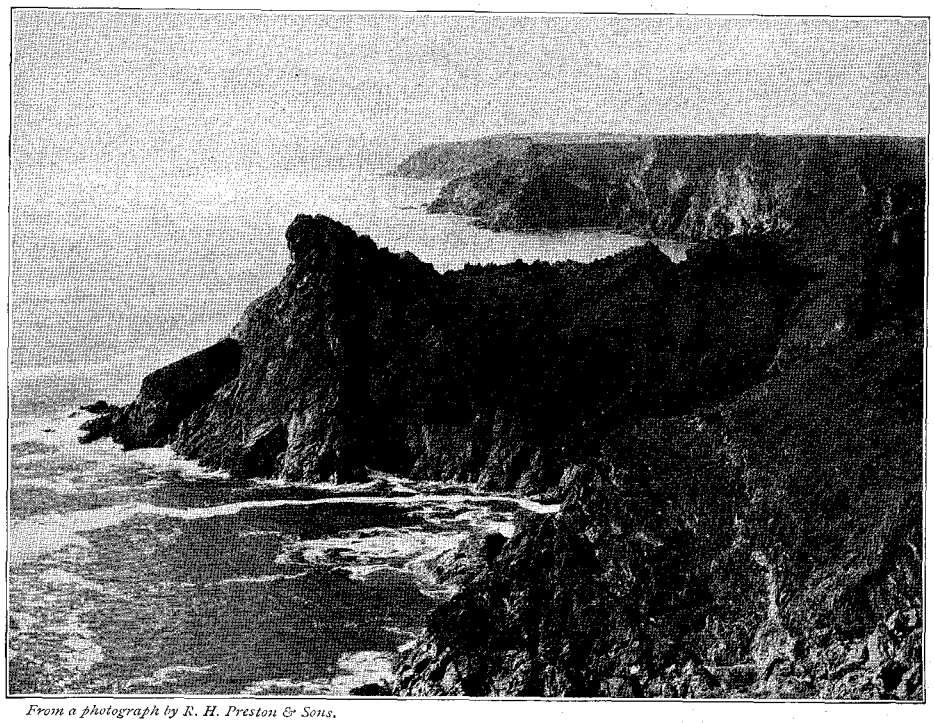

From a photograph by R. H. Preston & Sons.

The Horse, Kynance Cove.

shyly in remnants and not in fecund and profitable legions.

I also learned from the fisherman that crabs are the cleanest of feeders and that they reject all bait which is not quite fresh, a bit of information which I am glad to share with epicures, who will rejoice at it as much as I do. Lobsters and crabs are now the most profitable catches of the Lizard peninsula.

The postman yawns and stretches himself, and goes to get his donkey-cart to meet the motor-'bus at Ruan Crossroads. The fisherman shuffles up to the inn. I want to take in on my way home Dolor Hugo and Raven's Hugo, two of the caves between Cadgwith and Lizard Cove. Hugo is Cornish for cave. I need a boat for it. Can I get one? The fisherman has something else to do—the inn accounts for that—but he will get somebody for me. His voice reverberates against the cliffs and up the hollow so noisily that the hollyhocks in the gardens and the poppies in the borders seem to shiver at it.

"People want to go to *say!*"

A pause, and again, "People want to go to *say!*"

That is his important way of describing my simple need, less than an hour's row on that unrippled and soundless plain of azure. I never before went to sea with so much celebration as with the boy who embarks in his wherry and pulls me leisurely under brooding cliffs bathed in a golden flood. Not a bird is on the wing or afloat, except two cormorants which fly before us as though conscious that their depredations have led to the offer of a bounty of a shilling for each destroyed. The gulls are so tame that if we wished we could pluck them from their perches. They seem to regard the caves as sanctuaries where they cannot be molested, and stare uncannily at us aloof and judicially, as though discovering more than we care to reveal.

Dolor Hugo is almost as blue as the grotto at Capri, and as the boat slides into its twilight we have the sense of becoming incorporeal, mere shadows drifting somewhere between heaven and earth. Then we land at Lizard Cove, and that also is

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fast asleep on this rare ethereal afternoon. Not a sound comes from the creamy cottages, enmeshed in ivy, geraniums, and roses. The nibbling of the sheep, which seem likely to topple down on us from the flanks of the cliffs, is louder than the sea and wind. The rapture of the skylarks alone weaves silvery threads in the encompassing repose. Desolate as the land appears from a distance, it is a garden of wild flowers, as varied and as brilliant as those of the Tyrol in June—pink, scarlet, blue, yellow, and white—the white hemlock, the yellow bedstraw, the mauve gnautia, the reddish-purple foxglove, the red ballota, and the blue scabious. Moreover, there is hardly a bank or a hedge which is not cushioned with the wild thyme, its luminous purple and lavender mingling with runs of scarlet poppies. Heather and gorse are everywhere, except in the few meadows and fields under tillage, and loosely tossed upon them as by a careless hand are strings of more purple, the roots invisible, of the parasitical lesser dodder. Nor should I omit the acres of the tender sea-pink and the tree-high fuchsias raining scarlet over the stone-built, flat-topped fences which often serve as foot-paths.

I sometimes ask myself if I did not dream that peaceful afternoon. If I lived it, it was the only one in a month. Perfection does not happen every day. Cornwall is but a narrow strip between two seas, and is exposed to all the ferocity of the Atlantic. It is the gathering-place of violent winds and rains, though the temperature, ameliorated by the Gulf Stream, is mild; palms grow out of doors, and the magnolia blooms in December. All around the inn garden the veronica grows. Last July and most of August the sun defaulted, and all the rains that ever fell and all the winds that ever blew regathered and fell and blew again in a cataclysm.

I end where I should have begun, with our arrival.

"Guinear Road! Change for Helston and the Lizard!"

The "Cornish Riviera Limited," as they grandiosely call the best train of the day from London and Plymouth, condescends to drop us at the isolated station, where a rail-motor picks us up for Helston, and at Helston the world ends, and we are marooned. All this part of the country is low and wild, "a coarse, naked country," it was called long ago. It has not the opulent verdure of the counties nearer London, but is scarred by the débris and excavations of many mines—lead mines, tin mines, copper mines, and radium mines. At Helston we are transferred to a seismic and muddy motor-'bus, which whirls us across a moor of gorse and heather into the back of beyond. The local name for this wilderness is Meneage, which some antiquaries say is derived from the Persian for heath or heather, while others identify it with the Cymric "maenewg," meaning stony. At intervals the highway is intersected by smaller and rougher roads bearing romantic names, such as Ruan Crossroads and Dodson's Gap, where you stop to discharge a forlorn passenger or a bag or basket of mail into a donkey-cart, and again whirl along with the wind to the tune of splashing mud and rain on the door, window, and roof. Then you discover immeasurably far away, as it seems, a straggling row of detached, bleak, crouching white houses, like teeth notching the horizon, and that is Lizard Town.

The furies are on the wing, flapping us as we alight, and all the doomed are shrieking—all the reservoirs of heaven inverted. Our voices are snatched from our lips. We are as wet and cowed as if we had been washed ashore, derelicts of the gale and the night, lost souls bewildered as to our identity. As we drag ourselves to the inn on the cliff a flash startles us, a flash that rips the night open like an incandescent scymitar, such as would have served the purpose of the tyrant who wished that humanity had but one head so that he might cut it off with one blow. Amber reflections of it linger in the air behind it like the spokes of a wheel, and do not disappear till it strikes again. It reveals ships on the upheaving sea and the curve of breakers. It runs up flagstaffs and up the Marconi poles like streaks of lightning, and in an instant seems to lop off the rugged top of Penolver and all the beetling crags within its orbit. Every three seconds it strikes, vindictively but smoothly and unswervingly, as a weapon in the hands of a destroyer whose cup of revenge never fills. Faintly we see a

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white tower, and that too is truncated at every revolution. We have the illusion of seeing it topple, and the fiery outline of a panic-stricken figure plunging madly over the brim to escape destruction.

The mystery solves itself. It is the Lizard Light of fifteen-million candle-power. Until 1903 the light was divided between twin towers. Now it is concentrated in one, and it is the abandoned tower which somehow gives the illusion of that flaming, frantic diving man.

THE CONVERSION OF LUCIA BRAGG

By Algernon Tassin

I

THE whole town knew that Miss Lucia Bragg was an infidel and that consequently almost anything might be expected of her. But it was hardly prepared to see her alight one day from the afternoon train with a boy about six years old. She walked down the linden-shaded street, accommodating her briskly aggressive steps to his in a way which excited mingled approval and disapproval, but unalloyed speculation. Her manner was instinctively maternal—proudly and tenderly possessive. It was also, as had been her comings and goings for forty years, apparently oblivious to comment.

Most people pronounced this indifference a contemptuous and deliberate effacement of the rest of Bridgewood. For Lucia was one of those misplaced beings who are so different from their neighbors that their very existence is a challenge. Like all such beings, she was credited with many motives she never possessed, and with more subtlety of intention in her most casual actions than anybody ever possessed. There were few people in Bridgewood who had not at one time or another been deeply affronted by the reflections they deemed she had, all unconsciously, cast upon them. It must be admitted, however, that there was a suggestion of pharisaism in her walk. She could not have failed to know, in an aristocratic Virginia town where no man had been seen to hurry since the war and where ladies had from time immemorial undulated gently, unpropelled by visible means, that her short-skirted snappy tread clicked unaccustomed and reproachful echoes upon the mould-stained bricks. In fact, Miss Lucia Bragg had been heard to say that she had no patience with people dawdling so, and that genteel loafers were just as bad as tramps.

"I suppose the same thing that makes people infidels makes them suffragists," Mrs. Colonel Langley often remarked. "I could stand her being either, if she wouldn't dig so with her heels." And here was Lucia Bragg, who had clattered her defiant path through two generations of affronted Bridgewood, leading an unknown child along Middle Street with heedless and loitering steps, as if she gloried in the shackles of motherhood. Whose child was it? What was Lucia Bragg doing with it? What was she going to do with it?

These questions followed Lucia all the way up the street and into the house where she had lived alone since her father's death twenty years before. That was another grievance Bridgewood had against her. Who had ever heard of a young girl doing so unmaidenly a thing! Even if all her immediate relatives were dead, there were always cousins—especially in so widely affiliated a family as the Braggs. Or, if not, there were plenty of delicately reared ladies in town—sole survivors themselves, though at a less tender age—to whom it would have been a privilege as well as a gracious and charitable act to open the doors of the old Bragg mansion. But without chaperon and without a servant Lucia had lived alone all these years. She had even discouraged callers. In the winter, she explained, it

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seemed rather absurd to go to the trouble and expense of heating that enormous house; the rest of the year she was always in the garden in her working-togs. Twice during the summer, when the garden was at its fragrant best, in rose-time and in dahlia-time, Lucia entertained the town; and no one ever dreamed of staying away. The occasion had always been in accordance with the mellowest Bridgewood traditions. The entire ground floor was thrown open, cool and spacious and elegant; the great mahogany table and sideboard in the dining-room, under the charge of two neat handmaidens borrowed for the afternoon, were laden with the inviting profusion of ancestral dictate; and the hostess herself, robed in the sheerest of linen lawns (through generations the Bridgewood ideal for tea-parties), had received her guests under the Madeira-vine trellis just as her mother had done before her—soft-voiced and feminine as if there were no such things as suffrage or atheism in the world. But the town always had a stimulatingly uneasy expectation of finding her clad in her mail-order khakis with a trowel in her hand. For it was confident that sooner or later anybody with Lucia's beliefs and heels would kick over the traces.

And now apparently, if Mrs. Colonel Langley had the right of it, Lucia had done so. After three days of eager conjecture had come seemingly authentic news. So far, all that Bridgewood had been able to glean was that Miss Bragg had departed to Washington on the early train and returned in the afternoon bringing back with her the child and a pair of chastened heels; and that she had told the milkman to leave two quarts of milk instead of one in the mornings. But Mrs. Colonel Langley had had a letter from her friend Mrs. Helmstreet in Washington. That lady was one of the directors of the Melissa Orphanage. Miss Bragg, it seemed, had been in correspondence with the institution. She desired to adopt a male child between the ages of four and six—a child certainly without father and mother, and without other relatives if possible. And, if possible (here Mrs. Helmstreet inserted a shocked parenthesis), *a child that had never had any father.* My dear, went on Mrs. Helmstreet, that is the way she wrote it and actually underscored it herself. Well, there was unfortunately in a world like this no lack of candidates, and Miss Bragg had been apprised that she could call on any day she would designate as convenient, make her choice of three, and transact without delay the legal business of adoption. Miss Bragg had come, and in her brisk, plain-spoken way—perhaps it would be harsh to call it indelicate but certainly it would have been termed mannish in our time, my dear—had made a thorough physical examination of the children *with the assistance of Doctor Stott* (these italics were Mrs. Helmstreet's), had finally selected one, and, actually in his hearing, had reiterated the stipulation above mentioned. Being satisfied on this score, she had completed the business and departed with the child. And this is a Bragg of Bridgewood, concluded Mrs. Helmstreet. My dear, *what* is the world coming to!

Bridgewood, having lived with Miss Lucia Bragg all her life, was not as much surprised as Mrs. Helmstreet, but it was scarcely less scandalized. Although it was entirely puzzled as to her motive for so extraordinary a thing, it agreed that the stipulation was characteristic. No maiden lady in the town had ever adopted a child before—and an out-and-out adoption of a male child was scarcely delicate, you must admit; yet, had there been such an occurrence, there was certainly no need of such a lady going outside of the family—especially in Virginia; still, if that had to be, it was to be thought that she would seek to know as much about the child's antecedents as possible rather than as little. But to insist, and from the housetops, that the child be nameless! Well, after all, though that was the sort of thing Lucia might be expected to do, no one had ever expected her to do it.

It would have seemed bravado had it not been—as Mrs. Colonel Langley was fair enough to own—that Lucia had told nobody in town about it and evidently had not contemplated anybody's finding it out. But Mrs. Judge Peters had a way of closing discussions. "It may not be bravado in that sense," she said impressively. "But it certainly is in another. It is bravado to her own accusing soul. In

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her froward and increasing arrogance of mind, she desires to repudiate every sacred tie. What will she do next? First God, then man, then marriage—she has made light of them all!"

But Lucia worked in her garden all day long, as if behind its unusually high and vine-screened fence she were unconscious of all criticism. An occasional glimpse of the toddling boy or a shout of laughter from both of them as they played together was the only indication from without of the change that had taken place in the Bragg mansion. The boy never played on the street and, as Lucia did her household shopping entirely by telephone, the town never had a chance to see again the sight that had so roused it a month before. The few callers who had the temerity to present themselves found the gate locked as usual; and when Lucia appeared in answer to the gate-bell she had smilingly brandished her trowel and declared she couldn't think of letting anybody see her in her grimy condition. Besides, she added significantly, she was preparing a surprise for the August tea-party, now only three weeks away. This speech, as she intended, terminated the interview.

The tea-party eclipsed all its predecessors in the matter of attendance. Yet after all, it provided from the town's point of view but little surprise. Lucia, cool and erect in her trailing linen lawn, was found in her usual place under the Madeira-vine trellis. By her side, his bare brown legs astride the little chair the Bragg children had inherited one after the other, sat the boy, self-possessed and sturdy, yet childishly impressed with the gravity of the occasion. She had introduced him to each comer as her adopted son. He had jumped up promptly, extended a friendly hand, and said brightly and distinctly, "How do you do?" then he had reseated himself at once and watched the guests with wide and smiling eyes. It ran off like clockwork, as if it had been rehearsed. Mrs. Langley remarked that it might have been a reception to introduce the Prince of Wales to the court. It spoke worlds for Lucia's training that in six weeks a boy of his years and origin could be made to go through such an ordeal creditably.

There were but two items in the afternoon which could be said to meet expectations, although even with them the guests felt defrauded of the spectacular general announcement for which the stage had been so well set. Both of these items slowly filtered through the groups scattered about the lawn and house. It was Mrs. Judge Peters who had made the double discovery. The boy's name was Luther and he called her mother! Lucia had actually had the irreverence to bestow upon a nameless foundling the honored name of her father, and the unheard-of indelicacy to let him use the sacred title of mother! The latter was incredible and incredibly awkward—with an awkwardness which could only increase with years. Something should be done about it!

Nevertheless, nothing was done. By the time the news was fully discussed it had lost its momentum. No one volunteered to remonstrate with Lucia in the name of decency or outraged womanhood or anything else. It was not so much that the town was afraid—though it must be owned that no one would have cared to tackle her. But Lucia had become an institution. One thought of her as one thought of Mexico—a neighbor from whom revolutions were to be expected as a matter of course. After all, if Lucia wanted to lay up a lifelong awkwardness for herself, it was her own affair and why should she not reap as she had recklessly sowed? Perhaps it would in the end purge her as by fire. The matter gradually simmered down to an aspect of the case which every one agreed was by no means her own business. How was it faring with the child, cradled in free thought to which his inheritance only too clearly pointed tendencies? What was she doing for the child's religious instruction? Was it possible that she was bringing him up without any?

Mrs. Colonel Langley and Mrs. Judge Peters represented to Doctor Argyle that it was his business as a clergyman to inquire. When he reminded them that Lucia had refused to recognize his professional capacity, Mrs. Judge Peters demonstrated that acuteness of mind which caused it to be said that her husband often consulted her in his decisions.

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Bridgewood certainly did not wish to harbor a school for atheists. To become an atheist was one thing, but to be brought up one was another. Lucia would resent *their* inquiries as an unwarranted intrusion; but even if individually she scorned the doctor's calling, she could not but recognize that it existed and the exercise of it on general principles could not sensibly be regarded in a personal light. Doctor Argyle, admitting his high commission as ambassador, doubted the wisdom of the undertaking. Lucia had sadly enough constituted herself her own authority on the subject of religion, but she could be relied upon to inculcate in the child the strictest notions of honor and kindliness. The worst that could be expected was merely a lack of technical religious training. And perhaps, for the present—well, did not the ladies think that it would be better to wait until some natural occasion should arise? A seasonable word at the right moment might perhaps be wiser than formal remonstrance.

Mrs. Judge Peters, as usual, ended the conversation with a reverberation of her husband's court-room manner. It was St. Paul who advised being constant in and out of season. Certainly, one had not been brought up to suppose the total lack of religious training a merely technical matter. She was sure, when he came to think it over, he would look at it with their eyes—and with those of all of his congregation.

She had been correct. It was a golden afternoon in mid-September when Doctor Argyle hesitatingly rang the gate-bell of the Bragg house. Though enchanting and enchantingly congenial, Lucia had been to him a strangely disquieting person; and he sighed in anticipation.

Doctor Argyle's theology was as tight and trim as when it had been launched from the seminary forty-five years ago. But it was an ocean-going vessel he no longer sailed. Gradually and by unrecognized degrees he had abandoned her for a smaller coastwise boat making neighborly trips from port to port in home waters. But he had laid no wrecker's hands upon the towering structure gathering barnacles at anchor, and it hurt him that another should wish to do so. Had Doctor Argyle ever arranged his memories in order—something he had never sought to do, although he lived with them constantly—he would have seen that the day he and his theology began to part company was the day the girl he was about to marry ran away from home; and the day he had last stepped foot aboard the two-decker was just before he had heard that she lay dead in New York City unrepentant and with all her sins upon her. But Doctor Argyle was not an analytic person. He was a gentle and smiling soul who went about wistfully telling of the beauty of forgiveness and the wrong of bitterness, and preaching it from the pulpit on Sundays. It was this spirit of loving-kindness which he was able to communicate in his life and in his sermons—for the latter were, one must own, somewhat spineless, especially as they were quite unstiffened by doctrine. Now, as he rested his arms upon the Bragg gate and saw Miss Lucia coming around from the back of the house, he sighed helplessly. He hoped she would understand.

Lucia had never in all her self-sufficient life held up a forbidding trowel to Doctor Argyle. Even the steadiest sheep of his flock had less affection for him. The others took him for granted as their inherited and pastoral head, and they felt with some reason that they were becomingly indulgent. They petted him and bullied him by turns, but somewhat as a nurse might treat a distinguished patient to whom she never thinks of applying ordinary methods. Lucia, however, had no necessity of perceiving the doctor through an apostolic perspective. To her he was a gracious ineffective mouthpiece of an absurd tradition, uttering with sweetness of heart philosophical concepts which modern thought had long ago consigned to the scrap-heap. But something more than the gentility of his nature endeared him to her. She perceived, and apparently she alone, that he had long since laid aside his theology and that he never suspected it. She hoped he would be spared the pain of finding it out. She realized what it must be to sit at his age amidst the crumbled ruins of what had once been home. She had yet to discover that the gentle dropping of years of kindly grief may wear away imperceptibly the most frowning structure.

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Long ago he had become her only privileged visitor in Bridgewood—in the days when he had more hope of snatching her as a brand from the burning. She liked to give him the pleasure of fulfilling an orthodox function. She nimbly eluded him whenever possible; when he cornered her, she parried with weapons which she fancied were powerless to hurt him. Thus for years in Lucia's street-locked garden had been played this little comedy wherein the mild white-haired clergyman sought to convert her, and she to defend her principles without forcing him to perceive how unstable were his own.

He was not so simple as to imagine that her indulgence should be taken for a sign of yielding. It was not this which gave him a hope that all might even yet be well. But he was puzzled that a mind so acute in all other directions could have accepted radical doctrines with apparently so little question of their support, and that a tongue so quick and clever in most ways should, when driven to argument, have so little to say for its lame and impotent conclusions. He felt that he could often have stated the case much better himself. He could not, however, fail to take it as an indication that Lucia had experienced unaware a spiritual homesickness, that in the desert of unbelief through which she was passing she had been able to strike no well of living water by which to set up her dwelling-place. This he thought he had discerned, and was awaiting his hour. And now this delicate matter of the boy might cost him his cherished opportunity.

Lucia smiled a bright welcome to Doctor Argyle and led the way to the back of the house. The vines in front were beginning to thin, and she and Luther had been playing under the cedars.

The boy galloped to the doctor as to an old friend. But arriving, he planted his feet, squared his shoulders, and thrust out his hand gravely. "How do you do?" he said in his best tea-party manner.

Both Lucia and the doctor chuckled and pretended to be laughing at something else.

"I fear," said he, "it will be a long time before a certain person gets over that habit. Some lessons leave an indelible imprint."

Immediately he was reminded of the object of his call. If there was no help for it, he might as well take the opportunity thus created. "Run away, Luther," he began. "I want to talk with your—with——"

"Mother," said Lucia, quietly finishing the sentence as she kissed the boy. "Run away and come back when mother calls."

"Did it ever occur to you, Lucia," said Doctor Argyle diffidently, "that this charming life will not go on forever? Later you will not always hear the questions that will be raised. But when you do hear them you must answer them. For one thing, will it be fair to him to be telling the world constantly that you have adopted him under such circumstances?"

Lucia rested her chin in her hands and looked at the doctor with soft meditative eyes. "I am forty years old," she said at last. "When you were forty, how many years had you been longing to hear a child call you father?"

Doctor Argyle winced. He could not summon words to meet such an unexpected remark. He had been sitting with his hands clasped upon the head of his cane. With an apologetic smile as if he begged her not to consider it a liberty, he dropped his head upon his hands and sat in silence.

Lucia perceived that she had unwittingly touched some heavier ache than loneliness or longing. She got up quickly and stood beside him with her hand upon his stooping shoulder. "No—no!" she said instinctively.

After a moment Doctor Argyle raised his head and again smiled apologetically. But he did not speak.

It was Lucia who broke the silence. "It can do no harm now. Later, as he grows up, we will do what is best. Perhaps by that time I shall see, myself, that it is one of those sweet and ridiculous things which belong only to childhood."

His glance was resting upon the brown-legged boy playing among the cedars. Lucia felt that he was still looking at the two ghosts her speech had summoned. She sought to change his mind. "But what was it you wanted to talk to me about?" she said encouragingly.

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The old man cleared his throat. "About Luther. What—what are you teaching him?"

Lucia smiled. "Indians for the body, fairies for the spirit, a-b-c's for the mind."

"And what for the soul?" he asked soberly.

She patted his shoulder. "Are not soul and spirit the same?"

"Not in the sense you mean. What for the soul?"

"I am teaching him to be brave, to be honorable, to be kind. Is not that enough?"

"No," said he. "Does not your own soul tell you so?"

"What more is there?" asked Lucia.

"There is God," said Doctor Argyle.

"Oh!" said Lucia very gently. She did not wish to shock him. "You mean —I should teach him to be conventional."

Doctor Argyle smiled yearningly. "You know what I mean."

"I don't know but you are right," mused Lucia. "Now that you put it that way."

"What way?" he asked.

"Being conventional," returned Lucia thoughtfully. It was she who had put it that way, as even the doctor saw. He wondered if that was an indication that she had welcomed the topic. "I can lock the world outside my garden, but few people are so fortunate. If one is in the world, especially a small world like this, unconventionality always exacts its penalty. It is a penalty no one should have to pay unless he elects to do so of his own free will. No child should have unconventionality thrust upon him."

Doctor Argyle started. Substitute atheism for unconventionality—a substitution which Lucia herself had made—and the words were precisely those of Mrs. Judge Peters.

Lucia went on with her thought. "Perhaps one day he might not care to pay the penalty I had forced him to pay. And whether he cared or not, it would stand in the way of his success." She smiled. "Suppose, for instance, he should try to be President of the United States!"

Doctor Argyle shook his head. "Lucia, Lucia!" said he solemnly. "Would you set his feet upon the way for so unworthy a motive as that? His material success?"

Lucia flashed him a smile of tender audacity. But she suppressed the temptation to tell him that his religion held out many material rewards. "Why not?" she asked. "Besides, God works in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. And even Elijah looked for the voice of God in the earthquake and the tempest and the fire, but it came in an unexpected whisper at last."

She glowed with sudden appreciation. "What a beautiful fairy tale that is!" she cried. "Not in external marvel but in ourselves is the spiritual summons."

Doctor Argyle felt uncomfortably that his office prescribed a reproof. But he did not wish to lose an opportunity. "Then why don't you teach it to Luther? And all the rest of them? Why don't you send him to Sunday-school?"

"Because some of the fairy tales are not beautiful," she answered. She hurried on, for she feared to hurt him if she were asked to specify. "But I have been thinking over some things recently. I have been trying to be a child again and remember what we thought, justly or unjustly, of other children who did not go to Sunday-school; and I have been figuring out how many of those ideas unconsciously persisted and colored all our future estimates. Then I have followed the careers of those children. And I have come to the conclusion that, by and large, the children who went to Sunday-school have led more honorable and successful lives than those who did not go. I will not pretend to you that I think disbelief had anything to do with it, but I think unconventionality had. There is something in the very nature of unconventionality which forces one to swagger. The comparison of those children is not fair, of course, since there were only a few who didn't go and they came of disreputable stock. But there were some disreputable children who *did* go and they turned out well. So you see the chances are in favor of it. And I must give my boy all the chances there are."

"You will let him go, then?" quavered Doctor Argyle delightedly. It was an easy triumph.

"Well, not as much as that," corrected Lucia smilingly. "For he would learn there many things I should have to un-

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learn him, and that would confuse and injure him. But I will, if you wish, let Sunday-school come to him."

"To him?"

"Yes. If you want to do so, you may come here every Sunday afternoon and have a private school of your own."

"I will come," cried Doctor Argyle promptly. The triumph was as easy as it had at first appeared, and it was infinitely more delightful.

"But," warned Lucia, "you know there are many things which I cannot have him taught because they would conflict with my own teaching. You can see that, even if I am wrong, there would be much harm in that. So, if you come, you must tell me first the things you are going to say to him, and I will tell you whether you may or not. For the rest, I know that you will treat me fairly. You will say to yourself always, Would Lucia want me to put it in this way?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, if you told him that Elijah story, for instance. He would say to you, What is God? How would you answer him?"

Doctor Argyle thought for a moment. "I should tell him that God is the name we give to the spirit within us which makes us hope to do the right thing."

Lucia nodded and held out her hand. "Is it a bargain, then?"

He took her hand tenderly. "My dear," he said, "perhaps God is working with you in a mysterious way."

"Perhaps," she said. "I can lay claim to the spirit that hopes to do the right thing. And if God had to do things in his own way in spite of the preconceived notions of Elijah, possibly he knows that some of his children are like him."

She called Luther, and the child came flying. "Luther," she said, "Doctor Argyle is coming to see you every Sunday. Especially to see you and tell you stories. Isn't that nice of him? What do you say?"

"Thank you, Doctor Argyle," said Luther promptly and gravely, stretching out his hand.

The old man stooped and held it in both of his. Seeing them thus, Lucia had an inspiration. At least, she felt it was an inspiration; afterward she perceived that it had been taking shape in her mind ever since he had bowed his white head over his cane.

"But, Luther," she said, "if he is coming so often to see you, you must not call him anything so formal as Doctor Argyle. I think it would be nice to call him grandpa. What do you think?"

"Would it?" said Luther. "Shall I call you grandpa, Doctor Argyle?"

The doctor did not trust himself to look at Lucia. But he leaned over very slowly and kissed the boy. Lucia saw that there was in the act something indefinably humble and timid and sacramental. She felt that she should not have witnessed it.

"Yes," said the doctor. Then, without saying good-by to Lucia, he went slowly down the front walk.

II

When Doctor Argyle reported to Mrs. Judge Peters and Mrs. Colonel Langley the success of his mission or as much of it as he thought wise—that he was to give the boy religious instruction every Sunday—it aroused both elation and disappointment among the ladies of Bridgewood. Lucia had, it is true, yielded the main point, but she had managed to magnify her own and the boy's importance in yielding. She never could do anything like anybody else. But fortunately they never suspected that she had accepted just so much of the proposition as suited her own plans, or that she had bargained with their clergyman for an edited and diluted gospel. Doctor Argyle felt guiltily that nothing in the long history of Lucia's revolts would have affronted them more than this. He feared also, when he thought it over afterward, that they would have resented his position as decidedly equivocal. Boldly stated, it might indeed be so to those who stood upon the letter of the law; but the letter was nothing, the spirit everything. The citadel which had withstood battle and siege might fall at last by strategy. It was a holy strategy, he was convinced.

Moreover, it was undeniable that the pursuance of it lent a great deal of interest to his life. It was extremely interesting to find out what Lucia objected

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to and why, and to try to discover a way of getting around the difficulty. So well did he learn, in the autumn sunshine of the ripened garden, to anticipate her point of view and meet it, that he sometimes wondered uneasily which one of them had been imparting instruction—Lucia or he. With much self-questioning he surveyed the ground he had covered. He hoped he had not been a casuist; he could not see that he had relinquished one vital point; and yet how surprisingly susceptible of a wide range of presentation were all the Bible stories which he had been telling Luther. It was curious to note how unexpectedly rich in meaning some of them became when they were definitely humanized. Could it be possible that in his younger days he had by ascribing so much importance to their scriptural form and their supposedly allegorical nature limited their meaning? The sacred character of others seemed at times to be merely the accidental result of their position. Stripped of their precise relation to the supernatural, the contents seemed the same; and their eventual spiritual significance had sometimes been even increased.

Take, for instance, the story of Uzzah and the ark—when Uzzah had stretched forth his hand to steady the ark and God had struck him dead. Lucia had pointed out that the boy would certainly conclude that God was cruel and unjust. What was he going to do about it? She herself had extricated him from his difficulty. It was a difficulty. For in accepting the traditional explanation of the inviolability of the ark, he had still—like David himself—felt that God had treated the priest unfairly. The man had certainly done his best with a human condition that confronted him. But this uneasiness Lucia herself had explained away. It was not amiss for a boy to learn that even God must subscribe to laws which he had set going. In the end, perhaps, there might be compensation for those who had transgressed the law in obedience to a higher claim. Thus, to break the law facing the penalty was somehow a nobler thing than to escape it by an individual dispensation.

"But, Lucia," cried the doctor, his breath taken away by this transfiguring exegesis. "You do not believe in the compensation of another life."

"I do not know," said Lucia. "I cannot believe it myself. But all races have believed it in some form or other. It may have been instinct, it may have been fear or self-glorification. Or their prophets may have concluded that this belief made people live wiser lives. I am willing that Luther should believe it. When he finds he cannot, it will be a prop which he no longer needs. The essential thing is that we should not look upon another world as a place merely for reward and punishment, with reward and punishment according to our present imperfect standards. That is a degrading belief."

As she explained this, Lucia became aware of some emotional tension in the atmosphere, but she did not suspect its cause. Doctor Argyle fingered his cane nervously. He kept his eyes on the brown-legged boy playing under the cedars until he should be summoned to his lesson.

"Lucia," he faltered. "You are so clear about most things. Can't—can't you believe in a future existence?" There was a world of anxious yearning in his voice.

"No," Lucia was beginning, "I—" She stopped. Something in his tone had palsied her reply. Could it be possible that she had weakened Doctor Argyle's own belief? She darted a frightened look at him, but he was still gazing in the direction of the boy. She must find out.

She controlled herself to speak lightly. "I didn't know that you thought I was clear about anything. Besides, I have never tried to convince you—have I?"

"No," he said, still avoiding her gaze. "But you have put all those old things in a new way, and made them mean different things. At first I thought they were the same, but they are different—and they do not point to the same conclusion. Your way seems to me to mean more than the old way, and maybe you are right. So, perhaps, you are right about this, and this is the basis of everything. This is what really matters."

Lucia felt stifled. She could not foist her barren belief upon an aged man. When one was young it might be better—

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in George Eliot's phrase—to live without opium. And truth-compelled, he would be truth-sustained. But it was distinctly a matter of temperament even then. And when one was old and had taken opium all his life and to-morrow would go down into the great unknown! Oh, it must not be! She could not accuse herself of one wanton word intended to shake his conviction, even in the way of self-justification. But there it was. Through his association with her the foundations of his life had just at its close been weakened and undermined. She felt as if she had struck a blow upon the gentle old face which was gazing out into the belt of cedars.

She rushed precipitately and knelt beside him. As before, she had no voice but instinct. "Oh, no, no!" she cried.

He clung to her hand tightly. It had all been unexpected and he was bewildered. "My dear," he said apologetically. "I am an old tree and my roots have been uncovered."

Lucia sobbed over his hand.

He tried to comfort her. "It is not your fault. But I fear that unbelief is for the strong in body and the vigorous in mind. The old, I expect, have to be treated like the very young. Only there is no time for adjustment."

Lucia sat back upon her knees and stared with all her might into the cedars. She was seeking to compel her mind to fashion some thought which would help him.

"Don't you see?" she said slowly, letting one thought build itself upon another as she spoke. "The moulders of all religions have by different ways arrived at the same thing. Why? Religion is love-created. It is our own love of life and of each other which has fashioned a future world. But life is changing, and changing always for the better. When in the past people have laid hands upon their inherited religions and changed or revolted from them if they could not change them, it has always been in the name of a higher morality. That is, of a greater love. Not one of us would want to arrive at the heaven of long ago, since that was fashioned in a day when men loved less."

Lucia faltered, for she saw that the weak point was coming. She faltered, and her eyes wandered from the upper gloom of the cedars where they had been fixed, to the brown legs twinkling among the slim stems below.

"But shall we arrive anywhere?" implored Doctor Argyle. "Tell me."

Lucia could not, when the moment came, forsake her colors. "I do not know," she said, "and if I deceived myself into thinking I knew and fashioned such a place, don't you see that many years from now it would be just like all the other heavens? A mansion constructed of outworn ideals? For the world goes marching on."

"But is it marching somewhere?" implored Doctor Argyle.

"I do not know," responded Lucia again. But no longer falteringly. She had risen to her feet as if she felt the urging of invisible hands to testify standing to the faith that was within her. "But your Sunday lessons have taught me just the opposite of what they have taught you. Thay have showed me that while these things have different names they *are* the same. How do I differ from you, Doctor Argyle? I follow the light which I see. What does it matter what we call it or that mine seems to contradict yours? I can join with you in the eternal human cry—Though he slay me, yet will I trust him!"

The afternoon sun sinking behind the cedars slanted in golden shafts across the grass. Doctor Argyle, uplifted by the thrill in her voice, turned to see her standing with hands folded upon her breast and with the upward gaze of a saint pictured in an ecstatic vision. The boy, seeing that she had risen, thought she had called him. He came running.

"Ready!" he cried.

The doctor drew the boy gently to him. "There will be no lesson to-day," he said. He kissed the boy and going to Lucia kissed her also. "I understand," he said. "But I am bewildered. Good-by, my dear."

He went slowly around the house. Lucia, looking sadly after him, thought he leaned more heavily upon his cane. She knew too well that the answer she had been able to make to him, accustomed to an authoritative voice, had failed to fill

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the sudden void in his heart, and that the vision so effulgent to her would sustain him but for a moment and crumble like the approaching sunset into a chaos that glittered no longer.

The next Sunday came one of those protracted rain-storms which sometimes in Virginia, as with impatience, wrench off abruptly a lingering Indian summer.

Doctor Argyle, shaken by his recent experience, welcomed the respite it gave him. It put off, until another week at least, the necessity of facing a decision. With December set in almost at once inclement wintry weather, and without his having foreseen it or indeed so intended, his weekly visits came to an end of themselves. In a way this seemed natural enough, for Lucia's hibernation had always been complete. No one had penetrated into her winter quarters, and he himself was unable to think of her apart from her garden. Nevertheless, Doctor Argyle perceived that the winter had furnished a definite break which he must otherwise have made for himself. Grieved as he was to relinquish the companionship of Lucia and the boy, he had found himself unable, for the present at least, to resume the lessons. It would only tear open the wound which he had with trembling, ineffective fingers essayed to bandage.

But with the settled advent of spring he felt that he could not longer postpone a decision. Either he must take up his Sunday visits again or he must inform Lucia that he had decided it was best not to do so. In the latter event he foresaw it would be but a matter of time before Mrs. Judge Peters would possess herself of all the facts in the case. He feared she would render a merciless verdict. How could he expose to her uncompromising gaze all the well-intentioned sleights, the delicate concessions, by which one after the other he had let himself unknowingly into the labyrinth from which he could now discover no egress! Beckoned by an angel of light, he had followed to the furthest frontier of her Eden and found it walled by darkness. All his natural dignity shrank at the idea of the poor figure he would make under the cross-examination of Mrs. Judge Peters; his veneration for Lucia cried out against subjecting her to that lady's heavy-fisted condemnation. She would remind him that the Scriptures themselves had indicated for his guidance, had he chosen to hearken, what personage might sometimes assume angelic guise, and had counselled no compromise with the powers of evil.

There was another matter he must face. Mrs. Judge Peters with her keen and logical mind would pounce on it at once, and he must be ready with his answer. Did he propose to continue in his sacred office? Under the inquisition of the long winter evenings, when he had been vainly trying to patch up his belief, he had discovered why it was that he had offered so little resistance to Lucia's ideas. At last he discovered how many years it had been since he had accepted or preached the dogmas of his church. He recognized that all these years he had been doing with them unconsciously and at the demand of his own heart what he had done with the boy knowingly and at the desire of another. He had translated into purely human terms such doctrines as were capable of translation, and let the rest go. He saw now when it was he had begun to do so, and why. It was as Lucia had said. In the interests of a greater love—which she had called a higher morality—he had given up the harsher prescriptions of his faith, and had consecrated himself to presenting to man the forgiveness and the laying aside of bitterness which his faith denied to God. He said to himself that if he had preached all these years outside of the tenets of his church and had done no harm thereby, why should he not go on? But though in all other ways the dreary puzzle baffled him, it did not in this. Unless he were sure of the future life, he had no right to preach any part of the gospel of Christ or retain the name and office of his minister. Yet every fibre of his sensitive nature shrank from the gross consequences—the scandal, the averted or distressed faces—the harvest of cynicism. Where too was he to go? A stronger soul would, he told himself, have scorned so ignoble a consideration. But, except for the church of God, he was physically, as well as spiritually, shelterless. Must he in his honorable age, when other men were laying down their burdens, stumble forth discredited into the

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world and seek a place in which to live the remnant of his life—a helpless and trembling old man whom nobody would want?

In his confusion and perplexity he turned as by habit to Lucia. Yet it seemed disloyal to the church by which he had so long lived to reveal its inability to help him now, even to arrive at a decision. Furthermore, exquisite and comforting as Lucia would be to him, she would bring him face to face with the blankness which froze his soul, though to her it was as heaven's abyss to an eagle.

A scribbled note from Lucia shifted his tottering world from internal to external in an instant. "Come at once," she wrote. "Luther is dying."

He found her sitting at the bedside in a darkened room, steadfast and hollow-eyed. She came with mechanical calmness to meet him at the door. The boy had taken a fever, no one knew how. She had sent for a helper and had never left the room. The crisis had passed, but the doctor said all hope was gone. Vitality exhausted, the little flame would shortly flicker out.

Doctor Argyle moved to the bed in the daze which had held him all the way over to the Bragg mansion. A faint lightening of the eyes told him he was recognized. But the child was too spent for further exertion.

He turned to Lucia. "Does he know?" he said vacantly.

Lucia gave him a haggard smile. "No. He has never known, and it is too late to teach him the meaning of death now. Besides, what is its meaning?"

"Lucia, Lucia!" whispered Doctor Argyle, overcome with a great helplessness. "Shall we pray?"

But Lucia put out a detaining hand. "It would be cruel. Don't let us frighten—the little pilgrim. He must think he is only going to sleep."

Doctor Argyle was trembling so that Lucia put her arm around him to keep him from falling. He leaned upon her like a child, and sought to stifle his suppressed sobbing. When he became quieter, he lifted up his head, and giving her his apologetic smile, which even at such a moment smote upon her distracted heart, he raised his eyes above and in her arms began to pray aloud.

"Dear doctor," said Lucia firmly. "You must not. It will frighten him."

The boy breathed her name. "Mother."

She moved swiftly to him and Doctor Argyle's prayer ceased. He too strained every nerve to catch Luther's tiny voice.

"Yes. Yes, dear?"

"What is it?"

"Nothing, dear. You are going to sleep soon."

"I am afraid."

"There is nothing to be afraid of, dear. Mother is here."

"I am afraid. It's dark."

"Dear, it is always dark when you go to sleep. That is why you go to sleep. Because it is getting dark."

But she knew what he wanted her to say.

"You—here?"

"Yes. I will be here—when you wake up."

He sighed contentedly and closed his eyes.

Doctor Argyle did not move. He began his prayer again, but this time it was soundless.

After a while she rose and came to him.

"Well," she said gently, her tears falling at last, "it is over. I—I shall never have to hear him call me anything but mother now."

"Lucia," whispered Doctor Argyle. "Tell me where they have gone. My—my little one and yours."

It was her first intimation that he had not during the winter recovered his lost ground. In the midst of her numbness and desolation she felt a stab of pain.

"I do not know," said she. "But there is nothing to fear. If they are asleep, it cannot be ill; and we too shall be sleeping shortly."

"But it must have gone somewhere," he cried in agony. "The life that spoke just now. Where?"

"I do not know," repeated Lucia. "But say it if you like, dear Doctor Argyle. Lucia—and she—are with God. I only know that no little life comes into the world but it comes to somebody to receive and care for it. If there is another world it must be so there. And if they come marred and maimed to us, we care for them all the more tenderly."

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She did not know until afterward why he gave her the look of such exquisite gratitude. But it was then that she realized how much she had become to him—that he turned to her as his sole stay and comfort in the midst of the doubt which she had plunged him into. At that moment she accepted the charge thankfully into her emptied hands and heart.

It was not long after the funeral that Bridgewood had another sensation and saw another sight. Lucia adopted Doctor Argyle. He went to live in the Bragg mansion; and its mistress permanently unlocked the garden gate. People came to see him, but she did not go out any oftener than before, except on Sundays, when she accompanied him to church. He took her arm and she accommodated her brisk steps to his feeble ones. Her manner was again instinctively maternal, tenderly and proudly possessive. Furthermore, she sat in the long-untenanted Bragg pew and listened reverently to his sermons. Mrs. Judge Peters hoped that it was with a change of heart, but Lucia had always been different from anybody else. No indication of the state of her soul could be expected of her.

This spring Lucia worked as much in the garden as ever, and Doctor Argyle puttered in her wake with another trowel. When the time for the rose tea-party came, they cried together a little, but nevertheless agreed that he should receive with her under the Madeira-vine trellis.

Out of deference to her grief Doctor Argyle had sought to conceal his anxieties. But she had been glad to talk them over. She brought him to her point of view that all these things were at bottom the same in spite of their different names. The creeds people made had always been an expression of the highest morality which at the time they could perceive. Historically, there had always been transition states wherein, strugglingly, something old was being discarded and something new added. She pointed out that he had never preached doctrinal sermons anyway. Why, then, for the sake of a few technicalities (he recognized that he had once used this same word to Mrs. Judge Peters) should he plunge Bridgewood into confusion? Even the subject of his primary defection she approached resolutely. There had been many apocalyptic visions and beautiful imaginative utterances about the hereafter, but no one really knew anything. Heaven was the embodiment of the world's hope. Thus, whether each had his vision or not was a matter of the individual temperament. Because she had been unable to convince herself of a future life was no reason for him to relinquish his vision. She was glad to feel that he thought her right on other matters, but he must see that this one was not in the same category. There, she had denied or affirmed in accordance with the reason that had been given her; here, reason must stop with the mere not knowing. One could neither deny nor affirm by the light of reason; he knew or did not know in accordance with his temperament only.

Doctor Argyle felt buoyed and sustained by his talks with her in the garden. Since the front of the house was now open to all the world, they sat more than ever in the back. But his eyes rarely sought hers. They were fixed upon the belt of cedars which bordered the garden. It was as if they were bounding his world. Within was warmth and light and color, without was blank emptiness. Lucia, as she watched him sadly, knew what he longed for her to say.

To herself she said: That is how the world must go on bearing the burden of its outworn and lower ideals. We teach them to the young because for one reason or another we fear to prejudice their future. The old cling to them because they turn for support to the days of their youth when vitality was high. Our little period of revolt is bounded on each side by acquiescence. Fear, always fear! Can it be that fear, too, is love-created? If we had no love, should we be without fear?

She often found herself gazing with a vacant mind into the cedars where she had watched the boy playing as she sat with Doctor Argyle in the preliminary lesson-talks. The dull ache of her heart for him had never ceased. So sweet he had been and he had stayed so short a while! Yet, in her, love had created no fear. His death had discovered no new spiritual need to her heart; she was still content with an unknown future and un-

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afraid. But she felt more tenderness, if possible, with those who had fear. The boy's brief sojourn with her had enabled her to estimate the love which passionately seeks to pierce beyond the grave. She saw that the world divided itself into two classes between whom its greatest gulf is fixed—the many who fear descending into naught and the few who do not. She longed intensely to be able to say to Doctor Argyle the words craved by his shaken soul. It needed so little to set at rest the perturbation of his gentle spirit. Lucia knew that her hand could sustain him during his final passage—for that matter, she suspected that for the most of us there was in the hour of death too little vitality to bother with such things. It was not to help him dying that she longed to restore to him his belief in a future life, but that living he might descend with more tranquil happiness into the valley of the shadow. For she saw, proudly and gratefully, that she had been able to impart to the twilight of his day a greater content than he had ever known. So little it needed to be complete! But no. Faith in a future life was a matter of temperament, and she had told him that no vision had been vouchsafed to hers. She could not tamper with the truth on Doctor Argyle's account—dear as he had grown to her, and doubly dear because of the harm that he had suffered at her hands.

And yet, why not? What, after all, did it matter? She had done so with Luther in order that fear should not be awakened in him. Why should she not do so with Doctor Argyle to quiet a fear already awakened? Love was always a business of countless tender deceits. If love demanded that she restore Doctor Argyle's faith in a future life by announcing her own, why should she not sacrifice the truth to a higher claim, be the penalty what it may? Two human passions, she told herself, had been through the world's history gaining ground—the love of humanity and the love of truth. All the other passions remained what they had been; sometimes, indeed, they had seemed diminished in face of the higher ones; but they were at least no stronger. Only the love of man and the love of truth had steadily made headway, until now no one could fail to see that they were marching hand in hand. The most scientific of ages was at the same time the most philanthropic.

It was wider knowledge that had created wider love, and truth had been at the service of love. Why, it was Doctor Argyle's love for the woman who ran away and took up a life of degradation that had made him abandon a theology which insisted that her ruin was eternal. Yet that denial of truth as he would have seen it then, had led him to the truth as she saw it. Black was the negation, the absence, of color; and yet in a lump of coal, black to its innermost grain, lay hidden all the glories of the rainbow. If the creed of a future life had been love-created in the beginning, why should not her love recreate one for him? What did it matter except for her own personal responsibility to truth, and one's idea of truth never remained at a standstill? Even if it were otherwise, she would not shrink one day to look back upon her defection from truth and she should always be ashamed of her defection from love.

In the end, she made up her mind quite suddenly. Just as she had known she was not Luther's mother when she had taught him to call her so and the boy had felt in a little while that it was so, in like manner she could construct another tender make-believe for Doctor Argyle and he would accept it eagerly and his happiness would be complete. And she herself would be as happy in the one deception as in the other. After all, each was relatively unimportant except for the happiness it brought. She had told Doctor Argyle that no vision had been vouchsafed her. Well, she would set to work to achieve a vision; and it should have all the flavor of actuality about it, in order that his simple and sentimental nature might be more thoroughly convinced and the other impression effaced.

It so happened that romantic materials for such a fabrication were at hand, Lucia bethought herself ruefully. She had lately begun to experience for the first time in her vigorous life any of the penalties of Adam. She had been advised by Doctor Stott, in Washington, that it would be wise for her to submit to an operation. It was not much, he had said

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reassuringly. He apprehended very little, but she must be for some while under ether.

Much or little made small difference to Lucia. Of the risk she thought nothing whatever—such things were a part of the business of living. But there was something particularly distressing about the purely mechanical and physical side of undergoing an operation. Having lived all her life apart from people, she told herself humorously that it was only natural she should feel repugnance at the thought of such a superlative abdication of her carefully guarded privacy. But it nevertheless smacked of the abnormal and must be conquered. She had made the appointment and resolutely put it from her mind. She now resolved to make her hospital experience the vehicle of her vision. She would tell Doctor Argyle that as she was taking the ether the thought had come to her that she might never wake and in that instant she became confident that she must awake somewhere, and that all would be well. It would be a simple matter to impress him profoundly with such a tale.

But as the time approached she found her nervous horror of the physical details growing more acute. The thought of yielding up her consciousness at the bidding of another, of submitting her body to the handling of another while her mind lay inert and sealed in a deathlike sleep, became well-nigh intolerable. Both were indignities which no human being should be called upon to endure. As the ordeal drew nearer still, she was shamefully conscious of something like panic. All these details became sharply projected on her fear-sensitized imagination. The fear was primitive, animal, degrading; but there it was. Lucia felt that she was no longer in possession of her soul, just as shortly she should no longer possess her mind and body.

Nevertheless, love controlled her when she told Doctor Argyle, and the necessity of calming him steadied her. Doctor Stott had said it was nothing, she told him, and she herself had no fear. She would admit that she did not like it, but the going under ether would be a unique opportunity to examine the phenomenon of ebbing consciousness. At what second would one cease to say, "I am here and on the watch"? So she made light of it. But in her heart she was blindly afraid. Pain and death were nothing, but this abdication of her personality and the subsequent violation of the temple of her body in a drugged sleep were beyond measure horrible. She saw that it was in appreciating the horror that she had also let in the fear. It was her horror which had filled the unknown with these soul-sickening details.

Doctor Argyle had exhibited an unexpected firmness. He would accompany her to Washington and remain there for definite news. Lucia allowed him to have his way, though she would much rather have faced her dark hour alone. Could he stay with her in her room until—until they sent him away? Lucia promised to arrange it if possible.

The last thing Lucia saw when her eyelids dropped was Doctor Argyle's bewildered and gentle face returning an apologetic smile to her encouraging one. She knew he was apologizing because he was allowing his selfish fear to disturb her at such a moment.

But though her eyelids had fallen from heaviness, she told herself that her consciousness still sat firmly enthroned. In front of her eyes was a suffusion of wavering light. It occupied all the space there was. Now she herself was lost in it. She was but a speck in the midst of all that muffled radiance, dulled and softened like electric light through frosted glass. But though she was only a dizzy speck fluttering in the ocean of that pulsing light, she was still herself. As she gazed strainedly, awaiting the moment this minute consciousness should cease, she saw another speck floating afar. The two specks, by means of the pulsation of that light, were wafted together. As she approached the other, she saw that it was not tiny like herself but that it was growing in size and taking recognizable shape. She glowed in response to it and knew before she was able to recognize it what it would be. It was Luther. He smiled upon her and said: "When you wake up I shall be here." Then she knew no more.

When they admitted Doctor Argyle to her room afterward, Lucia turned her head on the pillow. She was exhausted

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and dizzy, but her eyes were wells of deep content.

"Dear," she said, as she placed her trembling hand in his upon the bed, "it's all right. And—and I have had my vision."

At first he did not know what she meant. He was engulfed in a great wave of thankfulness.

"Your vision?" he repeated. "The phenomenon of ebbing consciousness?"

"Why, yes," she returned, "if one cares to call it that. But I have gone down into death, and I know that they are there waiting for us. Yours and mine who have gone before."

When Lucia was able to go home, they walked slowly hand in hand to their favorite seat at the back of the house. They gazed silently for some time into the belt of cedars. Lucia was thinking of the transformation that had been worked in her. She had known fear, and it was fear that had changed her nature. Whether her belief in a future life were solely fear-created or not, she did not know. But she knew she should never have had it otherwise. It was fear that had made her reach out, for the first time, and grope for something stronger than herself. Perhaps this groping was the needful thing. She had been willing to lie to Doctor Argyle, but there had been no need. Fear and love working together had vouchsafed her a vision. It was all a happy puzzle. She would take it simply, as those of old took their divine mysteries, and would seek no solution.

Doctor Argyle broke the silence softly. "Lucia, my dear, God *was* working with you in a mysterious way."

"I think," said Lucia, "He never works in any other way. Because He must speak to each one of us in the only voice we are fitted to hear. And no one may guess beforehand what that voice will be."

SONG

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

THE roses are dead in the garden
  And the wind comes and goes
Bearing them into the silence—
  For each of my dreams a rose.

The door of the house is bolted
  And on the hearth no fire!
And my heart keeps burning, burning
  With the live coals of Desire.

Yet here when the roses were blooming
  I turned from their thorns in pain,
And here when the door was open
  I dreamed of a palace in Spain.

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"Them there's what's on my mind, day and night."—Page 119.

CAPTAIN ULYSSES G. DADD
(RETIRED)

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANGUS MACDONALL

"THEY'S only one to-day, far's I can see," announced the sheriff of Lodge Pole, ex-officio chairman of the Committee to See the Stage Come In.

"Guess he wanted to get off at Star City," mused the Postmaster-and-Barkeep of Lodge Pole, a furrow of anxiety marring his dual brow. "They's an opery-house there."

The lone occupant of the stage, a large, red-faced gentleman of indeterminate years, lumbered stiffly from the vehicle and gazed about him with profound attention. He was clothed entirely in blue, set off with an amazing number of brass buttons. Having at length completed his scrutiny of the camp and its beetling environs, he nodded his head and spoke:

"Quite high up—this here port?"

"If it was any higher it'd be two mile," offered the sheriff, regarding the newcomer with the appraising eye of the law.

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"Right oh," and the other nodded once more, as a man satisfied. "You can heave that dunnage overboard, my man."

A little later he sat upon a vast pile of belongings in pink and yellow bags and addressed the still gaping citizens.

"I am the only seafaring man as has ever give up the sea fer good," he announced. "Lots on 'em's gone away, but they always comes back sooner or later. I call 'em weak. Josiah Snow went to Kansas. Says he can't put up with the devilled water no longer. Back inside of tew month. 'What's a matter?' says I. 'Try it,' says he. 'I ain't no lollypop,' says I. 'When I go I stay. No more o' this good-fer-nothing salt water fer mine.' By the way, mates, does they happen to be any quarters hereabouts that ain't in commission just now?"

"How's that?" The law at Lodge Pole was not to be caught napping by any subtlety of strange speech.

"Any quarters—er—any place a man can put up—a hotel or something?"

He began to realize that his actions might lay themselves open to misinterpretation.—Page 122.

"Haw-haw," roared the Postmaster-and-Barkeep. "*Ho*-tels—yeh, lots of 'em. But's a matter o' fact, they *is* that shack Alaska Owens pulled out of last week. The rent ain't high, bein' zero, and the taxes is nom'nal."

"We might have a ration o' grog to all hands," mused the seafaring man.

Later, they led him by tortuous toe-holds through the business district of Lodge Pole, two hundred perpendicular feet to the floor of the canyon and perhaps a tenth of that distance up the opposite wall, to the late residence of Alaska Owens, who had departed Lodge Pole by unanimous consent. It looked rather more like a large-sized packing-case than anything else, and one could not down the impression that it had been dropped from a great height and somehow miraculously stood the impact. At any rate, it clung there on its precarious ledge and looked out over the thread of low, huddled roofs which made up the "bottoms" of Lodge Pole.

"Good broad beam," commented the

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seafarer, with the satisfied air of one who had always sailed, by preference, in vessels of noble girth, "but unseaworthy"—the last with a professional eye squinting through the cracks in the planking. "We'll have t' overhaul a bit, I reck'n."

The committee was about to retrace its steps and leave the new owner at his threshold—a square aperture at the top of the box—when the sheriff was suddenly moved by his official character, the same having been a trifle mollified by the ration to all hands.

"Stranger," he hesitated, "y' see we always like here to—er—to sort o' know a man's name——"

"Spoke like a gentleman," boomed the man in blue. "My name is nobody's secret—*Cap'n* Ulysses G. Dadd, of the brig *Valentine*, and the four-master *Philip Sandow*, and the ship *Adrianne*, and the——"

"*And*—yer business——?"

"*And* my business in these here waters—er—*here*—is bein' and remainin' sev'ral hunderd mile from the smell o' salt, *fer good*. I ain't no lollypop."

They left him sitting on the top side of his abode and thumping his broad chest as a man of resolution should.

The amenities having been accomplished, it was not the business of any man to disturb the captain's rest, and so it was merely by accident that one Shoeleather Huggins, returning from a prospect in the hills, happened upon the retired seafarer in mortal conflict with a saw and a fragment of hard pine, three days later.

"Puttin' in some cupboards?" he inquired with neighborly cheer.

The captain raised a red face and an ireful eye.

"*Cupboards?*"

Then his better nature reflected that education is a jewel of great scarcity and that many men are ignorant.

"Not cupboards," he explained with patience. "*Timbers*. She ain't got near enough timbers in her hull. I can't see what her builder was thinkin' of—why, she'd go to pieces in a tideway. But here's what worries me most. Come aboard and see."

He felt that this was no time for ceremony. —Page 125.

He led Shoeleather within and stood pointing at one of the floor cracks with an air of tremendous portent.

"Them there's what's on my mind, day and night."

Shoeleather was somewhat confused. He peered down through the meagre opening at his feet but could make out nothing more sinister than a rusty oyster-can reposing beneath the shack. He was trying in vain to frame a non-committal reply, when the captain came to his relief by fixing him with an eye of further portent and pronouncing:

"A man with a leaky craft is only half a man."

Enormously relieved, Shoeleather

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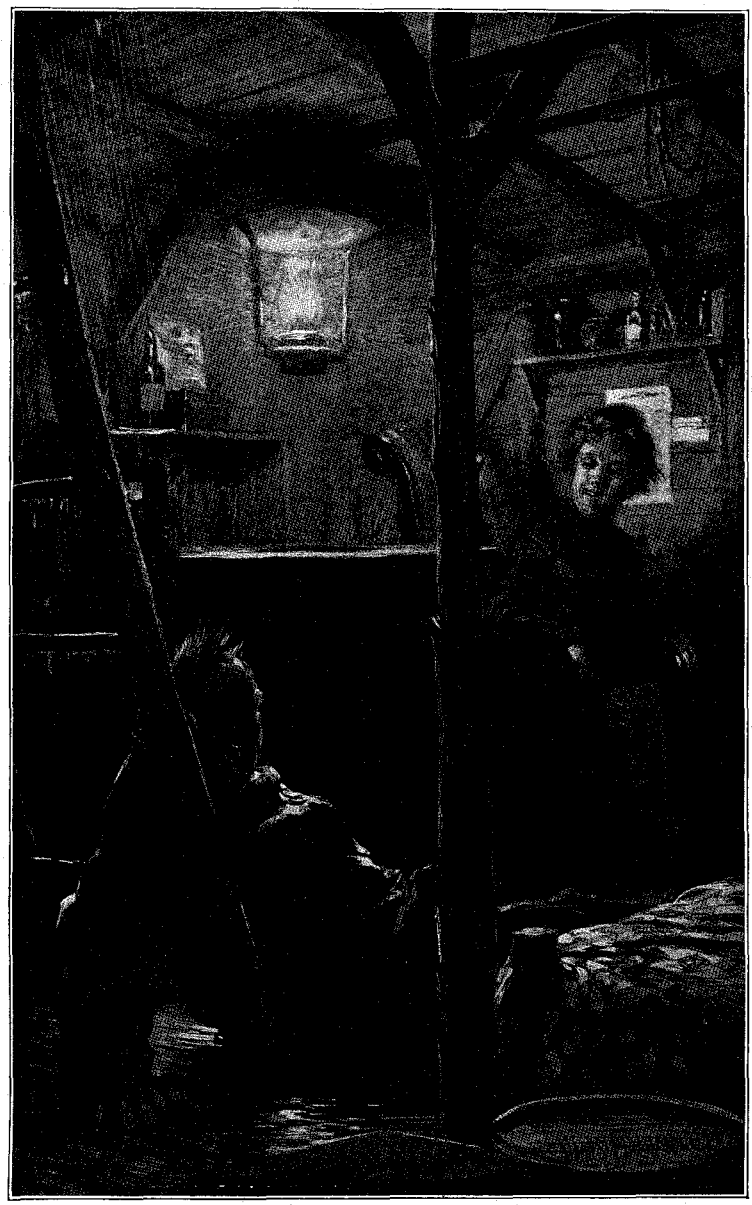
admitted that this was true and went on home with his brain reeling.

It was the latter part of the same week that a teamster by the name of Mark, between two drinks at the Postoffice-and-Bar, propounded the theory that the newcomer was out of his head.

"I've see 'em doin' sech things at the State 'Sylum, up to Petersburg, but out in the open—ugh-ugh—never," he was heard to mutter. Pressed for particulars, he became savage.

"Looky here, will a man in his head, like you er me, spend his time poundin' string into cracks with a col' chisel an' mallet—huh?"

Captain Dadd, who could fill a seam with the best ship's caulker alive, would



"Wall, I snum to man," he marvelled, staring at the rocker in the corner, his face crimson. "How'd *yew* git here?"—Page 125.

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probably have stood aghast if he could have heard this. He did come in shortly after, for a "bit of toddy." He made himself comfortable on a coil of rope and called sturdily for stories—stories about the mountains and outlaws in general.

"Fill me up with 'em," he demanded. "I been waitin' to hear 'em fer long."

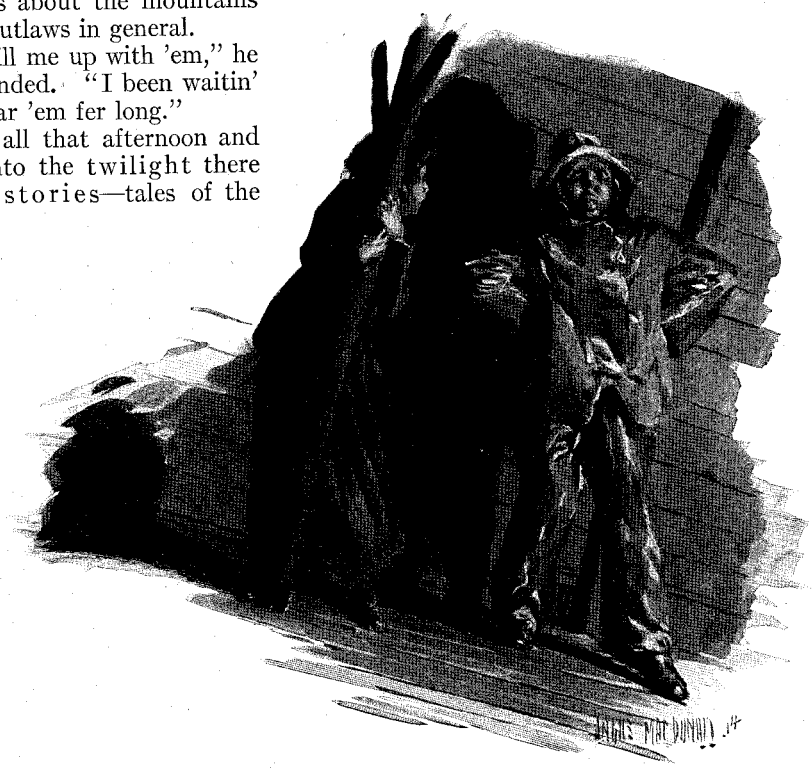
So all that afternoon and far into the twilight there were stories—tales of the Gold Coast, records of cruises in the Indian Ocean, narratives of the water-fronts of Melbourne and Singapore and Rio Janeiro, till the seafaring man was entirely out of breath and the rope in his hands, having suffered a hundred and three miraculous knots without repeating once, exhibited signs of disintegration.

"Reckon I perty nigh ruined that bit o' line," he muttered. "Better le'me have about ten fathom of it. It's always handy about decks, anyhow."

He developed a mania for buying "a bit o' line." Scarcely two days passed in succession that he did not carry home a coil of it. Mark's theory gained adherents.

"What's he do with it all?" the sheriff wanted to know.

"I can't tell you," the Postmaster-and-Barkeep had to confess. "But he ain't got any the best of me—he don't know hisself. He told me so."



"We must be going at a frightful rate."—Page 126.

Shoeleather Huggins had an offering as well.

"You know, he's got that floor of his tighter'n a bathtub. 'Tain't healthy, I call it."

And so passed the month of March. Captain Dadd was content at last, having put the sea, which is man's worst enemy, firmly behind him—for good. Such time as he could spare from "overhaulin'" he spent in assuring the citizens of Lodge Pole that they were incomparably more fortunate than seafaring characters.

"Have a look at that there sky-line," he would exhort them. "Nice up an' down an' perty, an' little sticks o' trees in it—an'—an' it don't ever move. That's the p'int. It don't ever move."

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The man who heard anything but satisfaction in all this must have been crazy, as the captain would have told him with considerable heat.

Half a mile below the captain's shelf of rock, the canyon widens out abruptly into a considerable hollow in the hills, known as the Basin. This basin is perhaps a quarter of a mile wide by two miles in length, terminating at the lower end in a narrow cut, through which the most insignificant creek ever dignified by the name of "river" escapes to the valley of the Tunegas. Above and behind the captain's ledge stands a gigantic nubbin of rock, adorned with a cluster of the only lodge-pole pines for twenty miles around.

Upon an early afternoon of April, a man was sitting at the top of the highest tree of this company. No one could have guessed what the man was doing there in twenty guesses. The man himself would not have done it in a hundred. A spy-glass of mammoth proportions hung from his shoulder, but he had not put it to his eyes. He rested his burly form on the topmost branch that would bear his weight and rocked gently back and forth for an hour.

"It don't ever, ever, ever move," he remarked at length.

Then he began to descend, very laboriously, for he was a large man. He had come as far as the lowermost branch, and was preparing to embrace the trunk in his arms, when a gasp of apprehension broke from his lips and his legs wrapped themselves automatically about the limb.

Why the captain should have acted in this manner is yet to be ascertained. There is a popular saying about sailors and girls and the generality of ports, and, after all, it was only a rather plump and rather good-looking woman, flanked by a pair of apparently innocent children, that met his startled gaze from below.

The captain felt that he would appear less idiotic if he could think of something to say. He began to realize that his actions might lay themselves open to misinterpretation.

"I—I ain't seen you around here before," he faltered.

"I just came a few days ago," the lady replied, with a frank cheerfulness. "What can you be doing up in that tree, if it's not too impolite to ask?"

The captain puffed out his cheeks and blew and gazed up the trunk as though meditating. Likewise he blushed.

"I thought I made out a bird's nest up there," he imparted, with the air of a man who would not wish it to be generally known; "but I was mistaken."

"I don't see why you stay up there," came the cheerful voice from below. "It must be uncomfortable. *There,* I seem to be offering a lot of advice that hasn't been asked for."

The captain descended with a great show of puffing and blowing and sat down upon a ledge to mop his steaming brow.

"You can see a pile of country from up there." He tried the new tack delicately.

"H'mmm. Something like a mast, isn't it?"

A man of smaller calibre than Captain Dadd would have abandoned his guns at this. Had he been carrying on his trade in the prize-ring, the sporting writers would have termed him a "glutton for punishment." Observing her covertly from beneath the brim of his cap, he saw that the woman's face was free from guile, and he changed front with an amazing versatility of defence.

"I am the only seafarin' person as has ever—" he launched forth upon his formal proclamation, but she interrupted him with a flicker of laughter.

"Oh, oh, I know who you are all right. There's no one in Lodge Pole who doesn't know about Captain Ulysses G. Dadd."

Things were beginning to get on. There is a certain quality to the sound of wind blowing through the branches of pine-trees that resembles music. The retired seaman's hand found its way into the breast of his jacket, and he discovered himself a trifle nearer the lady, who was also seated upon the ledge of rock.

"And now," he offered, in his best quarter-deck style, "I believe you've got the best of me—how?"

"Oh, I—my name is Susan Lander," she told him, merrily, but with an eye upon the waning ledge between them.

"I'm pleased t' know you, Miss Lander." The captain gained a good half foot by his wriggle of emphasis.

"*Mrs.* Lander," she corrected.

"*Mrs.* Lander," he repeated, but there was no gusto in his words. After all, it is

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"Whose children are them seven?" he demanded, glaring down upon her with a baleful eye.—Page 127.

only the poets who can distinguish music in the trees.

"*Widdy?*" he exploded after a moment, for the chance had occurred to him in an explosive manner.

Mrs. Lander nodded her head and arose with some abruptness to let her hands fall unconsciously over the children's shoulders.

The captain had never been noted for stopping people on the street for the purpose of exclaiming over their offspring. He was, in fact, what he was pleased to denominate "a man's man." At this point, however, he eased his person into a less constrained attitude, and expanded his chest.

"Perty kids, I call 'em. I wisht I had a bit o' toffy about me."

"I think they're nice," the woman agreed, smiling down at them.

"There are only seven of them," she added.

"Holy speckled mack'rul," remarked the seafarer under his breath.

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He sat hunched upon himself and watched the three go away through the pines, still muttering the name of the sanctified fish.

"Only seven of 'em," Captain Dadd mused, some days later. "Only forty-eight—only a couple of hunderd—thousand."

If he was merely drilling himself in the lower branches of mathematics, he went at it with a singular heat and venom. He spat over the starboard rail of his angular craft, noted that the last rays of the sun had left the Basin, lowered the flag from the peak of the improvised mast and ran up a "riding-light" in its place, all with a pronounced lack of enthusiasm. Then in the gathering gloom he brooded over that portion of Lodge Pole which lay before him, and especially over a square red house which had been pointed out to him by a certain lady, at his earnest solicitation.

At length he spat over the port side. Then he took two or three turns up and down the deck, pausing to examine the mooring-line, which ran down to a bowlder in the canyon, against chance of chafing in the event that the wind should haul "to the south'rd" during the night. Then he went below.

"'Twa'n't my fault, though, was it?" he appealed to her.—Page 128.

"Only *seven*," he remarked once more, with the same flavor of indignation.

About twelve o'clock that night, the captain was awakened by a battering and roaring in the world without. He was a sound sleeper, and it took some time for him to gather his faculties. Half-way

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there he murmured his willingness to eat the capstan if there wouldn't be a considerable sea making up before long. Then his reason came upon him and he remarked: "Dodgastit."

"This here's the consarndest country," he complained, rolling out of his bunk. "Can't tell one darn thing about the weather. Turn in with the wind t' the west'rd an' everything clear; turn out with a gale o' rain. Sacred herrin'—*it be rainin'*."

A few minutes later he repaired "above decks," muffled in oilskins, and repeated his statement that it was raining. It was not a steady downpour, but more like a procession of waterfalls passing overhead, and in the pauses the mariner could hear the gurgling of myriad rivulets eating at the mountains. He went below and stripped off his dripping "oils" with the firm idea of returning to rest, only to sit brooding over them for ten minutes by the ship's chronometer on the bulkhead. At the end of that time he rose and pulled them on once more, lit a huge ship's lantern, and left the vessel.

In the "bottoms" the captain found the water already rising about his ankles, and it was only the light of the lantern that saved him from numerous collisions with splashing refugees, all making for the other wall of the gulch. After a series of encounters with stray buildings he came to the one he was looking for—the red one. He felt that this was no time for ceremony, and accordingly thundered upon the door with all the violence he could command. After a while he tried the door, found it would open, and received a hollow echo to the shout he sent in. A man running past in the dark paused long enough to ask him what he was looking for there.

"Why, I was jest—er—" hesitated the mariner, "I was jest huntin' fer somebody——"

"Hunt higher," yelled the man, waving a shadowy arm toward the other side of the canyon.

The captain sighed, probably with relief. He turned and splashed back through the black and ragged town. Before he reached the foot of his ledge he decided it was high time for him to hurry.

"Tide comes s'prisin' fast," he muttered to himself, feeling the invisible water swirling fiercely about his thighs. It struck with a rush as he groped for his own little trail, battered at his waist, licked about his shoulders, and swept him into a clump of scrub-oak, where he clung sputtering and panting till he could clamber on with a better breath. He was glad to see the lights of his vessel. They gave him a feeling of warmth, illumination, and security there in the tormented gloom.

"Quite a bit o' wind," he remarked to himself as he squinted at the "riding-light," which spun around the masthead like a distracted pinwheel. "I wonder if she's got all seven of 'em aloft and secured," he added irrelevantly.

All unnoted by the shrouded world, a tremendous change had come over Captain Ulysses G. Dadd. He scrambled up the side-ladder with a greater show of energy than had been his for weeks past, and once on deck, he paced back and forth, head erect and nostrils quivering like a superannuated fire-horse at the clang of a gong. Below, in the darkness on the "lee side," could be heard a mighty passage of water and the occasional splash of a bowlder, dislodged by the eating rivulets. The great wind boomed across the ridges above, descending into the canyon in erratic dabs and eddies. The rain was no longer a rain—it was the bursting of a cloud.

The seafaring man raised the hatch and was washed into, rather than entered, the cabin, landing on the floor in a watery heap. To put it most charitably, here was an undignified posture for a man who had commanded deep-sea ships. Captain Dadd was acutely aware of the fact.

"Wall, I snum to man," he marvelled, staring at the rocker in the corner, his face crimson. "How'd *yew* git here?"

"I walked," answered the lady, smiling and unembarrassed.

"I got the wrong side of the gulch," she went on without waiting, "and then I saw your lights, and when I found nobody at home I just came in. I was sure you wouldn't mind on such a night. Do you?"

Captain Dadd waved his hands feebly in front of his face. After all, what can one say to a question like that? He re-

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mained there flapping his hands so long that she had to say something, so she suggested that he might take off his dripping oil-clothes.

"N'mmm," he mumbled. "I reckon I better go 'bove-decks an' take a squint around." He clambered out heavily.

He returned after some five minutes of "squinting around" with an air of suppressed excitement about him.

"Consid'ble water comin'," he observed. "How often d' they have these here high-course tides in these parts—d' you know?"

"Do you mean these washouts?" Her smile might conceivably have been one of amusement. "I guess they come every year or so—the people get used to bringing their houses back from the Basin. Why?"

"Because if it keeps on risin' 'twon't be long—*jumpin' catfish*—" The captain stopped with this abrupt blasphemy and stared at the lady.

"*Jumpin' catfish!*" herepeated; "where's the *seven?*"

It was now her turn to stare.

"The *seven?* Seven *what?*"

"Why, the seven little 'uns."

She laughed—a comfortable, full-bosomed laugh.

"Oh, they're all right. Up on the other side, I suppose."

Captain Dadd regarded her severely.

"Wall, I mus' say you take it ca'm," he observed.

Perhaps he did her an injustice, for she had already got up and sought the immemorial refuge of her sex in "tidying up" the room. This was an unfortunate move, as she began to realize with the discovery that no "tidying up" was needed here. The binnacle on the "forward bulkhead" shone with the lustre of seven suns, as did the chronometer and the sextant and the hanging lamp. The cabin deck was swabbed till it cried for a speck of dust. The commander might have had his turn at amusement now had he not been so absorbed with the really extraordinary way in which the lady seemed to set off the beauties of the apartment. He heaved a tremendous sigh as she reached out a plump arm to take up his favorite volume of "Coast Pilot."

Then he made another sort of sound as the "Coast Pilot" came to life and jumped to meet her hand. A great rattle of things banging on walls disturbed the booming silence of the cabin. The mariner found himself sprawling on the floor some feet from the chair he had lately occupied. Mrs. Susan Lander, clinging to a stanchion, opened her mouth but she did not scream.

There came another jar, and another. Then the little room fell to rocking and careening gently, for all the world like the cabin of a vessel at sea. The hanging lamp described smooth circles around its pivot, the dial in the binnacle wavered erratically for a moment, then settled at S. S. W. The chronometer on the bulkhead told three bells of the morning watch.

Mrs. Lander clung to her stanchion, staring at Captain Dadd out of round eyes. The latter teetered back and forth on his toes, puffed his cheeks prodigiously, squinted an eye at the face of the compass, and strove to be sober.

"I'll tumble up and have a look about," he muttered, studiously avoiding the lady's eye. She spoke with a steadiness that belied the pallor of her face.

"I can't see," she said, "I can't see why we haven't bumped into the bottom of the Basin by this time. We must be going at a frightful rate."

"*Going?* Why, darnation—er—why, we're riding at *anchor*, I tell you. Craft o' this tonnage ain't goin' t' drag a moorin' stone 's big's a house very far."

"Oh, I didn't understand."

The captain had succeeded in composing his face, but the rakish tilt of his shoulders betrayed his shameful elation as he clambered up the ladder and disappeared in the wet darkness "above-decks." When he came down again, he found his shipmate pointing in consternation at a film of water which had spread over the floor.

"Oh, that'll be all right," he assured her. "Half an hour in the water'll close her seams up more'n all the caulkin' in the world. We're ridin' easy, right in the middle o' the fairway." He buried his chin in a hand and appeared to meditate.

"I reckon you'll be wantin' t' get ashore." A sigh. "Got to signal for a boat party. Our boats ain't—er—jest seaworthy."

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He sighed again, turned to a rack on the wall and took down a rocket, marked "Red," and clambered out again. A moment later the lady was aware of a lurid glow pouring down through the companionway. She sat on the table, feet tucked beneath her, full ten minutes, before the mariner's voice sounded from above.

"They're wigwagging," he announced importantly.

After another space of silence he lumbered down and stood before her, scratching his head in perplexity.

"I'll be hornswaggled if I can make out what they're tryin' t' say," he grumbled. "'Tain't in 'Naval' and 'tain't in 'U. S. Merchant' and 'tain't in 'International.' Can't make head or tail out of it. Better stick yer head out an' take a look. Mebby some shore code."

"They're making a raft," she called down when she had taken a "look."

"What code?"

"Common Sense Code. It's what anybody would do."

Captain Dadd was silent.

For a time now the two shipmates watched the distant activities, taking turn and turn about "on deck," one of them always remaining below in the interests of stability. The rain left off suddenly and the stars came out; the wash of a hundred miles rushed under them, boiling and muddy, kicking up a little white feather of spray where the mooring-line, taut up-stream, cut into it. At length it was evident, by the fluctuations of the lanterns ashore, that the improvised raft was being launched. Mrs. Lander went below and the captain took the deck to supervise boarding operations.

"They're comin' down at the end of a line," he informed her shortly. And then after a little while:

"There's two of 'em aboard her. I can make 'em out now, plain. They'll be alongside in a couple o' minutes."

"Where are they now?" she called up a moment later.

"They're only jest a little ways off now," he reassured her. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Susan—you'll be seein' them childern o' yourn in ten minutes more, an' glad they'll——"

"Children of *mine?*"

Something about the exclamation led Captain Dadd to turn about on his knees and stick his head down the hatchway.

"Whose children are them seven?" he demanded, glaring down upon her with a baleful eye.

"What seven?"

"Them *seven.*"

"If you mean the youngsters that come to school to me," she advised him primly, "why, I'm sure I can't tell you. I only know their first names."

Captain Ulysses G. Dadd continued to stare at her. His face became redder and redder, which was perhaps due to the fact that it was the lowermost portion of his anatomy at that moment. The lady viewed him with growing solicitude for his blood-vessels.

"Why?" she inquired with a lame briskness. "Did you actually think—" But there the captain interrupted her.

"Wall—I'll—be—dummed."

Then his face was no longer visible in the opening.

She heard a muffled hail—the voice of the Postmaster-and-Barkeep.

"I believe I'll get my hat on," she observed to herself.

But the course of events was to run in other channels. She had no more than lifted her hand when there came a slight shock, followed by a tremendous and innocuous burst of swearing from the deck overhead. The cabin fell to bobbing and gyrating slowly. The sound of the water swishing along the sides was no longer audible. After a moment, the commander's face appeared in the hatchway.

"Wall, of all the—wall, now what d'you think o'—wall, of all the dumnation luck——"

"Captain, what *is* the matter?"

"Wall, now what d'you think o' that there moorin'-line—partin' spang in two, when them fellows warn't over a fathom away."

Later they were floating upon the bosom of the Basin. The gray of the dawn was on the peaks. The mariner came down the ladder, the picture of a man bowed down by adverse fate.

"You know," he speculated, "if this carries us through the gut below here, why, it might take us half-way to tide-water before it let up." Out of the cor-

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ner of one squinted eye, he observed the effect of this appalling prophecy upon the lady.

"I shouldn't wonder," she prophesied in turn, "if it ran us down as far as Three Forks."

The captain was evidently laboring in the grip of some shattering emotion. He drew up a chair, sat down, with his feet planted squarely in six inches of water and his hands grasping the edge of the table till their knuckles whitened painfully. Thus braced, he resumed:

"Three Forks, you say? H'mmm. I reckon they'd be a church o' some sort at Three Forks, wouldn't they, Mrs. Susan?"

"Why, I suppose so."

It seemed that a large drop of water had splashed upon the binnacle, and the lady must fall to rubbing it vigorously with her handkerchief. The mariner, however, had set his hand to the plough.

"And I reckon if they was a church, they'd likewise be a—a—a *parson*."

She had vanquished the spot now and turned to face him with the sort of smile the poor man had never beheld before in his life.

"Why, of course there would, you old—" She did not say "idiot," she said "dear."

The seafarer jumped up and walked furiously around the table, betraying a state of mind unbecoming to a "man's man."

"Wall, I'll be— Susan. Would you ever 've b'lieved it was in me?"

Still later, and the derelict residence progressed with occasional bumpings over the cottonwood flats of the Tunegas. Mrs. Susan Lander was sitting "on deck," far "aft," musing. Captain Dadd's head appeared from the companionway and bobbed and rotated uneasily, as though it had been the Baptist's head on a very unstable charger. It was evident from the light of uncertainty in his eye that he had something to say and did not know how to say it. He bent the eye upon the lady and then turned it hastily to the weather.

"Hum," he soliloquized, "hum, we come a sight of a ways from Lodge Pole, ain't we, Susan?"

"Quite a ways," she agreed, smiling slightly, as if she knew something he did not know.

"Dodgastit—hum—be a'most 's cheap fer you an' me t' go right on t' tide-water 's go back, wouldn't you say, Susan?"

"I should think so." Her face was perfectly sober.

"Wall, of all the goldumnation luck," he grumbled. "If that ain't the worst ever. Goodfernothin' stinkin' salt water again. Wonder what Josiah Snow'll say." He dwelt upon this distressing question for a moment, chin in hand.

"'Twa'n't my fault, though, was it?" he appealed to her.

"Why, of course not," she said. She groped behind her back for the remnant of the "mooring-line" which still dangled over the edge and brought forth that end where it had so disastrously "parted" the night before.

"Ulysses—" she commenced, but when she looked up she found that the head had vanished.

The line had been cut with a knife, as clean as the proverbial whistle.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

Minding our Manners

I HAVE read a good deal lately on the subject of politeness, especially politeness to their elders as practised by that large and heterogeneous class designated as American Youth. Being a humble member of that class I have taken the criticism to heart. Most of it is stimulating, and it has set me thinking.

Most of it. Some of it is so harsh and shows so little insight that it leaves me with a feeling of wonder that the critic should suppose he could convince any one of youth's monopoly of rudeness. I have no answer to that.

As for the gentler criticism, which is given and taken in good part, I am sorry to say that much of it is just and true. But the gist of the charges is that we are more ill-mannered than the past few generations and that I am loath to believe.

I believe the manners of our present-day "polite society," in which the "younger set" plays quite an important rôle, have improved, and we compare rather favorably with some of the personages pictured by Thackeray, for instance. We are less artificial and more frank. Of course sincerity and frankness can degenerate into inconsiderateness; but they do not necessarily, and sincerity in anything is surely a step in the right direction.

As to manners in our homes, I believe it is the exception where one encounters wrangling or a good old-fashioned family row —where courtesy is not a law of the household. If we are less Chesterfieldian in our drawing-rooms we are more kind and human to each other in our homes. The boys are perhaps less courtly to their mothers and sisters, but I don't think any one will deny they are growing more unselfish and considerate; the girls are less demure, but they are also less capricious and spiteful—that is, if we are to believe the testimony of our beloved authors. It seems to me that sympathy and comradeship in a family create their own set of manners, anyway, quite beside the understanding of on-lookers—certain stiff individuals in particular, who would have a recognized form of intercourse applicable unvaryingly to all.

It has occurred to me also that a new problem confronts the younger generation of to-day, that of just what attitude to adopt toward one's elders. The fact is, there is a new generation of elders growing up who do not like to be treated according to old precedents. Now, it is unseemly to lay much stress upon difference in years by marked attentions, or to assume that any one has definitely set aside his own youth. Actual age counts for little; we are young or old, and choose our companions, according to our natures, not our years.

I suppose it was quite an easy matter in days gone by for a young lady to bob up when an older one entered the room. There is more than that to it now. If she rises it must be with no emphasis upon the reason; in many cases it is best not to rise, and then she must keep her seat with deferential dignity, thereby paying a more delicate, though less obvious, compliment. And of these two courses she must be the sole judge. Do you wonder that she sometimes errs?

Also there is no longer that great distinction between married and single. Imagine the indignation of a modern young matron of twenty at the deference paid her by a spinster of twenty-five. That used to be quite right and proper. Nowadays a girl is a girl, married or single, until she verges on middle age, and is treated as such by her acquaintances. And this is no reflection on the married state either; it is simply the valuation of a woman for her own qualities; and the prestige of having attained the ultimate (in the shape of a husband) is lessening daily.

"Young people are not what they were in my day!" is a cry that has echoed down the ages. Certainly they are not. Else why do we differ from the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court? Doubtless our ambitions, our gayeties, our puppy-loves are the same; but each generation is governed by different conditions, and the outward demonstrations of youth are different.

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Besides, it does not follow that because one generation demands one thing of its youth, that same youth grown older should demand the same thing. And if in other times the young people made more of a show of deference to their elders, surely now we live on much friendlier terms together. Our formal "respect for gray hairs" has given way to a genuinely grateful acknowledgment of their spirit of youth, which we find to be one with our own. We love them better because they are willing we should know them better—they do not hold us so far off. Surely all this tends to make the transition from youth to age much more gradual and far less difficult and heart-breaking.

This is indeed the Age of Youth. Everything is being done for us, allowances are made for us that were never made before; thus it happens that many of us feel an importance beyond our due. I don't believe that the cry for freedom, the slogan "Let us live our own lives!" is general. It comes from some young extremists who take themselves and their niche in the universe too seriously. Perhaps they are selfish, but they are not legion. Rather they are the failures, the victims, of this new social scheme which is not yet adjusted.

I myself am not of that chorus chanting hymns to the glorification of Youth, nor do I lift my voice in accompaniment to some of our novelists (I am sure they must be very young and rather blind) who preach that Age is ever the servant of Youth to the advancement of the race. I suspect that theory of being labelled "primordial instinct" and hurled at the gallery. So many of our actions are primordial instincts now it makes it difficult to determine just how much free will we have left. It is a truism to say that Age and Youth supplement each other. That Age should sacrifice to Youth or Youth to Age seems far-fetched. Why cannot we, as individuals, render service where we see service needed and veneration where veneration is due, and leave the matter there? That, I think, is the light toward which we guide our stumbling steps.

I want to assure our stern critics that we are trying, in spite of appearances, and to beg those affronted elders for whom they speak to make more generous allowance for us; promising that when we have straightened ourselves out a bit and begun to take in hand the next generation they will see much to commend in their grandchildren, although their own offspring fell so far below the mark.

GARDENING is a desperately æsthetic business nowadays. The refinements of it pass the refinements of esoteric philosophy. Esoteric religion is, rather, the thing with which to compare it. A superlatively discriminating sort of Calvinism holds sway over the carefully ordered beds, and forbids the intrusion of plants that are not strictly elect.

The Geranium

Fortunately, the qualifications are many and various, and they are subject to enlargement at any moment. A tabooed flower has frequently only to wait in patience and dignity until some swerving of taste sets the gardener to considering its possibilities. Then, if it shows itself docile to some slight suggestion of change (such as a country cousin might manifest by doing her hair in a different way), it may step at once into a position of signal favor. The rise of the dahlia is an instance of such a shifting of fortune from ignominious neglect to respected distinction. The petunia also has found itself lately re-established.

But there is one flower whose case seems hopeless, at the mention of whose name every right-minded garden-lover shrugs disdainfully; and that is the geranium. Its presence in a flower-bed is as damningly significant of crudeness and thoughtlessness of taste as a plush picture-frame on a parlor wall. Only the horticultural *bourgeoisie* allow geraniums to intrude among larkspur and foxgloves.

And yet, why? What is the matter with this ill-regarded plant? It is no more stiff in the stem than, say, valerian. It is no more mathematically symmetrical than the rose. It is tender and delicate in texture, and has a delicious fragrance which so many of its more highly favored rivals lack. It is a thoroughly well-equipped flower, and its critics find themselves hard put to it to condemn it reasonably. They have to fall back on two rather vague words which are much in use nowadays, and say that the geranium is not "interesting," it lacks "temperament."

I think, for my part, that one reason lies in its extreme good nature. It respects

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itself in a sort of fashion, taking all the soil and the sun and air that it needs, blooming without reserve; but it never seems to think that it has any special rights or requirements. It is not fussy about its food, it has no distinctive pest or disease—like hollyhock rust or phlox mildew—it is not particular about its neighbors; it has not even a "season," during which it monopolizes attention by its extravagant glory and after which it retires and leaves its foliage *de trop*. It seems to think that a flower's business is to bloom, and to this duty and privilege it applies itself sanely and soberly, making itself as much and as little in evidence at one time of year as another. Indoors and outdoors, in summer and winter and sunshine and storm, its brave, bright petals unfold and it bares its heart to the world. It is undisturbed in this steadfastness by the social opprobrium which rests upon it. In fact, it seems hardly aware of its own neglect. Given any chance at all, anywhere, no matter how grudgingly, it makes itself cheerfully at home and settles down to its perennial occupation. Either it does not mind being slighted, or it does not know what slighting means.

But we people of the complex world of subtle sympathies and reactions demand of one another and of our environment a sensitive response. There is no fun in disliking your neighbor unless he knows that you dislike him; and his happy-hearted flourishing under your coldly averted eye is a distinct affront. When to this unconcern is added, on his part, an obvious readiness to serve you, and, on your part, an undeniable need of him, his restoration to favor is indeed desperate.

The truth of the matter is that we can none of us get along without the geranium. Or if we do, in sheer dogged perversity, we have to suffer the consequences of great, empty, crying holes in our flower-beds. We all know how it is. During May and June and part of July, our gardens exult in crowded ranks of glory upon glory. Most of our temperamental flowers catch enthusiasm from one another and have their fling all together. The result is intoxicating while it lasts, but it is followed by a disheartening midsummer slump. Suddenly the mood changes, the petals fall, the color and fragrance are gone. As dull and sober as they were erewhile brilliant and animated, our irises, peonies, roses, foxgloves, larkspur, rockets, present a monotonous sequence of barren green leaves to our disappointed eyes. The hopeful annuals are not yet more than a dubious promise; the phlox and dahlias have hardly set their buds. The whole garden suffers eclipse.

This is precisely the geranium's opportunity, and we are as cruel as we are stupid if we deny it to her. Too modest and unintrospective to select a season for herself, she might yet have one bestowed upon her—the midsummer season, which nobody else seems to want. Trust her to accept it and grace it well, not resenting its left-over nature but glad of its unequivocal call, even perhaps a little proud that she alone is able to meet it. It seems peculiarly hers when her claim to it is undisputed.

Nor need we fear that she will misinterpret and abuse her chance. Holding an even course between the extremes of expression and reticence, she understands a little of both tendencies; and she is too wise to want to interfere with the repose which must follow a period of great activity. She would only fain prevent an entire collapse, and would gently keep the garden's head above water until such time as it feels like swimming again. She can do this as no one else can, blooming brightly and quietly here and there among the discouraged plants, keeping up general appearances, saving the gardener's self-respect when passing wayfarers pause to look over his fence in quest of the color which they have come to expect of him. Her very stolidity (if one wants to call it that!) is now a point in her favor. The exhausted garden needs and desires nothing emotional. It really needs (though it does not desire) to be laughed at a little; and this function the geranium can perform for it amiably, not hurting its feelings but rallying it: "Come, now! You are tired, but that does not mean that the rest of the universe is undone. Look at me. I'm as full of buds as ever. I'll save the day for you." Perfectly honest, the sturdy plant knows its own proficiency as well as its shortcomings, and does not hesitate to assume responsibility.

Ah! I confess that I like and admire the geranium. It seems to me "the real thing." And I think that the heavens must like it, too, else why should they help it to flourish so securely? Genuine flowerhood consists

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in glorifying God, with less thought for the means than the end, with such absorbing thought for the end that the means can almost be trusted to take care of themselves. Plants with grievances, plants with "rights," plants with chips on their shoulders, have something profoundly the matter with them. No wonder they suffer from sudden, mysterious blights. But plants with their thoughts turned away from themselves, out toward the sun and the rest of the garden, are very healthy and happy; and they can stand it if the world does not fully appreciate them. So that, after all, the geranium needs no further defence from me.

Those Who Pay

"WHO breaks, pays," is not always true, as we know perfectly well. What is quite certain is that some one pays. That the sins of the fathers are visited on the children is a sufficiently familiar idea to us. We acknowledge its truth and even, at times, pause before a particularly tempting cluster of grapes, remembering that if we eat them they are likely to set our children's teeth on edge; admitting that the sort of self-denial which we thus practise is of the highest importance, and that to indulge ourselves would be rank selfishness. This is a matter of course. The thing which absolutely offends one's sense of justice is the necessity for one unoffending person to pay twice over, backward and forward.

For instance, take my friend John. A decenter man never lived. The son of a ne'er-do-weel who had squandered a fortune or two, John spent his youth making up for his father's shortcomings. He took care of his mother, helped his brothers and sisters, and by dint of industry and self-denial gave himself a start in life and attained a modest prosperity. In due time he married and had children of his own. Jack is his only son and he has brought the boy up carefully, giving him the advantages which he himself lacked, but trying not to spoil him. But young Jack is as like to old Jack, his grandfather, as one pea is like another. He is extravagant, dissipated, cheerfully irresponsible. He is never going to pay for his own sins. John pays. John is looking careworn these days. He had, for a few short years, a season of hard-working, self-denying happiness, but on the whole, between his father and his son, he has been ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

Then take my cousin Mary. She is a woman in a thousand: a woman of courage and constancy, of a warm heart and a cheerful spirit. But Mary had a headstrong aunt who, during her youth—and past it—kept the family on tenter-hooks, wondering what wild thing she would do next and whether she would disgrace herself irretrievably. She grew bitter as she grew old, and took it out on Mary; for Mary had to live with her. It was a hard life, and in the course of it the niece certainly paid some of the aunt's debts. She thought she had got away from it all when she married, but her daughter Molly, instead of resembling her, "throws back," by some unaccountable freak of heredity, to her great-aunt. As a young girl she was as wild as a hawk and dangerously handsome. Then she married against her mother's wishes—against all reason. The marriage has turned out badly. The pair live together, but Molly goes her own way, neglecting her children, flirting outrageously, and apparently quite cheerful. "What's the use of worrying?" she says to her mother. "I take each day as it comes and get what fun I can out of it." Molly doesn't pay for her follies—not she. Mary pays, and her face has grown lined and sad. Why, I ask, must one innocent person pay the whole score?

Sometimes even we others who don't have quite such a bad time of it, look at our children questioningly. We can see clearly enough, you know, but only once in a while we open our minds as well as our eyes and admit what we see. Mostly we see then that while they are nice young people, and lovable, there is nothing remarkable about them. They have their own worries, poor dears, and we wonder what they are getting out of the game. At least, we hope they won't have to pay up for *us*—and who knows? Perhaps from them (the welter of ancestral debts having been paid by the good Johns and Marys) may come other children who will be so worth while that they will make a difference to the world. It is a far-off consolation, but it seems to be the only one available.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE MELANCHOLY OF MASTERPIECES

I

POSSIBLY it is a purely subjective impression but I seldom face a masterpiece in art without suffering a slight melancholy, and this feeling is never influenced by the subject. The pastoral peace that hovers like a golden benison about Giorgione's "Concert" at the Louvre, the slow, widowed smile of the "Mona Lisa," the cross-rhythms of "Las Lanzas," most magnificent of battle-pieces, in the Velasquez Salle at the Prado, even the processional poplars of Hobbema at the National Gallery, or the clear cool daylight which filters through the window of the Dresden Vermeer —these and many others do not always give me the buoyant sense of self-liberation which great art should. It is not because I have seen too often the bride Saskia and her young husband Rembrandt, in Dresden, that in their presence a tinge of sadness colors my thoughts. I have endeavored to analyze this feeling. Why melancholy? Is great art always slightly morbid? Is it because of their isolation in the stone jails we call museums? Or else because their hopeless perfection induces a species of exalted envy? And isn't it simply the incommensurable emotion evoked by the genius of the painter or sculptor? One need not be hyperæsthetic to experience something akin to muffled pain when listening to certain pages of "Tristan and Isolde," or while submitting to the mystic ecstasy of Jan Van Eyck at Ghent. The exquisite grace of the Praxiteles "Hermes" or the sweetness of life we recognize in Donatello may invade the soul with messages of melancholy, and not be as ministers of joy.

One can't study the masters too much—I mean, from the amateur's view-point; in the case of an artist it depends on the receptivity of his temperament. Velasquez didn't like Raphael, and it was Boucher who warned Fragonard, when he went to Rome, not to take the Italian painters too seriously. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it stifles individuality. I think it is probably the belief that never again will this planet have another golden age of painting and sculpture that arouses in me the melancholy I mention. Music has passed its prime and is now entering the twilight of perfections past forever. So is it with the "seven arts." Nevertheless, there is no need of pessimism. Even if we could, it would not be well to repeat the formulas of art accomplished, born as they were of certain conditions, social as well as technical. Other days, other plays. And that is the blight on all academic art. "Traditional art," says Frank Rutter, "is the art of respectable plagiarism," a slight variation on Paul Gauguin's more revolutionary axiom. No fear of any artist being too original. "There is no isolated truth," exclaimed Millet, and Constable wrote, "A good thing is never done twice." Best of all, it was R. A. M. Stevenson who said in effect that after studying Velasquez at the Prado he had modified his opinions as to the originality of modern art. Let us admit that there is no hope of ever rivalling the dead; yet a new beauty may be born, a new vision, and with it necessarily new technical procedures. When I say "new" I mean a new variation on the past. To-day the Chinese and Assyrian are being revived. It is the denial of these very obvious truths that make academic critics slightly ridiculous. They obstinately refuse to see the sunlight on the canvases of the impressionists just as they deny the sincerity and power of the so-called post-impressionists. The transvaluation of critical values must follow in the trail of revolutions.

It is a pity that New York as yet has not had an opportunity of viewing the best Cézannes, Gauguins, and Van Goghs. I did not see the exhibition a year ago at the Armory, which was none the less an eye-opener. But I have been told by those whose opinion and knowledge are incontrovertible that this trinity of the modern movement was inadequately represented; furthermore, Henri Matisse, a painter of indubitable skill and originality, did not get a fair showing. It would be a superfluous and thankless task to

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argue with critics or artists who refuse to acknowledge Manet, Monet, Degas. These men are already classics. Go to the Louvre and judge for yourself. Impressionism has served its purpose; it was too personal in the case of Claude Monet to be successfully practised by every one. Since him many have hopelessly attempted the bending of his bow. Manet is an incomplete Velasquez; but he is a great colorist, and interpreted in his fluid, nervous manner the "modern" spirit. Degas, master designer, whose line is as mighty as his master's, Ingres's, is by courtesy associated with the impressionistic group, though his methods are poles asunder. It seems that because he didn't imitate Ingres in his choice of subject-matter he is carped at. To-day the newest "vision" has reverted to the sharpest possible silhouettes and, to add confusion, includes rhythms that a decade ago would not have been thought possible.

II

THE NEW PAINT GODS

I CAN'T agree with those who call Paul Cézanne the "Nietzsche of painting," because Nietzsche is brilliant and original and Cézanne is neither. His fundamental qualities are sincerity, a dogged sincerity, and also splendid coloring—the value of the pigment in and for itself, the strength and harmony of color. His training was in the classics. He knew Manet and Monet, but his personal temperament did not incline him to their forms of impressionism. A sober, calculating workman, not in my humble opinion a heaven-storming genius, yet a painter whose procedure has served as a point of departure for the younger tribe. Mr. Brownell once wrote, "We only care for facts when they explain truths," and the rather prosy facts of Cézanne have that merit. He is truthful to the degree of eliminating many important artistic factors from his canvases. But he deeply realized the bulk and weight of objects; he delineated their density and profile. His landscapes and his humans are as real as Manet's; he seeks to paint the actual, not the relative. There is strength if not beauty—the old canonic beauty—and in the place of the latter may be found rich color. A master of values, Cézanne. After all, paint is thicker than academic culture.

I saw the first Paul Gauguin exhibition at Durand-Ruel's in Paris years ago. I have written of it at length elsewhere. I recall contemporary criticism. "The figures are outlined in firm strokes and painted in broad, flat tints on canvas that has the texture of tapestry. Many of these works are made repulsive by their aspect of multicolored crude and barbarous imagery. Yet one cannot but acknowledge the fundamental qualities, the lovely values, the ornamental taste, and the impression of primitive animalism." Since that rather faint praise Gauguin is aloft with the Olympians. His art is essentially classic. Again new themes puzzled his critics. A decorative painter born, he is fit for the company of Baudry the eclectic, Moreau the symbolist, Puvis de Chavannes, greatest of modern mural painters, and the starlit Besnard. A rolling stone was Gauguin, one that gathered no stale moss. He saw with eyes that at Tahiti became "innocent." The novelty of the flora and fauna there should not be overlooked in this artistic recrudescence. His natural inclination toward decorative subjects rekindled in the presence of the tropical wilderness; at every step he discovered new motives. The very largeness of the forms about him, whether human, vegetable, or floral, appealed to his bold brush, and I think that critics should take this into consideration before declaring his Southern pictures garish. They often seem so, but then the sunset there is glaring, the shadows ponderous and full of harsh complementary reflects, while humanity wears another aspect in this southern island where distance is annihilated by the clarity of the atmosphere. No, Paul Gauguin is certainly not a plagiarist.

Mr. Wells has said, "Better plunder than paralysis," the obverse of Gauguin's teaching, and if Vincent Van Gogh "plundered" in his youth it was not because he feared "paralysis." He merely practised his scales in private before attempting public performance. Remember that none of these revolutionary artists jumped overboard in the beginning without swimming-bladders. They were all, and are all, men who have served their technical apprenticeship before rebellion and complete self-expression.

The gods of Van Gogh were Rembrandt, Delacroix, Daumier, Monticelli, and Millet.

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The latter was a veritable passion with him. He said of him, and the remark was a sign-post for his own future: "Rembrandt and Delacroix painted the person of Jesus, Millet his teaching." This preoccupation with moral ideas lent a marked intensity to his narrow temperament. Ill-balanced he was; there was madness in the family; both his brother and himself committed suicide. His adoration of Monticelli and his jewelled style led him to impressionism. But color for color's sake or optical illusion did not long hold him. The overloaded paint in his earlier works soon gave way to flat modelling. His effects are achieved by sweeping contours instead of a series of planes. There are weight, sharp silhouettes, and cruel analysis. His color harmonies are brilliant, dissociated from our notions of the normal. He is a genuine realist as opposed to the decorative classicism of Gauguin. His work was not much affected by Gauguin, though he has been classed in the same school. Cézanne openly repudiated both men. "A sun in his head and a hurricane in his heart," Vincent Van Gogh is, to my way of thinking, the truest genius of the trio under discussion. After them followed the uglicists and the passionate patterns and emotional curves of the cubists.

Henri Matisse has science, he is responsive to all the inflections of the human form, and has at his finger-tips all the nuances of color. He is one of those lucky men for whom the simplest elements suffice to create a living art. With a few touches a flower, a woman, grow before your eyes. He is a magician, and when his taste for experimenting with deformations changes we may expect a gallery of masterpieces. At present, pushed by friends and foes, he can't resist the temptation to explode firecrackers on the front stoop of the Institute. But a master of line, of decoration, of alluring rhythms, Whistler, went to Japan on an artistic adventure. Matisse has gone to China, where rhythm is the chiefest quality in art, not imitation.

Such men as Rodin, Matisse, Augustus John, and Arthur B. Davies excel as draughtsmen. The sketches of the first-named are those of a sculptor, almost instantaneous notations of attitudes and gestures. The movement, not the mass, is the goal sought for by all of them. The usual crowd of charlatans, camp-followers, hangers-on may be found loudly praising their own wares in this neo-impressionist school—if school it be—but it is only fair to judge the most serious and gifted painters and sculptors of the day. Already there are signs that the extremists, contortionists, hysterical humbugs, Zonists, futurists, and freaks and fakers generally are disappearing. What is good will abide, as is the case with impressionism. Light and atmosphere are its lessons; the later men have other ideals: form and rhythm, and a more spiritual interpretation of "facts."

America is yet to get a taste of the futurist. They are men of ability, well-trained, perverse if you will, victims of a false theory—and all desperately "literary" despite their denial of the imputation. The Primitives, Italian and Flemish, saw the universe with amazing clearness: their pictorial metaphysic was clarity itself; their mysticism was never muddy; nature was settled, serene and brilliantly silhouetted. They, too, enjoyed depicting a half-dozen happenings on one canvas. The futurists emulate the "innocence" of the eye characteristic of these early painters—as did in a different fashion the pre-Raphaelites—but, notwithstanding their ambition, they cannot recover the blitheness, the native wood-note wild, on their careless moods. The new men weave a close pattern seeking to express in paint a psychology only possible to express in literature. And they endeavor to imitate music with its haunting suggestiveness, its shadowy vagueness, its rhythmic swiftness and splendor of tonalities. In vain. A good thing is never done twice. No picture can spell many moods simultaneously, nor a painter soul-status successively within a single frame.

III

THE PROBLEM HERE

THE unhappy Comparative Exhibition in this city nearly ten years ago proved that it is dangerous to mix disparate schools and aims and personalities. And while the undertaking was laudable, seeking as it did to dissipate our artistic provinciality, it but emphasized it—proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt American dependence on foreign art. Technically, to-day, the majority of our best painters stem from France, as formerly they imitated English models

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or studied at Düsseldorf and Munich. When the Barbizon group made their influence felt our landscapists immediately betrayed the impact of the new vision, the new technique. Our younger men are just as progressive as were their fathers and grandfathers. Every fresh generation uses as a springboard for its achievements the previous generation. They have a lot to put on canvas, new sights that only America can show. What matter the tools if they have, these young chaps, individuality? Must they continue to peer through the studio spectacles of their grandfathers? They make mistakes, as did their predecessors. They experiment; art is not a fixed quantity, but a ceaseless experimenting. They are often raw, crude, harsh; but they deal in character and actuality. They paint their environment—the only true historic method—and they do this with a modern technique. Manet, Goya, Renoir, Monet, Pissaro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas, Whistler, and others may be noted in the technical schemes of nine out of ten native-born American artists. The question at issue is whether our new men have anything to say, and do they say it in a personal manner. I think the answer is a decided affirmative. We can't compete with the great names in art, but in the contemporary swim we fairly hold our own.

Consider our recent academy exhibition—and I prefer to take this stronghold of antiquated art and prejudices as a starting-point rather than the work of the out-and-out insurgents—consider, I repeat, the Spring Academy, and then try to recall, say, ten years ago and the pictures that then hung on the line. Decidedly, as Zola would say, there has been a cleaning up of dirty old palettes, an inrush of fresh air and sunshine. In landscape we excel, easily leading the English painters. Of Germany I do not care to speak: the sea of mud that passes for color, the clumsiness of handling, and the general heavy self-satisfaction discourage the most ardent champion of the Teutonic art. In England Burlington House still sets the fashion. At the last Royal Academy I attended I found throngs before a melodramatic anecdote by John Collier, entitled "The Fallen Ideal." It had the rigidity of a tinted photograph. But it hit the "gallery," which dearly loves a story in paint. The two Sargent landscapes did not attract, yet they killed every picture within optical range. Nor was Collier's the worst offence in an enormous gathering of mediocre canvases. One must go, nowadays, to the New English Art Club to see the fine flower of new English art. There Augustus John reigns, but he is not to be confined in parochial limits; he is a "European event," not merely Welsh. He dominates the club as he dominates English art, but, aside from his powerful personality and remarkable craftsmanship, who is there that can't be matched by our own men? There are no landscapists like ours—is it necessary to count them off name by name? Neither are our figure-painters excelled! I know comparisons are not courteous, and I forbear particularizing. John S. Sargent, our greatest painter of surfaces, of the mundane scene, was not even born here, though he is of American parentage. Nevertheless, we claim him. Then there is Whistler, most elusive of our artists. Is he American? That question has been answered. He is, even if he deals with foreign subject-matter. Wonderfully wrought, magically colored, rich and dim, are his pictures, and one, to employ the phrase of an English critic, is fain to believe that his brush was dipped in mist, not pigment.

Let us be catholic. Let us try to shift anew the focus of criticism when a fresh personality swims into our ken. Let us study each man according to his temperament and not insist that he should chime with other men's music. The Beckmesser style of awarding good and bad marks is obsolete. To miss modern art is to miss one of the few thrills that life holds. Your true decadent copies the past and closes his eyes to the insistent vibrations of his day. I know that it is not every one who can enjoy Botticelli and Monet, Dürer and Manet, Rembrandt and Matisse. Ready-made admiration, as George Saintsbury pointed out in his essay on Baudelaire, is fatal to youthful minds; nevertheless, we should, all of us, old as well as young—particularly the academic elderly—cultivate a broader comprehension of the later schools and personalities. Art is protean. But will, I ask myself, posterity sit before the masterpieces of Matisse, Picasso, and Van Dongen, and experience that nostalgia of the ideal which I have described at the beginning of these desultory notes? Why not? There may be other ideals in those remote times, ideals that may be found incarnate in some new-fangled tremendous Gehenna. But nature will always remain modern. JAMES HUNEKER.

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Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

"YES, 'N' HE'D LET A ROAR OUTER HIM, AN' MEBBE HE'D SING, 'HAIL COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND!'"

—"The Rakish Brigantine," page 216.

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